

FIFTY FAMOUS
ANIMAL STORIES

In the same series

Fifty Famous Stories for Boys

Fifty Famous Stories for Girls

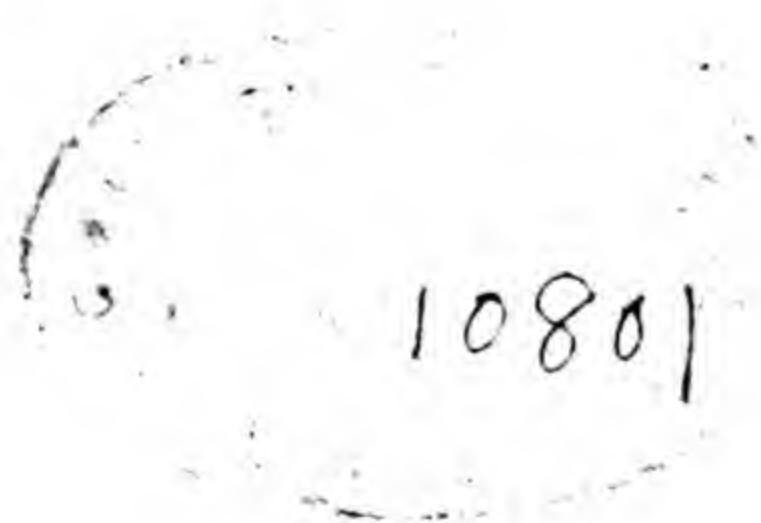
Fifty Famous Sea Stories

FIFTY FAMOUS ANIMAL STORIES

Edited

by

LEONARD GRIBBLE



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INTRODUCTION

THIS selection of animal stories is designed to provide boys and girls with a volume of worthwhile tales by some of the best and most interesting writers who have found in living creatures a theme for fascinating story-telling. In order to make the selection as complete as was practicable, the word "animals" has been interpreted in its widest dictionary meaning, and so a number of representative stories about famous birds and even fishes, as well as some legendary creatures, is included among the fifty. All that is neither mineral nor vegetable has been accepted as being "animal."

Thus the Christmas cuckoo appears alongside the fabulous hounds of the antlered Herne, and Mark Twain's immortal and immovable frog struggles unsuccessfully a few pages from the equally immortal Rab; while Grip, the raven who was poor dim-witted Barnaby Rudge's closest companion, croaks not far from where, soaring over land and sea, an enchanted steed from the *Arabian Nights* gallops through the clouds, outpacing Pegasus himself.

However, not all the stories have been taken from the shelves of fiction. For general interest and for variety, such stories as Captain Cook's own narrative of the hunting—and eating!—of the first kangaroos seen by Europeans and a contemporary description of life on Robinson Crusoe's lonely island are included, as are a number of true animal immortals from books of fairy magic. All are equally deserving of their place in such a collection of well-loved and famous stories; and so Hans Andersen, Charles Perrault, the brothers Grimm,

and the whimsical Charles Collodi find their place beside Anna Sewell, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Jonathan Swift, George Eliot, and Maria S. Cummins. Legends will be found with stirring adventures, stories about pets with stories of the untamed wild, the incredible with the humorous, the story of a far-off yesterday with the story of to-day.

Of each story it may truly be said it achieved wide popularity in its own right and deserves to be known for itself. Indeed, a great many are classics. The best-loved animals in English literature will be found in these stories, and it is hoped that if the present introduction to them serves its intended purpose it will lead readers to a greater enjoyment of the volumes from which the stories were taken.

Finally, it is to be hoped that readers will be sufficiently encouraged by these stories to turn to other writings by many of the same authors and to discover for themselves the new delights which are stored for all time in their pages.

Edward Gribbs

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CHILD OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON

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the Estate of the late Jack London*

A young wolf cub, the only surviving member of a litter born in the Northern wastes of ice and snow, suddenly decides to see something of the world for himself. His father, old One Eye, is dead, and he goes adventuring while his mother is absent from the family lair. He very soon discovers that life is full of thrills and dangers, and is only saved from disaster by the sudden return of his mother. This story is from "White Fang."

BY the time his mother began leaving the cave on hunting expeditions, the cub had learned well the law that forbade his approaching the entrance. Not only had this law been forcibly and many times impressed on him by his mother's nose and paw, but in him the instinct of fear was developing. Never, in his brief cave-life, had he encountered anything of which to be afraid. Yet fear was in him. It had come down to him from a remote ancestry through a thousand thousand lives. It was a heritage he had received directly from One Eye and the she-wolf; but to them, in turn, it had been passed down through all the generations of wolves that had gone before. Fear!—that legacy of the Wild which no animal may escape nor exchange for pottage.

So the grey cub knew fear, though he knew not the stuff of which fear was made. Possibly he accepted it as one of the restrictions of life. For he had already learned that there were such restrictions. Hunger he had known; and when he could not appease his hunger he had felt restriction. The hard obstruction of the cave-wall, the sharp nudge of his mother's nose, the smashing stroke of her paw, the hunger unappeased of several famines, had borne in upon him that all was not freedom in the world—that to life there were limitations and restraints. These limitations and restraints were laws. To be obedient to them was to escape hurt and make for happiness. He did not reason the question out in this man fashion. He merely

classified the things that hurt and the things that did not hurt. And after such classification he avoided the things that hurt—the restrictions and restraints—in order to enjoy the satisfactions and the remunerations of life.

Thus it was that in obedience to the law laid down by his mother, and in obedience to the law of that unknown and nameless thing, fear, he kept away from the mouth of the cave. It remained to him a white wall of light. When his mother was absent, he slept most of the time, while during the intervals that he was awake he kept very quiet, suppressing the whimpering cries that tickled in his throat and strove for noise.

But there were other forces at work in the cub, the greatest of which was growth. Instinct and law demanded of him obedience. But growth demanded disobedience. His mother and fear impelled him to keep away from the white wall. Growth is life, and life is for ever destined to make for light. So there was no damming up the tide of life that was rising within him—rising with every mouthful of meat he swallowed, with every breath he drew. In the end, one day, fear and obedience were swept away by the rush of life, and the cub straddled and sprawled toward the entrance.

Unlike any other wall with which he had had experience, this wall seemed to recede from him as he approached. No hard surface collided with the tender little nose he thrust out tentatively before him. The substance of the wall seemed as permeable and yielding as light. And as condition, in his eyes, had the seeming of form, so he entered into what had been wall to him, and bathed in the substance that composed it.

It was bewildering. He was sprawling through solidity. And ever the light grew brighter. Fear urged him to go back, but growth drove him on. Suddenly he found himself at the mouth of the cave. The wall, inside which he had thought himself, as suddenly leaped back before him to an immeasurable distance. The light had become painfully bright. He was dazzled by it. Likewise he was made dizzy by this abrupt and tremendous extension of space. Automatically, his eyes were adjusting themselves to the brightness, focusing themselves to meet the increased distance of objects. At first, the wall had leaped beyond his vision. He now saw it again; but it had taken upon itself a remarkable remoteness. Also, its appearance had changed.

It was now a variegated wall, composed of the trees that fringed the stream, the opposing mountain that towered above the trees, and the sky that out-towered the mountain.

A great fear came upon him. This was more of the terrible unknown. He crouched down on the lip of the cave and gazed out on the world. He was very much afraid. Because it was unknown, it was hostile to him. Therefore the hair stood up on end along his back, and his lips wrinkled weakly in an attempt at a ferocious and intimidating snarl. Out of his puniness and fright he challenged and menaced the whole wide world.

Nothing happened. He continued to gaze, and in his interest he forgot to snarl. Also, he forgot to be afraid. For the time, fear had been routed by growth, while growth had assumed the guise of curiosity. He began to notice near objects—an open portion of the stream that flashed in the sun, the blasted pine-tree that stood at the base of the slope, and the slope itself, that ran right up to him and ceased two feet beneath the lip of the cave on which he crouched.

Now the grey cub had lived all his days on a level floor. He had never experienced the hurt of a fall. He did not know what a fall was. So he stepped boldly out upon the air. His hind-legs still rested on the cave-lip, so he fell forward head downward. The earth struck him a harsh blow on the nose that made him yelp. Then he began rolling down the slope, over and over. He was in a panic of terror. The unknown had caught him at last. It had gripped savagely hold of him and was about to wreak upon him some terrific hurt. Growth was now routed by fear, and he ki-yi'd like any frightened puppy.

The unknown bore him on he knew not to what frightful hurt, and he yelped and ki-yi'd unceasingly. This was a different proposition from crouching in frozen fear while the unknown lurked just alongside. Now the unknown had caught tight hold of him. Silence would do no good. Besides, it was not fear, but terror, that convulsed him.

But the slope grew more gradual, and its base was grass-covered. Here the cub lost momentum. When at last he came to a stop, he gave one last agonized yelp and then a long, whimpering wail. Also, and quite as a matter of course, as though in his life he had already made a thousand toilets, he proceeded to lick away the dry clay that soiled him.

After that he sat up and gazed about him, as might the first man of the earth who landed upon Mars. The cub had broken through the wall of the world, the unknown had let go its hold of him, and here he was without hurt. But the first man on Mars would have experienced less unfamiliarity than he did. Without any antecedent knowledge, without any warning whatever that such existed, he found himself an explorer in a totally new world.

Now that the terrible unknown had let go of him, he forgot that the unknown had any terrors. He was aware only of curiosity in all the things about him. He inspected the grass beneath him, the moss-berry plant just beyond, and the dead trunk of the blasted pine that stood on the edge of an open space among the trees. A squirrel, around the base of the trunk, came full upon him, and gave him a great fright. He cowered down and snarled. But the squirrel was as badly scared. It ran up the tree, and from a point of safety chattered back savagely.

This helped the cub's courage, and though the woodpecker he next encountered gave him a start, he proceeded confidently on his way. Such was his confidence, that when a moose-bird impudently hopped up to him, he reached out at it with a playful paw. The result was a sharp peck on the end of his nose that made him cower down and ki-yi. The noise he made was too much for the moose-bird, who sought safety in flight.

But the cub was learning. His misty little mind had already made an unconscious classification. There were live things and things not alive. Also, he must watch out for the live things. The things not alive remained always in one place; but the live things moved about, and there was no telling what they might do. The thing to expect of them was the unexpected, and for this he must be prepared.

He travelled very clumsily. He ran into sticks and things. A twig that he thought a long way off would the next instant hit him on the nose or rake along his ribs. There were inequalities of surface. Sometimes he overstepped and stubbed his nose. Quite as often he understepped and stubbed his feet. Then there were the pebbles and stones that turned under him when he trod upon them; and from them he came to know that the things not alive were not all in the same state of stable equilibrium as was his cave; also, that small things not alive were more liable than large things to fall down or

turn over. But with every mishap he was learning. The longer he walked, the better he walked. He was adjusting himself. He was learning to calculate his own muscular movements, to know his physical limitations, to measure distances between objects, and between objects and himself.

His was the luck of the beginner. Born to be a hunter of meat (though he did not know it), he blundered upon meat just outside his own cave-door on his first foray into the world. It was by sheer blundering that he chanced upon the shrewdly-hidden ptarmigan nest. He fell into it. He had essayed to walk along the trunk of a fallen pine. The rotten bark gave way under his feet, and with a despairing yelp he pitched down the rounded descent, smashed through the leafage and stalks of a small bush, and in the heart of the bush, on the ground, fetched up in the midst of seven ptarmigan chicks.

They made noises, and at first he was frightened of them. Then he perceived that they were very little, and he became bolder. They moved. He placed his paw on one, and its movements were accelerated. This was a source of enjoyment to him. He smelled it. He picked it up in his mouth. It struggled and tickled his tongue. At the same time he was made aware of a sensation of hunger. His jaws closed together. There was a crunching of fragile bones, and warm blood ran in his mouth. The taste of it was good. This was meat, the same as his mother gave him, only it was alive between his teeth and therefore better. So he ate the ptarmigan. Nor did he stop till he had devoured the whole brood. Then he licked his chops in quite the same way as his mother did, and began to crawl out of the bush.

He encountered a feathered whirlwind. He was confused and blinded by the rush of it and the beat of angry wings. He hid his head between his paws and yelped. The blows increased. The mother-ptarmigan was in a fury. Then he became angry. He rose up, snarling, striking out with his paws. He sank his tiny teeth into one of the wings and pulled and tugged sturdily. The ptarmigan struggled against him, showering blows upon him with her free wing. It was his first battle. He was elated. He forgot all about the unknown. He no longer was afraid of anything. He was fighting, tearing at a live thing that was striking at him. Also, this live thing was meat. The lust to kill was on him. He had just destroyed little live things. He

would now destroy a big live thing. He was too busy and happy to know that he was happy. He was thrilling and exulting in ways new to him and greater to him than any he had known before.

He held on to the wing and growled between his tight-clenched teeth. The ptarmigan dragged him out of the bush. When she turned and tried to drag him back into the bush's shelter, he pulled her away from it and on into the open. And all the time she was making outcry and striking with her free wing, while feathers were flying like a snow-fall. The pitch to which he was aroused was tremendous. All the fighting blood of his breed was up in him and surging through him. This was living, though he did not know it. He was realizing his own meaning in the world; he was doing that for which he was made—killing meat and battling to kill it. He was justifying his existence, than which life can do no greater; for life achieves its summit when it does to the uttermost that which it was equipped to do.

After a time the ptarmigan ceased her struggling. He still held her by the wing, and they lay on the ground and looked at each other. He tried to growl threateningly, ferociously. She pecked on his nose, which by now, what of previous adventures, was sore. He winced but held on. She pecked him again and again. From wincing he went to whimpering. He tried to back away from her, oblivious to the fact that by his hold on her he dragged her after him. A rain of pecks fell on his ill-used nose. The flood of fight ebbed down in him, and, releasing his prey, he turned tail and scampered off across the open in inglorious retreat.

He lay down to rest on the other side of the open, near the edge of the bushes, his tongue lolling out, his chest heaving and panting, his nose still hurting him and causing him to continue his whimper. But as he lay there, suddenly there came to him a feeling as of something terrible impending. The unknown with all its terrors rushed upon him, and he shrank back instinctively into the shelter of the bush. As he did so, a draught of air fanned him, and a large, winged body swept ominously and silently past. A hawk, driving down out of the blue, had barely missed him.

While he lay in the bush, recovering from this fright and peering fearfully out, the mother-ptarmigan on the other side of the open space fluttered out of the ravaged nest. It was because of her loss

that she paid no attention to the winged bolt of the sky. But the cub saw, and it was a warning and a lesson to him—the swift downward swoop of the hawk, the short skim of its body, just above the ground, the strike of its talons in the body of the ptarmigan, the ptarmigan's squawk of agony and fright, and the hawk's rush upwards into the blue, carrying the ptarmigan away with it.

It was a long time before the cub left his shelter. He had learned much. Live things were meat. They were good to eat. Also, live things, when they were large enough, could give hurt. It was better to eat small live things like ptarmigan chicks, and to let alone large live things like ptarmigan hens. Nevertheless he felt a little prick of ambition, a sneaking desire to have another battle with that ptarmigan hen—only the hawk had carried her away. Maybe there were other ptarmigan hens. He would go and see.

He came down a shelving bank to the stream. He had never seen water before. The footing looked good. There were no inequalities of surface. He stepped boldly out on it, and went down, crying with fear, into the embrace of the unknown. It was cold, and he gasped, breathing quickly. The water rushed into his lungs instead of the air that had always accompanied his act of breathing. The suffocation he experienced was like the pang of death. To him it signified death. He had no conscious knowledge of death, but like every animal of the Wild, he possessed the instinct of death. To him it stood as the greatest of hurts. It was the very essence of the unknown, it was the sum of the terrors of the unknown—the one culminating and unthinkable catastrophe that could happen to him, about which he knew nothing and about which he feared everything.

He came to the surface, and the sweet air rushed into his open mouth. He did not go down again. Quite as though it had been a long-established custom of his, he struck out with all his legs and began to swim. The near bank was a yard away; but he had come up with his back to it, and the first thing his eyes rested upon was the opposite bank, toward which he immediately began to swim. The stream was a small one, but in the pool it widened out to a score of feet.

Midway in the passage, the current picked up the cub and swept him down-stream. He was caught in the miniature rapid at the bottom of the pool. Here was little chance for swimming. The quiet water

had become suddenly angry. Sometimes he was under, sometimes on top. At all times he was in violent motion, now being turned over or around, and again, being smashed against a rock. And with every rock he struck he yelped. His progress was a series of yelps, from which might have been adduced the number of rocks he encountered.

Below the rapid was a second pool, and here, captured by the eddy, he was gently borne to the bank and as gently deposited on a bed of gravel. He crawled frantically clear of the water and lay down. He had learned some more about the world. Water was not alive. Yet it moved. Also, it looked as solid as the earth, but was without any solidity at all. His conclusion was that things were not always what they appeared to be. The cub's fear of the unknown was an inherited distrust, and it had now been strengthened by experience. Thenceforth, in the nature of things, he would possess an abiding distrust of appearances. He would have to learn the reality of a thing before he could put his faith into it.

One other adventure was destined for him that day. He had recollected that there was such a thing in the world as his mother. And then there came to him a feeling that he wanted her more than all the rest of the things in the world. Not only was his body tired with the adventures it had undergone, but his little brain was equally tired. In all the days he had lived it had not worked so hard as on this one day. Furthermore, he was sleepy. So he started out to look for the cave and his mother, feeling at the same time an overwhelming rush of loneliness and helplessness.

He was sprawling along between some bushes, when he heard a sharp, intimidating cry. There was a flash of yellow before his eyes. He saw a weasel leaping swiftly away from him. It was a small live thing, and he had no fear. Then, before him, at his feet, he saw an extremely small live thing, only several inches long—a young weasel, that, like himself, had disobeyedly gone out adventuring. It tried to retreat before him. He turned it over with his paw. It made a queer, grating noise. The next moment the flash of yellow reappeared before his eyes. He heard again the intimidating cry, and at the same instant received a severe blow on the side of the neck, and felt the sharp teeth of the mother-weasel cut into his flesh.

While he yelped and ki-yi'd and scrambled backward, he saw the mother-weasel leap upon her young one and disappear with it into

the neighbouring thicket. The cut of her teeth in his neck still hurt, but his feelings were hurt more grievously, and he sat down and weakly whimpered. This mother-weasel was so small and so savage ! He was yet to learn that for size and weight the weasel was the most ferocious, vindictive, and terrible of all the killers of the Wild. But a portion of this knowledge was quickly to be his.

He was still whimpering when the mother-weasel reappeared. She did not rush him, now that her young one was safe. She approached more cautiously, and the cub had full opportunity to observe her lean, snakelike body, and her head, erect, eager, and snakelike itself. Her sharp, menacing cry sent the hair bristling along his back, and he snarled warningly at her. She came closer and closer. There was a leap, swifter than his unpractised sight, and the yellow body disappeared for a moment out of the field of his vision. The next moment she was at his throat, her teeth buried in his hair and flesh.

At first he snarled and tried to fight; but he was very young, and this was only his first day in the world, and his snarl became a whimper, his fight a struggle to escape. The weasel never relaxed her hold. She hung on, striving to press down with her teeth to the great vein where his life-blood bubbled. The weasel was a drinker of blood, and it was ever her preference to drink from the throat of life itself.

The grey cub would have died, and there would have been no story to write about him, had not the she-wolf come bounding through the bushes. The weasel let go the cub and flashed at the she-wolf's throat, missing, but getting a hold on the jaw instead. The she-wolf flinched her head like the snap of a whip, breaking the weasel's hold and flinging it high in the air. And, still in the air, the she-wolf's jaws closed on the lean, yellow body, and the weasel knew death between the crunching teeth.

The cub experienced another access of affection on the part of his mother. Her joy at finding him seemed greater even than his joy at being found. She nozzled him, and caressed him, and licked the cuts made in him by the weasel's teeth. Then, between them, mother and cub, they ate the blood-drinker, and after that went back to the cave and slept.

BLACK BEAUTY AND CAPTAIN

By ANNA SEWELL

Black Beauty, now owned by a London cab-driver after spending his earlier years in the country, shares a stable with Captain, a horse with a history. One day Captain tells his companion of his earlier years and of the time when he rode in a cavalry attack that sounds very like the famous charge made by the Light Brigade at Balaclava. This story is taken from "Black Beauty," one of the most popular books about a horse ever written.

MY new master's name was Jeremiah Barker, but as everyone called him Jerry, I shall do the same. Polly, his wife, was just as good a match as a man could have. She was a plump, trim, tidy little woman, with smooth, dark hair, dark eyes, and a merry little mouth. The boy was nearly twelve years old—a tall, frank, good-tempered lad; and little Dorothy (Dolly they called her) was her mother over again at eight years old. They were all wonderfully fond of each other; I never, before or since, knew such a happy, merry family.

Jerry had a cab of his own and two horses, which he drove and attended to himself. His other horse was a tall, white, rather large-boned animal, called Captain. He was old now, but when he was young he must have been splendid; there was still the proud way of holding his head and arching his neck; in fact, he was a high-bred, fine-mannered, noble old horse, every inch of him.

He told me that in his early youth he went to the Crimean War, for he belonged to an officer in the cavalry, and used to lead the regiment.

The next morning, when I was well groomed, Polly and Dolly came into the yard to see me and to make friends. Harry had been helping his father since the early morning, and had stated his opinion that I should turn out "a regular brick." Polly brought me a slice

of apple, and Dolly a piece of bread, and they made as much of me as if I had been the "Black Beauty" of olden time. To be petted again and talked to in a gentle voice was a great treat; and I let them see as well as I could that I wished to be friendly. Polly thought I was very handsome and a great deal too good for a cab, if it was not for the broken knees.

"Of course, there's no one to tell us whose fault that was," said Jerry, "and as long as I don't know, I shall give him the benefit of the doubt; for a firmer, neater stepper I never rode. We'll call him 'Jack,' after the old one—shall we, Polly?"

"Do," she said, "for I like to keep a good name going."

Captain went out in the cab all the morning. Harry came in after school to feed me and give me water. In the afternoon I was put into the cab. Jerry took pains to see if the collar and bridle fitted comfortably. When the cupper was let out a hole or two, it all fitted well. There was no bearing rein or curb, nothing but a plain ring snaffle. What a blessing that was!

After driving through the side-street we came to the large cab-stand. On one side of this wide street were high houses with wonderful shop fronts, and on the other was an old church, and churchyard surrounded by iron palisades. Alongside these iron rails a number of cabs were drawn up, waiting for passengers. Bits of hay were lying about on the ground. Some of the men were standing together talking; others were sitting on their boxes, reading the newspapers; and one or two were feeding their horses with bits of hay and a drink of water. We pulled up in the rank at the back of the last cab. Two or three men came round and began to look at me and to pass their remarks.

"Very good for a funeral," said one.

"Too smart-looking," said another, shaking his head in a very wise way; "you'll find out something wrong one of these fine mornings, or my name isn't Jones."

"Well," said Jerry pleasantly, "I suppose I need not find it out till it finds me out, eh? and, if so, I'll keep up my spirits a little longer."

Then came up a broad-faced man dressed in a great grey coat with great grey capes and great white buttons, a grey hat, and a blue comforter loosely tied round his neck. His hair was grey too,

but he was a jolly-looking fellow, and the other men made way for him. He looked me all over, as if he had been going to buy me; and then, straightening himself up, he said with a grunt, "He's the right sort for you, Jerry; I don't care what you gave for him, he'll be worth it." Thus my character was established on the stand.

This man's name was Grant, but he was called "Grey Grant," or "Governor Grant." He had been the longest of any of the men on that stand, and he took it upon himself to settle matters and stop disputes. He was generally a good-humoured, sensible man; but if his temper was a little out, as it was sometimes when he had drunk too much, nobody liked to come too near his fist, for he could deal a very hard blow.

The first week of my life as a cab horse was very trying; I had never been used to London, and the noise, the hurry, the crowds of horses, carts, and carriages through which I had to make my way made me feel anxious and harassed; but I soon found that I could perfectly trust my driver, and then I made myself easy and got used to it.

Jerry was as good a driver as I had ever known; and, what was better, he took as much thought for his horses as he did for himself. He soon found out that I was willing to work and to do my best; and he never laid the whip on me, unless it was to draw the end of it gently over my back when I was to go on. Generally I knew this quite well by the way in which he took up the reins; and I believe his whip was more frequently stuck up by his side than in his hand.

In a short time my master and I understood each other as well as horse and man could do. In the stable, too, he did all that he could for our comfort. The stalls were of the old-fashioned style—too much on the slope; but he had two movable bars fixed across the back of our stalls, so that at night and when we were resting he just took off our halters and put up the bars, and thus we could turn about and stand whichever way we pleased; this is a great comfort.

Jerry kept us very clean, and gave us as much change of food as he could, and always plenty of it; and not only that, but he always gave us plenty of clean fresh water, which he allowed to stand by us both night and day, except of course when we came in warm.

Some people say that a horse ought not to drink as much as he wishes; but I know if we are allowed to drink when we want it, we

drink only a little at a time, and it does us a great deal more good than swallowing it down half a bucketful at a time, as we do if we have been left without water till we are thirsty and miserable.

Some grooms will go home to their beer and leave us for hours with our dry hay and oats, with nothing to moisten them; then, of course, we gulp too much water at once, which helps to spoil our breathing and sometimes chills our stomachs.

But the best thing that we had here was our Sundays for rest. We worked so hard during the week that I do not think we could have kept up to it but for that day's rest; besides, we then had time to enjoy each other's company. It was on these days that I learned my companion's history.

Captain had been broken in and trained for an Army horse, his first owner being an officer of cavalry going out to the Crimean War. He told me he thought the life of an Army horse was very pleasant; but when it came to being sent abroad in a great ship over the sea he almost changed his mind.

"That part of it," he said, "was dreadful! Of course we could not walk off the land into the ship; so they were obliged to put strong straps under our bodies, and then we were lifted off our legs in spite of our struggles, and were swung through the air, over the water, to the deck of the great vessel. There we were placed in small, close stalls, and never for a long time saw the sky, or were able to stretch our legs. The ship sometimes rolled about in high winds, and we were knocked about, and felt very ill. However, at last it came to an end, and we were hauled up, and swung over again to the land. We were very glad, and snorted and neighed for joy when we once more felt firm ground under our feet.

"We soon found that the country to which we had come was very different from our own, and that we had many hardships to endure besides the fighting; but many of the men were so fond of us that they did everything they could to make us comfortable, in spite of snow, wet, and the fact that all things were out of order."

"But what about that fighting?" said I; "was not that worse than anything else?"

"Well," said he, "I hardly know. We always liked to hear the trumpet sound, and to be called out, and were impatient to start off, though sometimes we had to stand for hours, waiting for the word

of command. But when the word was given we used to spring forward as gaily and eagerly as if there were no cannon-balls, bayonets, or bullets. I believe so long as we felt our rider firm in the saddle, and his hand steady on the bridle, not one of us gave way to fear, not even when the terrible bombshells whirled through the air and burst into a thousand pieces.

"With my noble master, I went into many actions without a wound; and though I saw horses shot down with bullets, others pierced through with lances or gashed with fearful sabre-cuts, though I left them dead on the field, or dying in the agony of their wounds, I don't think I feared for myself. My master's cheery voice as he encouraged his men made me feel as if he and I could not be killed. I had such perfect trust in him that whilst he was guiding me I was ready to charge up to the very cannon's mouth.

"I saw many brave men cut down, and many fall from their saddles mortally wounded. I have heard the cries and groans of the dying, cantered over ground slippery with blood, and frequently had to turn aside to avoid trampling on a wounded man or horse; but, until one dreadful day, I had never felt terror: that day I shall never forget."

Here old Captain paused for a while and drew a long breath; I waited, and he went on.

"It was one autumn morning, and, as usual, an hour before day-break our cavalry had turned out ready caparisoned for the day's work, whether fighting or waiting. The men stood waiting by their horses, ready for orders. As the light increased there seemed to be some excitement among the officers; and before the day was well begun we heard the firing of the enemy's guns.

"Then one of the officers rode up and gave the word for the men to mount, and in a second every man was in his saddle, and every horse stood expecting the touch of the rein, or the pressure of his rider's heels—all animated, all eager. But still we had been trained so well that, except by the champing of our bits, and by the restive tossing of our heads from time to time, it could not be said that we stirred.

"My dear master and I were at the head of the line, and as all sat motionless and watchful he took a little stray lock of my mane which had turned over the wrong side, laid it over on the right and smoothed

it down with his hand; then, patting my neck, he said: "We shall have a day of it to-day, Bayard, my beauty; but we'll do our duty as we always have done."

"That morning he stroked my neck more, I think, than he had ever done before; quietly on and on, as if he were thinking of something else. I loved to feel his hand on my neck, and arched my crest proudly and happily; but I stood very still, for I knew all his moods, and when he liked me to be quiet, and when gay.

"I cannot tell all that happened that day, but I will tell of the last charge that we made together; it was across a valley right in front of the enemy's cannon. By this time we were well used to the roar of heavy guns, the rattle of musket fire, and the firing of shot near us; but never had I been under such a fire as we rode through that day. From right, left, and front, shot and shell poured in upon us. Many a brave man went down, many a horse fell, flinging his rider to the earth; many a horse without a rider ran wildly out of the ranks; then, terrified at being alone with no hand to guide him, came pressing in amongst his old companions, to gallop with them to the charge.

"Fearful as it was, no one stopped, no one turned back. Every moment the ranks were thinned, but as our comrades fell we closed in to keep the others together; and instead of being shaken or staggered in our pace, our gallop became faster and faster as we neared the cannon, all clouded in white smoke, while the red fire flashed through it.

"My master, my dear master, was cheering on his comrades, with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls, whizzing close to my head, struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry. I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and, sinking backwards from the saddle, he fell to the earth; the other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

"I wanted to keep my place at his side, and not to leave him under that rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain. And now, without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter-ground. Then fear took hold of me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before. Then I, too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks

and to gallop with them: but I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers.

"Just then a soldier whose horse had been killed under him caught at my bridle and mounted me, and with this new master I was again going forward. But our gallant company was cruelly overpowered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns came galloping back over the same ground.

"Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along; and others were struggling to rise on their forefeet when their hind-legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes as those who escaped passed by and left them to their fate I shall never forget. After the battle the wounded men were brought in, and the dead were buried."

"And what about the wounded horses?" I said; "were they left to die?"

"No, the Army farriers went over the field with their pistols, and shot all that were ruined. Some that had only slight wounds were brought back and attended to, but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back! In our stables there was only about one in four that returned.

"I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. Never did I love any other master so well. I went into many other engagements, but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; and when the war was over I came back again to England, as sound and strong as when I went out."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they have never seen it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, only just exercise, parade, and sham-fights. Yes, it is very fine then; but when thousands of good, brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life, then it has a very different look."

"Do you know what they fought about?" said I.

"No," he said, "that is more than a horse can understand; but the enemy must have been awfully wicked people if it was right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."

FLEETWING

By JOHANN DAVID WYSS

The story of the family of a Swiss pastor who emigrated at the end of the seventeenth century and was shipwrecked on an island in the Pacific is related in "The Swiss Family Robinson," from which the present narrative is taken. It tells how the pastor and his boys go big-game hunting in their Pacific paradise, and capture an ostrich, which is named Fleetwing, and soon becomes an adaptable and very fast steed.

AFTER two hours' walk we found the country became less fertile; the verdure gradually disappeared; even the grass became rare. Happily for us, we had filled our gourds before leaving the river. After a tiresome walk of two hours, during which my sons had only opened their mouths to grumble at the heat, we came to the foot of a steep hill, and threw ourselves down under the shadow of a rock to refresh ourselves. Suddenly master Knips jumped up and darted towards the rocks, followed by the dogs. We took no notice of them, for we had just opened out our provisions, and did not want to be disturbed for a trifle.

But Fritz, who had been looking after them, suddenly exclaimed, "What do I see there! Men on horseback! Can they be the Arabs of the desert, papa?"

"That is impossible, my child," said I; "take my glass and tell us what you see now."

"Troops of animals running here and there, haycocks walking, and chariots coming and going from the river! What can it all mean, papa?"

Smiling, I took the glass from him. "What you mistook for cavaliers," said I, "are large ostriches, and if you are willing we will give chase to them, since we have got such a fine opportunity." The boys were delighted, and, calling off the dogs, we hid ourselves in a crevice of the rock. The ostriches approached, and when they saw

us stood still, uncertain what to do. Reassured, however, when they saw that we remained still, they drew a little nearer. But our dogs could be restrained no longer, and they darted out, barking furiously. In a moment the ostriches were off, and were soon beyond reach. One male, however, lingered a little behind to protect his companions, and this delay proved fatal to him. Fritz loosed his eagle, which caught and pulled him to the ground; and the jackal, coming up at the moment, killed him. We only arrived in time to preserve some of his feathers.

We were walking on slowly when Jack and Ernest, who were in advance, suddenly exclaimed, "An ostrich nest, papa." We ran to the spot, and found it as they had said.

"Do not disturb the order of the eggs," said I, "lest the ostrich should forsake them when she comes back."

"Do you not think they may be forsaken already?" said Fritz.

"No," I answered; "in this warm climate the ostrich often leaves her eggs during the day, and returns to them at night."

The boys, however, could not resist the temptation of carrying one or two of the eggs to show to their mother. I raised a pile of small stones at some distance, to guide us to the nest. We now entered a beautiful green valley, which formed a strong contrast to the one we had left. Troops of buffaloes and antelopes were grazing peacefully in it. Gradually we approached the cave where Jack had found his jackal, when we saw Ernest running towards us, pale with terror.

"A bear, papa, a bear," said he, throwing his arms round my neck, and almost strangling me in his terror. His fears were only too well founded, for I perceived two enormous bears coming out of the cave, and endeavouring to shake themselves free of the dogs. Fritz and I both fired, but only succeeded in wounding one in the jaw, and the other in the leg. These wounds, however, rendered them less capable of fighting with the dogs, who threw themselves on them with redoubled fury. The bears defended themselves bravely, and I saw that the contest might prove fatal to the dogs; so I approached cautiously, and shot one bear through the head with my pistol, at the same time that Fritz succeeded in sending a ball through the heart of the other.

"God be praised!" said I, fervently, when I saw them both

stretched dead. Jack, who had witnessed the victory, carried the joyful news to Ernest.

"What made you in such a hurry to reach the cave?" said I.

"I have been rightly punished," said he. "I wanted to frighten Jack by making a noise like a bear, and the first thing I heard was the sound of a real bear."

"My dear children," said I, "we ought to be very thankful that we have been able to rid ourselves of two such dangerous neighbours." They were two formidable animals; one being eight feet long, the other six. Their heavy paws, strong shoulders, and thick necks were the admiration of the children, who could now examine them at leisure. We drew the two corpses into the cave, and left them there with the ostrich eggs, barricading the entrance with branches of trees.

The sun was setting when we reached home; and at supper we told over the story of our adventures. My wife also narrated what she had been doing in our absence. She had discovered a species of fine clay, with which she thought we might make porcelain. She and Francis together had built an oven with this clay and pieces of rock; they had formed a small canal, by which to lead water from the river; and had collected in one place all the materials they thought we should require for our fortifications. Before going to bed I made several small balls of the clay my wife had discovered, and placed them near the fire to dry. In the morning I found that the heat had been too strong for them, and they were cracked; so I resolved that when we attempted to make vessels of it, I would build a furnace in such a way that I could regulate the heat.

Many things yet remained to be done before our return to headquarters—a return necessary for many reasons, of which the chief was the approach of the rainy season. Our bears' flesh was smoked and salted; but I was not willing to lose the ostrich eggs, nor the gum of the spurge which I had discovered in a small wood during one of our halts. I resolved then upon a final expedition to the savannah. On setting out I left with his mother not little Francis, who willingly accompanied us, but Ernest, who was lazy, and frankly avowed his dislike of these fatiguing expeditions. Fritz gave up to me his onagra, and took the young colt; Jack and Francis were mounted on their buffaloes; Ernest, by my desire, retained the dogs

as a protection to his mother. We took our old road by the Green Valley, and arrived at the Tower of the Arabs—a name we gave to the eminence from which we first saw the ostriches, and mistook them for Arab riders. Jack and Francis I sent on before, always keeping them in sight; Fritz remained with me, to assist in collecting the gum from the incisions which I had before made in the shrubs surrounding us. The sun had dried the gum, of which we collected a considerable quantity in a vessel which we had brought for that purpose. This precious harvest gathered, we thought of overtaking



Jack threw the lasso round the legs of the ostrich.

our companions, who had long ago passed the ostrich nests. Doubtless the boys were anxious to fall in with a few of these beautiful coursers of the plain. We had not long to wait for the result of their sport. From the bushes close by rushed out four ostriches—three females and one male. As they came towards us, and our two riders followed them closely, they could scarcely hope to escape.

When they neared us I threw out my lasso, which, instead of catching the feet of the bird, twisted round its body, and for a moment embarrassed its wings; soon, however, it disentangled itself; and, had not Fritz unhooded his eagle, I should have lost my game. The eagle flew at the ostrich, fastened upon its head, and thus impeded its rapid flight. Jack now came up at full gallop on his buffalo, and,

more dexterous than I, threw the lasso round the legs of the ostrich, which fell heavily on its side. To secure it was the work of a moment. Having covered its eyes, I bound it with a leather strap, which I attached on each side by a cord to the collars of the two buffaloes. I then uncovered its eyes, and watched the result. At first, irritated at finding itself conquered, it remained motionless, crouching to the ground. Then, suddenly believing itself free, it mounted, as if to take flight; but, being held by the belt, fell again to the ground. Rising immediately, it renewed its efforts, but still in vain, thanks to the strong chests of our buffaloes, between which it was obliged to march.

While Jack and Francis took our captive to the Tower of the Arabs, Fritz and I went in search of the ostrich nest. We were just within a few feet of it when a female ostrich rose off her eggs, taking us so much by surprise that we had not presence of mind to pursue her. Her being there, however, showed us that the nest was not abandoned; so we selected a dozen eggs, leaving the remainder buried in the sand. This prize secured, we rejoined our companions, taking the road by the Bears' Cave and the Green Valley.

Cries of astonishment greeted our return. Our housewife was rather alarmed at the prospect of feeding the stranger, and exclaimed, "Why do you bring that glutton here?"

"It shall be my courser," said Jack, with enthusiasm. "Its name shall be Fleetwing, and some of these days I shall go to Europe, thanks to my ostrich, and bring you news and supplies; and, as soon as I shall have trained it, you, Ernest, shall have my buffalo." From this time the ostrich became the property of Jack, who took charge of its training.

On our return to Rock House, one or two days afterwards, the ostrich, freed from its buffalo attendants, was tethered before the house, under the trees, where it was to remain till quite tamed. Our ostrich eggs were bathed in tepid water, then placed upon cotton in our oven, where, directed by the thermometer, I kept up the temperature necessary to hatch them.

I planted a small tongue of land with potatoes and manioc. To this hard work we only devoted two hours in the morning, and two again in the evening, thus avoiding the heat of the day, and leaving us considerable leisure to devote to other matters. We set about, for

instance, training the ostrich; and here, I must confess, we made at first but sorry progress. I had recourse to tobacco fumes, as in the case of Fritz's eagle. Under this influence, the ostrich fell to the ground, quite stupified, and while in this state the boys got upon its back, in order to accustom it to a burden. But, notwithstanding all our care and kind usage, the poor creature began to refuse all food, and seemed determined to die of want. It became, at the same time, so weak that I really began to have fears on its account. Happily, however, my wife tempted its delicate appetite with something very savoury of her own cooking, and it took quietly ever afterwards anything we gave it, and, indeed, became so voracious that we began to fear a famine. Its strength being restored, its training was managed without much difficulty. In a month it could lie down, rise, turn itself, march in step, trot, or gallop, at the command of its rider.

I was certainly puzzled as to what sort of bit and bridle we should have for our new steed. A bit it must have, with which to direct it; but who ever saw a bit adapted to a beak? I was on the point of giving up this riddle as insolvable when I recollected how the ostrich was affected by the alternations of light and darkness. My idea was to make for it a leather hood, like that of the eagle, only coming further down on the neck, and having two movable blinders: one of these being lowered, the ostrich would turn to the other side, following the light; both being lowered, it would stand still; both being raised, it would move straight forward. The saddle also demanded particular attention; but here I acquitted myself to admiration.

This equipment completed, we had only to try our courser, and were delighted with the results; for although there was a little rearing and plunging at first, this only showed his high mettle; and the journey to and from Falcon's Nest was made in less time than Fritz had allowed for one-half of the way. Jack was rather envied by his brothers, who wished me to recall my decision that Jack should be master of the ostrich; but I remained firm, though I admitted that the new steed was in one sense public property, and that all the four had a right to it. Fritz, Ernest, and Francis consoled themselves with the thought that the eggs in our kiln would soon be hatched, and provide them with coursers as swift as Jack's. The ostrich chickens, however, notwithstanding all our care, only lived a few days; so the hopes of the three boys were but short-lived.

THE LEGEND OF HERNE

By HARRISON AINSWORTH

This is the story of Herne, the legendary hunter of Windsor forest, told by Hector Cutbeard to a group of cronies in the large kitchen of Windsor Castle in the days when Henry the Eighth was courting pretty Anne Boleyn. It is a legend that begins in the turbulent times of the boy-king Richard the Second, and continues through the reigns of seven monarchs. Herne, with his antlered headdress, leading his band of spectral huntsmen, and accompanied by ghostly hounds, still roams the great forest when Bluff King Hal goes hunting, as is related in "Windsor Castle," from which this story is taken.

NEARLY a century and a half ago, about the middle of the reign of Richard the Second, there was among the keepers of the forest a young man named Herne. He was expert beyond his fellows in all matters of woodcraft, and consequently in great favour with the king, who was himself devoted to the chase. Whenever he stayed at the castle, King Richard, like our own royal Harry, would pass his time in hunting, hawking, or shooting with the longbow; and on all these occasions the young keeper was his constant attendant. If a hart was to be chased, Herne and his two black hounds of Saint Hubert's breed would hunt him down with marvellous speed; if a wild boar was to be reared, a badger digged out, a fox unkennelled, a marten bayed, or an otter vented, Herne was chosen for the task. No one could fly a falcon so well as Herne,—no one could break up a deer so quickly or so skilfully as him. But in proportion as he grew in favour with the king, the young keeper was hated by his comrades, and they concerted together how to ruin him. All their efforts, however, were ineffectual, and rather tended to his advantage than injury.

One day, it chanced that the king hunted in the forest with his favourite, the Earl of Oxford, when a great herd of deer was unharboured, and a tremendous chase ensued, the hart leading his pursuers within a few miles of Hungerford, whither the borders of the forest then extended. All the followers of the king, even the Earl of Oxford, had by this time dropped off, and the royal huntsman was only attended by Herne, who kept close behind him. At last, the hart, driven to desperation, stood at bay, and gored the king's horse as he came up in such a manner that it reared and threw its rider. Another instant, and the horns of the infuriated animal would have been plunged into the body of the king, if Herne had not flung himself between the prostrate monarch and his assailant, and received the stroke intended for him. Though desperately wounded, the young hunter contrived slightly to raise himself, and plunged his knife into the hart's throat, while the king regained his feet.

Gazing with the utmost concern at his unfortunate deliverer, King Richard demanded what he could do for him.

"Nothing, sire—nothing," replied Herne, with a groan. "I shall require nothing but a grave from you, for I have received a wound that will speedily bring me to it."

"Not so, I trust, good fellow," replied the king, in a tone meant to be encouraging, though his looks showed that his heart misgave him; "my best leech shall attend you."

"No skill will avail me now," replied Herne, sadly. "A hurt from hart's horn bringeth to the bier."

"I hope the proverb will not be justified in thy case," rejoined the king; "and I promise thee, if thou dost recover, thou shalt have the post of head-keeper of the forest, with twenty nobles a year for wages. If, unhappily, thy forebodings are realized, I will give the same sum to be laid out in masses for thy soul."

"I humbly thank your highness," replied the young man, "and I accept the latter offer, seeing it is the only one likely to profit me."

With this, he put his horn to his lips, and winding the dead mot feebly, fell back senseless. Much moved, the king rode off for succour; and blowing a lusty call on his bugle, was presently joined by the Earl of Oxford and some of his followers, among whom were the keepers. The latter were secretly rejoiced on hearing what had

befallen Herne, but they feigned the greatest affliction, and hastened with the king to the spot, where the body was lying stretched out beside that of the hart.

"It is almost a pity his soul cannot pass away thus," said King Richard, gazing compassionately at him, "for he will only revive to anguish and speedy death."

"Your highness is right," replied the chief keeper, a grim old man, named Osmond Crooke, kneeling beside him, and half drawing his hunting-knife, "it were better to put him out of his misery."

"What! slay the man who has just saved my own life!" cried the king. "I will consent to no such infamous deed. I would give a large reward to anyone who could cure him."

As the words were uttered, a tall dark man, in a strange garb, and mounted on a black wild-looking steed, whom no one had hitherto observed, sprang to the ground, and advanced towards the king.

"I take your offer, sire," said this personage, in a harsh voice. "I will cure him."

"Who art thou, fellow?" demanded King Richard, doubtfully.

"I am a forester," replied the tall man, "but I understand somewhat of chirurgery and leechcraft."

"And woodcraft too, I'll be sworn, fellow," said the king. "Thou hast, or I am mistaken, made free with some of my venison."

"He looks marvellously like Arnold Sheafe, who was outlawed for deer-stealing," said Osmond Crooke, regarding him steadfastly.

"I am no outlaw, neither am I called Arnold Sheafe," replied the other. "My name is Philip Urswick, and I can render a good account of myself when it shall please the king's highness to interrogate me. I dwell on the heath near Bagshot, which you passed to-day in the chase, and where I joined you."

"I noted you not," said Osmond.

"Nor I—nor I!" cried the other keepers.

"That may be; but I saw you," rejoined Urswick, contemptuously; "and I tell you there is not one among you to be compared with the brave hunter who lies there. You have all pronounced his case hopeless. I repeat I can cure him if the king will make it worth my while."

"Make good thy words, fellow," replied the king; "and thou

shalt not only be amply rewarded, but shalt have a free pardon for any offence thou mayst have committed."

"Enough," replied Urswick. And taking a large, keen-edged hunting-knife from his girdle, he cut off the head of the hart close to the point where the neck joins the skull, and then laid it open from the extremity of the under-lip to the nuke. "This must be bound on the head of the wounded man," he said.

The keepers stared in astonishment. But the king commanded that the strange order should be obeyed. Upon which, the bleeding skull was fastened upon the head of the keeper, with leathern thongs.

"I will now answer for his perfect cure in a month's time," said Urswick to the king; "but I shall require to watch over him myself till all danger is at an end. I pray your highness to command these keepers to transport him to my hut."

"You hear what he says, knaves," cried the king—"do his bidding, and carefully, or ye shall answer to me with your lives."

Accordingly, a litter was formed with branches of trees, and on this the body of Herne, with the hart's head still bound to it was conveyed by the keepers to Urswick's hut,—a small dwelling, situated in the wildest part of Bagshot Heath. After placing the body upon a bed of dried fern, the keepers were about to depart, when Osmond Crooke observed to the forester, "I am now certain thou art Arnold Sheafe."

"It matters not who I am, since I have the king's pardon," replied the other, laughing disdainfully.

"Thou hast yet to earn it," said Osmond.

"Leave that to me," replied Urswick. "There is more fear that thou wilt lose thy post as chief keeper, which the king has promised to Herne, than that I shall fail."

"Would the deer had killed him outright!" growled Osmond.

And the savage wish was echoed by the other keepers.

"I see you all hate him bitterly," said Urswick. "What will ye give me for revenge?"

"We have little to give, save a fat buck on occasions," replied Osmond; "and, in all likelihood, thou canst help thyself to venison."

"Will you swear to grant the first request I may make of you,—provided it shall be in your power?" demanded Urswick.

"Readily," they replied.

"Enough," said Urswick. "I must keep faith with the king. Herne will recover, but he will lose all his skill as an archer,—all his craft as a hunter."

"If thou canst accomplish this thou art the fiend himself!" cried Osmond, trembling.

"Fiend or not," replied Urswick, with a triumphant laugh,—
"ye have made a compact with me, and must fulfil it. Now begone. I must attend to the wounded man."

And the keepers, full of secret misgiving, departed.

At the precise time promised, Herne, attended by Urswick, presented himself to the king. He looked thin and pale, but all danger was passed. King Richard gave the forester a purse full of nobles, and added a silver bugle to the gift. He then appointed Herne his chief keeper; hung a chain of gold round his neck; and ordered him to be lodged in the castle.

About a week after this, Herne, having entirely regained his strength, accompanied the king on a hunting expedition to the forest, and they had scarcely entered it, when his horse started, and threw him. Up to that moment, such an accident had never happened to him, for he was an excellent horseman; and he arose greatly discomfited, while the keepers eyed each other askance. Soon after this, a buck was started; and though Herne was bravely mounted on a black steed bestowed on him on account of its swiftness by the king, he was the last in the chase.

"Thou art out of practice," said the king, laughing, as he came up.

"I know not what ails me," replied Herne, gloomily.

"It cannot be thy steed's fault," said the king; "for he is usually as fleet as the wind. But I will give thee an opportunity of gaining credit in another way. Thou seest yon buck. He cannot be seventy yards off; and I have seen thee hit the mark at twice the distance. Bring him down."

Herne raised his crossbow, and let fly the bolt; but it missed its mark, and the buck, startled by the noise, dashed down the brake, wholly uninjured.

King Richard's brow grew dark, and Herne uttered an exclamation of rage and despair.

"Thou shalt have a third, and yet easier trial," said the king.

"Old Osmond Crooke shall lend thee his bow, and thy quarry shall be yon magot-pie."

As he spoke, the arrow sped. But it quivered in the trunk of the tree, some yards from the bird. The unfortunate shooter looked distracted; but King Richard made no remark, until, towards the close of the day, he said to him, "Thou must regain thy craft, friend Herne, or I cannot continue thee as my chief keeper."

The keepers congratulated each other in secret, for they felt that their malice was about to be gratified.

The next day, Herne went forth, as he thought, alone, but he was watched by his enemies. Not a shaft would go true, and he found that he had completely lost his mastery over hound and horse. The day after that, he again rode forth to hunt with the king, and his failures made him the laughing-stock of the party. Richard, at length, dismissed him with these words—"Take repose for a week, and then thou shalt have a further trial. If thou dost not then succeed, I must, perforce, discharge thee from thy post."

Instead of returning to the castle, Herne rode off wildly into the forest, where he remained till eventide. He then returned with ghastly looks and a strange appearance,—having the links of a rusty chain which he had plucked from a gibbet hanging from his left arm, and the hart's antlered skull, which he had procured from Urswick, fixed like a helm upon his head. His whole demeanour showed that he was crazed; and his condition, which might have moved the compassion of his foes, only provoked their laughter. After committing the wildest extravagances, he burst from all restraint, and disappeared among the trees of the Home Park.

An hour after this, a pedlar, who was crossing the park from Datchet, found him suspended by a rope from a branch of the oak-tree which bears his name. Despair had driven him to the dreadful deed. Instead of cutting him down, the pedlar ran to the castle to relate what he had witnessed; and the keepers, satisfied that their revenge was now fully accomplished, hastened with him to the tree. But the body was gone; and all that proclaimed it had been there was the rope hanging from the branch. Search was everywhere made for the missing body, but without effect. When the matter was related to the king, he was much troubled, and would fain have had masses said for the repose of the soul of the unfortunate keeper,

but the priests refused to perform them, alleging that he had committed self-destruction, and was therefore out of the pale of the Church.

On that night a terrible thunderstorm occurred, and during its continuance the oak on which Herne had hanged himself was blasted by the lightning.

Old Osmond was immediately reinstated in his post of chief keeper; but he had little time for rejoicing, for he found that the same spell that had bound Herne had fallen upon him. His bolts and arrows went wide of their mark, his hounds lost their scent, and his falcon would not be lured back. Half frantic, and afraid of exposing himself to the taunts of his companions, he feigned illness, and left his comrade, Roger Barfoot, to take his place. But the same ill-luck befell Barfoot, and he returned in woeful plight, without a single head of game. Four others were equally unfortunate, and it was now clear that the whole party were bewitched.

Luckily, the king had quitted the castle, but they felt certain they should be dismissed on his return, if not more severely punished. At last, after taking counsel together, they resolved to consult Urswick, who they doubted not could remove the spell. Accordingly, they went to Bagshot Heath, and related their story to him. When they had done, he said—"The curse of Herne's blood is upon you, and can only be removed in one way. As you return to the castle, go to the tree on which he destroyed himself, and you may learn how to act."

The keepers would have questioned him further, but he refused to answer, and dismissed them.

The shades of evening had fallen as they quitted Bagshot, and it was midnight as they entered the Home Park, and proceeded towards the fatal oak. It was pitchy dark; and they could only distinguish the tree by its white, scathed trunk. All at once a blue flame, like a will-o'-the-wisp, appeared, flitted thrice round the tree, and then remained stationary, its light falling upon a figure in a wild garb, with a rusty chain hanging from its left arm, and an antlered helm upon its head. They knew it to be Herne, and instantly fell down before him, while a burst of terrible laughter sounded in their ears.

Without heeding them further, the spirit darted round the tree, rattling its chain, and uttering appalling imprecations. It then stopped, and turning to the terrified beholders, bade them, in a

hollow voice, bring hounds and horses as for the chase on the following night, and vanished.

Filled with dread, the keepers returned home, and the next day old Osmond again sought the forester, and told him what had occurred.

"You must obey the spirit's injunctions, or worse mischief will befall you," said Urswick. "Go to the tree, mounted as for a hunting-party, and take the black steed given to Herne by the king, and the two black hounds with you. You will see what will ensue." And without another word he dismissed them.

Osmond told his comrades what the forester had said, and though they were filled with alarm, they resolved upon compliance. At midnight, therefore, they rode towards the tree with the black hounds in leash, and leading Herne's favourite horse, saddled and bridled. As they drew near, they again saw the terrible shape stalking round the tree, and heard the fearful imprecations.



They were terrified by the wild apparition.

His spells ended, Herne called to Osmond to bring him his steed; and the old man tremblingly obeyed. In an instant, the mysterious being vaulted on its back, and in a voice of resistless authority, cried—"To the forest!—to the forest!" With this, he dashed forward,

and the whole party, hounds and men, hurried after him.

They rode at a furious pace for five or six miles over the Great Park, the keepers wondering where their unearthly leader was taking them, and almost fancying they were hurrying to perdition, when they descended a hillside leading to the marsh, and halted before a huge beech-tree, where Herne dismounted and pronounced certain mystic words, accompanying them with strange gestures.

Presently, he became silent and motionless. A flash of fire then burst from the roots of the tree, and the forester Urswick stood before him. But his aspect was more terrible and commanding than it had seemed heretofore to the keepers.

"Welcome, Herne," he cried; "welcome, lord of the forest. And you his comrades, and soon to be his followers, welcome too. The time is come for the fulfilment of your promise to me. I require you to form a band for Herne the Hunter, and to serve him as leader. Swear to obey him, and the spell that hangs over you shall be broken. If not, I leave you to the king's justice."

Not daring to refuse compliance, the keepers took the oath proposed,—and a fearful one it was! As soon as it was uttered, Urswick vanished, as he came, in a flash of fire. Herne then commanded the others to dismount, and made them prostrate themselves before him, and pay him homage. This done, he blew a strike on his horn, rode swiftly up the hillside, and a stag being unharboured, the chase commenced. Many a fat buck was hunted and slaughtered that night; and an hour before daybreak Herne commanded them to lay the four finest and fattest at the foot of the beech-tree, and then dismissed them, bidding them meet him at midnight at the scathed oak in the Home Park.

They came as they were commanded; but fearful of detection, they adopted strange disguises. Night after night, they thus went forth, thinning the herds of deer, and committing other outrages and depredations. Nor were their dark proceedings altogether unnoticed. Belated travellers crossing the forest beheld them, and related what they had seen; others watched for them, but they were so effectually disguised that they escaped detection.

At last, however, the king returned to the castle, and accounts of the strange doings in the forest were instantly brought him. Astonished at what he heard, and determined to ascertain the truth

of the statement, he ordered the keepers to attend him that night in an expedition to the forest, when he hoped to encounter the demon huntsman and his band. Much alarmed, Osmond Crooke, who acted as spokesman, endeavoured, by representing the risk he would incur, to dissuade the king from the enterprise; but he would not be deterred, and they now gave themselves up for lost.

As the castle clock tolled forth the hour of midnight, Richard, accompanied by a numerous guard, and attended by the keepers, issued from the gates, and rode towards the scathed oak. As they drew near the tree, the figure of Herne, mounted on his black steed, was discerned beneath it. Deep fear fell upon all the beholders, but chiefly upon the guilty keepers, at the sight. The king, however, pressed forward, and cried, "Why dost thou disturb the quietude of night, accursed spirit?"

"Because I desire vengeance!" replied Herne, in a hollow voice. "I was brought to my present woeful condition by Osmond Crooke and his comrades."

"But you died by your own hand,—did you not?" demanded King Richard.

"Yea," replied Herne; "but I was driven to the deed by an infernal spell laid upon me by the malice of the wretches I have denounced. Hang them upon this tree, and I will trouble these woods no longer while thou reignest!"

The king looked round at the keepers. They all remained obdurate, except Roger Barfoot, who, falling on his knees, confessed his guilt, and accused the others.

"It is enough," cried the king to Herne; "they shall all suffer for their offence."

Upon this, a flash of fire enveloped the spirit and his horse, and he vanished.

The king kept his word. Osmond and his comrades were all hanged upon the scathed tree, nor was Herne seen again in the forest while Richard sat upon the throne. But he reappeared with a new band at the commencement of the rule of Henry the Fourth, and again hunted the deer at night. His band was destroyed, but he defied all attempts at capture; and so it has continued to our own time, for not one of the seven monarchs who have held the castle since Richard's day, have been able to drive him from the forest.

THE CHRISTMAS CUCKOO

By FRANCES BROWNE

Most stories about cuckoos portray the bird as a selfish and rather foolish creature, but here is the exception to the general rule. The grey cuckoo brought valuable gifts to the two cobblers who gave it warmth and lodging and a slice of barley bread one snowy Yuletide. Such is human nature that the cobbler brothers chose very differently of the proffered gifts, and both had to journey far and fare worse than hitherto before they were able to settle down in true content and good-fellowship.

This story is taken from "Granny's Wonderful Chair."

ONCE upon a time there stood in the midst of a bleak moor, in the North Country, a certain village; all its inhabitants were poor, for their fields were barren, and they had little trade, but the poorest of them all were two brothers called Scrub and Spare, who followed the cobbler's craft, and had but one stall between them. It was a hut built of clay and wattles. The door was low and always open, for there was no window. The roof did not entirely keep out the rain, and the only thing comfortable about it was a wide hearth, for which the brothers could never find wood enough to make a sufficient fire. There they worked in most brotherly friendship, though with little encouragement.

The people of that village were not extravagant in shoes, and better cobblers than Scrub and Spare might be found. Spiteful people said there were no shoes so bad that they would not be worse for their mending. Nevertheless Scrub and Spare managed to live between their own trade, a small barley field, and a cottage garden, till one unlucky day when a new cobbler arrived in the village. He had lived in the capital city of the kingdom, and, by his own account, cobbled for the queen and the princesses. His awls were sharp, his lasts were new; he set up his stall in a neat cottage with two windows.

The villagers soon found out that one patch of his would wear two of the brothers'. In short, all the mending left Scrub and Spare, and went to the new cobbler. The season had been wet and cold, their barley did not ripen well, and the cabbages never half closed in the garden. So the brothers were poor that winter, and when Christmas came they had nothing to feast on but a barley loaf, a piece of rusty bacon, and some small beer of their own brewing. Worse than that, the snow was very deep, and they could get no firewood. Their hut stood at the end of the village, beyond it spread the bleak moor, now all white and silent; but that moor had once been a forest, great roots of old trees were still to be found in it, loosened from the soil and laid bare by the winds and rains—one of these, a rough, gnarled log, lay hard by their door, the half of it above the snow, and Spare said to his brother—

"Shall we sit here cold on Christmas while the great root lies yonder? Let us chop it up for firewood, the work will make us warm."

"No," said Scrub; "it's not right to chop wood on Christmas; besides, that root is too hard to be broken with any hatchet."

"Hard or not, we must have a fire," replied Spare. "Come, brother, help me in with it. Poor as we are, there is nobody in the village will have such a Yule log as ours."

Scrub liked a little grandeur, and in hopes of having a fine Yule log, both brothers strained and strove with all their might till, between pulling and pushing, the great old root was safe on the hearth, and beginning to crackle and blaze with the red embers. In high glee, the cobblers sat down to their beer and bacon. The door was shut, for there was nothing but cold moonlight and snow outside; but the hut, strewn with fir boughs, and ornamented with holly, looked cheerful as the ruddy blaze flared up and rejoiced their hearts.

"Long life and good fortune to ourselves, brother!" said Spare. "I hope you will drink that toast, and may we never have a worse fire on Christmas—but what is that?"

Spare set down the drinking-horn, and the brothers listened astonished, for out of the blazing root they heard, "Cuckool cuckool!" as plain as ever the spring-bird's voice came over the moor on a May morning.

"It is something bad," said Scrub, terribly frightened.

"May be not," said Spare; and out of the deep hole at the side which the fire had not reached flew a large grey cuckoo, and lit on the table before them. Much as the cobblers had been surprised, they were still more so when it said—

"Good gentlemen, what season is this?"

"It's Christmas," said Spare.

"Then a merry Christmas to you!" said the cuckoo. "I went to sleep in the hollow of that old root one evening last summer, and never woke till the heat of your fire made me think it was summer again; but now since you have burned my lodging, let me stay in your hut till the spring comes round—I only want a hole to sleep in, and when I go on my travels next summer be assured I will bring you some present for your trouble."

"Stay, and welcome," said Spare, while Scrub sat wondering if it were something bad or not; "I'll make you a good warm hole in the thatch. But you must be hungry after that long sleep?—here is a slice of barley bread. Come help us to keep Christmas!"

The cuckoo ate up the slice, drank water from the brown jug, for he would take no beer, and flew into a snug hole which Spare scooped for him in the thatch of the hut.

Scrub said he was afraid it wouldn't be lucky; but as it slept on and the days passed he forgot his fears. So the snow melted, the heavy rains came, the cold grew less, the days lengthened, and one sunny morning the brothers were awake by the cuckoo shouting its own cry to let them know the spring had come.

"Now I'm going on my travels," said the bird, "over the world to tell men of the spring. There is no country where trees bud or flowers bloom that I will not cry in before the year goes round. Give me another slice of barley bread to keep me on my journey, and tell me what present I shall bring you at the twelvemonth's end."

Scrub would have been angry with his brother for cutting so large a slice, their store of barley-meal being low; but his mind was occupied with what present would be most prudent to ask: at length a lucky thought struck him.

"Good master cuckoo," said he, "if a great traveller who sees all the world like you, could know of any place where diamonds or pearls were to be found, one of a tolerable size brought in your beak

would help such poor men as my brother and I to provide something better than barley bread for your next entertainment."

"I know nothing of diamonds or pearls," said the cuckoo; "they are in the hearts of rocks and the sands of rivers. My knowledge is only of that which grows on the earth. But there are two trees hard by the well that lies at the world's end—one of them is called the golden tree, for its leaves are all of beaten gold: every winter they fall into the well with a sound like scattered coin, and I know not what becomes of them. As for the other, it is always green like a laurel. Some call it the wise, and some the merry tree. Its leaves never fall, but they that get one of them keep a blithe heart in spite of all misfortunes, and can make themselves as merry in a hut as in a palace."

"Good master cuckoo, bring me a leaf off that tree!" cried Spare.

"Now, brother, don't be a fool!" said Scrub; "think of the leaves of beaten gold! Dear master cuckoo, bring me one of them!"

Before another word could be spoken, the cuckoo had flown out of the open door, and was shouting its spring cry over moor and meadow. The brothers were poorer than ever that year; nobody would send them a single shoe to mend. The new cobbler said, in scorn, they should come to be his apprentices; and Scrub and Spare would have left the village but for their barley field, their cabbage garden, and a certain maid called Fairfeather, whom both the cobblers had courted for seven years without even knowing which she meant to favour.

Sometimes Fairfeather seemed inclined to Scrub, sometimes she smiled on Spare; but the brothers never disputed for that. They sowed their barley, planted their cabbage, and now that their trade was gone, worked in the rich villagers' fields to make out a scanty living. So the seasons came and passed: spring, summer, harvest, and winter followed each other as they have done from the beginning. At the end of the latter, Scrub and Spare had grown so poor and ragged that Fairfeather thought them beneath her notice. Old neighbours forgot to invite them to wedding feasts or merrymaking; and they thought the cuckoo had forgotten them too, when at day-break, on the first of April, they heard a hard beak knocking at their door, and a voice crying—

"Cuckoo! cuckoo! Let me in with my presents."

Spare ran to open the door, and in came the cuckoo, carrying on one side of his bill a golden leaf larger than that of any tree in the North Country; and in the other, one like that of the common laurel, only it had a fresher green.

"Here," it said, giving the gold to Scrub and the green to Spare, "it is a long carriage from the world's end. Give me a slice of barley bread, for I must tell the North Country that the spring has come."

Scrub did not grudge the thickness of that slice, though it was cut from their last loaf. So much gold had never been in the cobbler's hands before, and he could not help exulting over his brother.

"See the wisdom of my choice!" he said, holding up the large leaf of gold. "As for yours, as good might be plucked from any hedge. I wonder a sensible bird would carry the like so far."

"Good master cobbler," cried the cuckoo, finishing the slice, "your conclusions are more hasty than courteous. If your brother be disappointed this time, I go on the same journey every year, and for your hospitable entertainment will think it no trouble to bring each of you whichever leaf you desire."

"Darling cuckoo!" cried Scrub, "bring me a golden one"; and Spare, looking up from the green leaf on which he gazed as though it were a crown-jewel, said—

"Be sure to bring me one from the merry tree," and away flew the cuckoo.

"This is the Feast of All Fools, and it ought to be your birthday," said Scrub. "Did ever man fling away such an opportunity of getting rich! Much good your merry leaves will do in the midst of rags and poverty!" So he went on, but Spare laughed at him, and answered with quaint old proverbs concerning the cares that come with gold, till Scrub, at length getting angry, vowed his brother was not fit to live with a respectable man; and taking his lasts, his awls, and his golden leaf, he left the wattle hut, and went to tell the villagers.

They were astonished at the folly of Spare and charmed with Scrub's good sense, particularly when he showed them the golden leaf, and told that the cuckoo would bring him one every spring. The new cobbler immediately took him into partnership; the greatest people sent him their shoes to mend; Fairfeather smiled graciously upon him, and in the course of that summer they were married, with a grand wedding feast, at which the whole village danced,

except Spare, who was not invited, because the bride could not bear his low-mindedness, and his brother thought him a disgrace to the family.

Indeed, all who heard the story concluded that Spare must be mad, and nobody would associate with him but a lame tinker, a beggar-boy, and a poor woman reputed to be a witch because she was old and ugly. As for Scrub, he established himself with Fairfeather in a cottage close by that of the new cobbler, and quite as fine. There he mended shoes to everybody's satisfaction, had a scarlet coat for holidays, and a fat goose for dinner every wedding-day. Fairfeather, too, had a crimson gown and fine blue ribands; but neither she nor Scrub were content, for to buy this grandeur the golden leaf had to be broken and parted with piece by piece, so the last morsel was gone before the cuckoo came with another.

Spare lived on in the old hut, and worked in the cabbage garden. (Scrub had got the barley field because he was the eldest.) Every day his coat grew more ragged, and the hut more weatherbeaten; but people remarked that he never looked sad nor sour; and the wonder was, that from the time they began to keep his company, the tinker grew kinder to the poor ass with which he travelled the country, the beggar-boy kept out of mischief, and the old woman was never cross to her cat or angry with the children.

Every first of April the cuckoo came tapping at their doors with the golden leaf to Scrub and the green to Spare. Fairfeather would have entertained him nobly with wheaten bread and honey, for she had some notion of persuading him to bring two golden leaves instead of one; but the cuckoo flew away to eat barley bread with Spare, saying he was not fit company for fine people, and liked the old hut where he slept so snugly from Christmas till spring.

Scrub spent the golden leaves, and Spare kept the merry ones; and I know not how many years passed in this manner, when a certain great lord, who owned that village, came to the neighbourhood. His castle stood on the moor. It was ancient and strong, with high towers and a deep moat. All the country, as far as one could see from the highest turret, belonged to this lord; but he had not been there for twenty years, and would not have come then, only he was melancholy. The cause of his grief was that he had been prime minister at Court, and in high favour, till somebody told the crown

prince that he had spoken disrespectfully concerning the turning out of his royal highness's toes, and the king that he did not lay on taxes enough, whereon the North Country lord was turned out of office, and banished to his own estate. There he lived for some weeks in very bad temper. The servants said nothing would please him, and the villagers put on their worst clothes lest he should raise their rents; but one day in the harvest time his lordship chanced to meet Spare gathering watercresses at a meadow stream, and fell into talk with the cobbler.

How it was nobody could tell, but from the hour of that discourse the great lord cast away his melancholy: he forgot his lost office and his Court enemies, the king's taxes and the crown prince's toes, and went about with a noble train hunting, fishing, and making merry in his hall, where all travellers were entertained and all the poor were welcome. This strange story spread through the North Country, and great company came to the cobbler's hut—rich men who had lost their money, poor men who had lost their friends, beauties who had grown old, wits who had gone out of fashion, all came to talk with Spare, and whatever their troubles had been, all went home merry. The rich gave him presents, the poor gave him thanks. Spare's coat ceased to be ragged, he had bacon with his cabbage, and the villagers began to think there was some sense in him.

By this time his fame had reached the capital city, and even the Court. There were a great many discontented people there besides the king, who had lately fallen into ill-humour because a neighbouring princess, with seven islands for her dowry, would not marry his eldest son. So a royal messenger was sent to Spare, with a velvet mantle, a diamond ring, and a command that he should repair to Court immediately.

"To-morrow is the first of April," said Spare, "and I will go with you two hours after sunrise."

The messenger lodged all night at the castle, and the cuckoo came at sunrise with the merry leaf.

"Court is a fine place," he said when the cobbler told him he was going; "but I cannot come there, they would lay snares and catch me; so be careful of the leaves I have brought you, and give me a farewell slice of barley bread."

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Spare was sorry to part with the cuckoo, little as he had of his company; but he gave him a slice which would have broken Scrub's heart in former times, it was so thick and large; and having sewed up the leaves in the lining of his leather doublet, he set out with the messenger on his way to Court.

His coming caused great surprise there. Everybody wondered what the king could see in such a common-looking man; but scarce had his majesty conversed with him half an hour, when the princess and her seven islands were forgotten, and orders given that a feast for all comers should be spread in the banquet hall. The princes of the blood, the great lords and ladies, ministers of state, and judges of the land, after that discoursed with Spare, and the more they talked the lighter grew their hearts, so that such changes had never been seen at Court. The lords forgot their spite and the ladies their envies, the princes and ministers made friends among themselves, and the judges showed no favour.

As for Spare, he had a chamber assigned him in the palace, and a seat at the king's table; one sent him rich robes and another costly jewels; but in the midst of all his grandeur he still wore the leathern doublet, which the palace servants thought remarkably mean. One day the king's attention being drawn to it by the chief page, his majesty inquired why Spare didn't give it to a beggar? But the cobbler answered—

"High and mighty monarch, this doublet was with me before silk and velvet came—I find it easier to wear than the Court cut; moreover, it serves to keep me humble, by recalling the days when it was my holiday garment."

The king thought this a wise speech, and commanded that no one should find fault with the leathern doublet. So things went, till tidings of his brother's good fortune reached Scrub in the moorland cottage on another first of April, when the cuckoo came with two golden leaves, because he had none to carry for Spare.

"Think of that!" said Fairfeather. "Here we are spending our lives in this humdrum place, and Spare making his fortune at Court with two or three paltry green leaves! What would they say to our golden ones? Let us pack up and make our way to the king's palace; I'm sure he will make you a lord and me a lady of honour, not to speak of all the fine clothes and presents we shall have."

Scrub thought this excellent reasoning, and their packing up began: but it was soon found that the cottage contained few things fit for carrying to Court. Fairfeather could not think of her wooden bowls, spoons, and trenchers being seen there. Scrub considered his lasts and awls better left behind, as without them, he concluded, no one would suspect him of being a cobbler. So putting on their holiday clothes, Fairfeather took her looking-glass and Scrub his drinking-horn, which happened to have a very thin rim of silver, and each carrying a golden leaf carefully wrapped up that none might see it till they reached the palace, the pair set out in great expectation.

How far Scrub and Fairfeather journeyed I cannot say, but when the sun was high and warm at noon, they came into a wood both tired and hungry.

"If I had known it was so far to Court," said Scrub, "I would have brought the end of that barley loaf which we left in the cupboard."

"Husband," said Fairfeather, "you shouldn't have such mean thoughts: how could one eat barley bread on the way to a palace? Let us rest ourselves under this tree, and look at our golden leaves to see if they are safe." In looking at the leaves, and talking of their fine prospects, Scrub and Fairfeather did not perceive that a very thin old woman had slipped from behind the tree, with a long staff in her hand and a great wallet by her side.

"Noble lord and lady," she said, "for I know ye are such by your voices, though my eyes are dim and my hearing none of the sharpest, will ye condescend to tell me where I may find some water to mix a bottle of mead which I carry in my wallet, because it is too strong for me?"

As the old woman spoke, she pulled out a large wooden bottle such as shepherds used in the ancient times, corked with leaves rolled together, and having a small wooden cup hanging from its handle.

"Perhaps ye will do me the favour to taste," she said. "It is only made of the best honey. I have also cream cheese, and a wheaten loaf here, if such honourable persons as you would eat the like."

Scrub and Fairfeather became very condescending after this speech. They were now sure that there must be some appearance of

nobility about them; besides they were very hungry, and having hastily wrapped up the golden leaves, they assured the old woman they were not at all proud, notwithstanding the lands and castles they had left behind them in the North Country, and would willingly help to lighten the wallet. The old woman could scarcely be persuaded to sit down for pure humility, but at length she did, and before the wallet was half empty Scrub and Fairfeather firmly believed that there must be something remarkably noble-looking about them. This was not entirely owing to her ingenious discourse. The old woman was a wood-witch; her name was Buttertongue; and all her time was spent in making mead, which, being boiled with curious herbs and spells, had the power of making all who drank it fall asleep and dream with their eyes open. She had two dwarfs of sons; one was named Spy, and the other Pounce. Wherever their mother went they were not far behind; and whoever tasted her mead was sure to be robbed by the dwarfs.

Scrub and Fairfeather sat leaning against the old tree. The cobbler had a lump of cheese in his hand; his wife held fast a hunch of bread. Their eyes and mouths were both open, but they were dreaming of great grandeur at Court, when the old woman raised her shrill voice—

“What ho, my sons! come here and carry home the harvest.”

No sooner had she spoken, than the two little dwarfs darted out of the neighbouring thicket.

“Idle boys!” cried the mother, “what have ye done to-day to help our living?”

“I have been to the city,” said Spy, “and could see nothing. These are hard times for us—everybody minds their business so contentedly since that cobbler came; but here is a leathern doublet which his page threw out of the window; it’s of no use, but I brought it to let you see I was not idle.” And he tossed down Spare’s doublet, with the merry leaves in it, which he had carried like a bundle on his little back.

To explain how Spy came by it, I must tell you that the forest was not far from the great city where Spare lived in such high esteem. All things had gone well with the cobbler till the king thought it was quite unbecoming to see such a worthy man without a servant. His majesty, therefore, to let all men understand his royal

favour toward Spare, appointed one of his own pages to wait upon him. The name of this youth was Tinseltoes, and, though he was the seventh of the king's pages, nobody in all the Court had grander notions. Nothing could please him that had not gold or silver about it, and his grandmother feared he would hang himself for being appointed page to a cobbler. As for Spare, if anything could have troubled him, this token of his majesty's kindness would have done it.

The honest man had been so used to serve himself that the page was always in the way, but his merry leaves came to his assistance; and, to the great surprise of his grandmother, Tinseltoes took wonderfully to the new service. Some said it was because Spare gave him nothing to do but play at bowls all day on the palace-green. Yet one thing grieved the heart of Tinseltoes, and that was his master's leathern doublet, but for it he was persuaded people would never remember that Spare had been a cobbler, and the page took a deal of pains to let him see how unfashionable it was at Court; but Spare answered Tinseltoes as he had done the king, and at last, finding nothing better would do, the page got up one fine morning earlier than his master, and tossed the leathern doublet out of the back window into a certain lane where Spy found it, and brought it to his mother.

"That nasty thing!" said the old woman; "where is the good in it?"

By this time, Pounce had taken everything of value from Scrub and Fairfeather—the looking-glass, the silver-rimmed horn, the husband's scarlet coat, the wife's gay mantle, and, above all, the golden leaves, which so rejoiced old Buttertongue and her sons, that they threw the leathern doublet over the sleeping cobbler for a jest, and went off to their hut in the heart of the forest.

The sun was going down when Scrub and Fairfeather awoke from dreaming that they had been made a lord and lady, and sat clothed in silk and velvet, feasting with the king in the palace hall. It was a great disappointment to find their golden leaves and all their best things gone. Scrub tore his hair, and vowed to take the old woman's life, while Fairfeather lamented sore; but Scrub, feeling cold for want of his coat, put on the leathern doublet without asking or caring whence it came.

Scarcely was it buttoned on when a change came over him: he addressed such merry discourse to Fairfeather that, instead of lamentations, she made the wood ring with laughter. Both busied themselves in getting up a hut of boughs, in which Scrub kindled a fire with a flint and steel, which, together with his pipe, he had brought unknown to Fairfeather, who had told him the like was never heard of at Court. Then they found a pheasant's nest at the root of an old oak, made a meal of roasted eggs, and went to sleep on a heap of long green grass which they had gathered, with nightingales singing all night long in the old trees about them. So it happened that Scrub and Fairfeather stayed day after day in the forest, making their hut larger and more comfortable against the winter, living on wild birds' eggs and berries, and never thinking of their lost golden leaves, or their journey to Court.

In the meantime Spare had got up and missed his doublet. Tinseltoes, of course, said he knew nothing about it. The whole palace was searched, and every servant questioned, till all the Court wondered why such a fuss was made about an old leathern doublet. That very day things came back to their old fashion. Quarrels began among the lords, and jealousies among the ladies. The king said his subjects did not pay him half enough taxes, the queen wanted more jewels, the servants took to their old bickerings and got up some new ones. Spare found himself getting wonderfully dull, and very much out of place: nobles began to ask what business a cobbler had at the king's table, and his majesty ordered the palace chronicles to be searched for a precedent. The cobbler was too wise to tell all he had lost with that doublet, but being by this time somewhat familiar with Court customs, he proclaimed a reward of fifty gold pieces to any who would bring him news concerning it.

Scarcely was this made known in the city, when the gates and outer courts of the palace were filled by men, women, and children, some bringing leathern doublets of every cut and colour; some with tales of what they had heard and seen in their walks about the neighbourhood; and so much news concerning all sorts of great people came out of these stories, that lords and ladies ran to the king with complaints of Spare as a speaker of slander; and his majesty, being now satisfied that there was no example in all the palace records of such a retainer, issued a decree banishing the cobbler for

ever from Court, and confiscating all his goods in favour of Tinseltoes.

That royal edict was scarcely published before the page was in full possession of his rich chamber, his costly garments, and all the presents the courtiers had given him; while Spare, having no longer the fifty pieces of gold to give, was glad to make his escape out of the back window, for fear of the nobles, who vowed to be revenged on him, and the crowd, who were prepared to stone him for cheating them about his doublet.

The window from which Spare let himself down with a strong rope was that from which Tinseltoes had tossed the doublet, and as the cobbler came down late in the twilight a poor woodman, with a heavy load of fagots, stopped and stared at him in great astonishment.

"What's the matter, friend?" said Spare. "Did you never see a man coming down from a back window before?"

"Why," said the woodman, "the last morning I passed here a leathern doublet came out of that very window, and I'll be bound you are the owner of it."

"That I am, friend," said the cobbler. "Can you tell me which way that doublet went?"

"As I walked on," said the woodman, "a dwarf, called Spy, bundled it up and ran off to his mother in the forest."

"Honest friend," said Spare, taking off the last of his fine clothes (a grass-green mantle edged with gold), "I'll give you this if you will follow the dwarf, and bring me back my doublet."

"It would not be good to carry fagots in," said the woodman. "But if you want back your doublet, the road to the forest lies at the end of this lane," and he trudged away.

Determined to find his doublet, and sure that neither crowd nor courtiers could catch him in the forest, Spare went on his way, and was soon among the tall trees; but neither hut nor dwarf could he see. Moreover, the night came on; the wood was dark and tangled, but here and there the moon shone through its alleys, the great owls flitted about, and the nightingales sang. So he went on, hoping to find some place of shelter. At last the red light of a fire, gleaming through a thicket, led him to the door of a low hut. It stood half open, as if there was nothing to fear, and within he saw his brother

Scrub snoring loudly on a bed of grass, at the foot of which lay his own leathern doublet; while Fairfeather, in a kirtle made of plaited rushes, sat roasting pheasants' eggs by the fire.

"Good evening, mistress," said Spare, stepping in.

The blaze shone on him, but so changed was her brother-in-law with his Court life that Fairfeather did not know him, and she answered far more courteously than was her wont.

"Good evening, master. Whence come ye so late? but speak low, for my good man has sorely tired himself cleaving wood, and is taking a sleep, as you see, before supper."

"A good rest to him," said Spare, perceiving he was not known. "I come from the Court for a day's hunting, and have lost my way in the forest."

"Sit down and have a share of our supper," said Fairfeather. "I will put some more eggs in the ashes; and tell me the news of Court—I used to think of it long ago when I was young and foolish."

"Did you never go there?" said the cobbler. "So fair a dame as you would make the ladies marvel."

"You are pleased to flatter," said Fairfeather; "but my husband has a brother there, and we left our moorland village to try our fortune also. An old woman enticed us with fair words and strong drink at the entrance of this forest, where we fell asleep and dreamt of great things; but when we woke, everything had been robbed from us—my looking-glass, my scarlet cloak, my husband's Sunday coat; and, in place of all, the robbers left him that old leathern doublet, which he has worn ever since, and never was so merry in all his life, though we live in this poor hut."

"It is a shabby doublet, that," said Spare, taking up the garment, and seeing that it was his own, for the merry leaves were still sewed in its lining. "It would be good for hunting in, however—your husband would be glad to part with it, I dare say, in exchange for this handsome cloak"; and he pulled off the green mantle and buttoned on the doublet, much to Fairfeather's delight, who ran and shook Scrub, crying—

"Husband! husband! rise and see what a good bargain I have made."

Scrub gave one closing snore, and muttered something about the

root being hard; but he rubbed his eyes, gazed up at his brother, and said—

"Spare, is that really you? How did you like the Court, and have you made your fortune?"

"That I have, brother," said Spare, "in getting back my own good leathern doublet. Come, let us eat eggs, and rest ourselves here this night. In the morning we will return to our own old hut, at the end of the moorland village, where the Christmas Cuckoo will come and bring us leaves."

Scrub and Fairfeather agreed. So in the morning they all returned, and found the old hut little the worse for wear and weather. The neighbours came about them to ask the news of the Court, and see if they had made their fortune. Everybody was astonished to find the three poorer than ever, but somehow they liked to go back to the hut. Spare brought out the lasts and awls he had hidden in a corner; Scrub and he began their old trade, and the whole North Country found out that there never were such cobblers.

They mended the shoes of lords and ladies as well as the common people; everybody was satisfied. Their custom increased from day to day, and all that were disappointed, discontented, or unlucky, came to the hut as in old times, before Spare went to Court.

The rich brought them presents, the poor did them service. The hut itself changed, no one knew how. Flowering honeysuckle grew over its roof; red and white roses grew thick about its door. Moreover, the Christmas Cuckoo always came on the first of April, bringing three leaves of the merry tree—for Scrub and Fairfeather would have no more golden ones.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

By THOMAS DAY

The story of the runaway slave Androcles and the lion he befriended has been told many times, and one famous dramatist has made it into a play. The present version is from "The History of Sandford and Merton," written very many years ago, in the eighteenth century. Although its style and a great deal of its sentiment read rather strangely today, it can be justly described as one of the most popular children's books of all time.

THERE was a certain slave named Androcles, who was so ill-treated by his master that his life became insupportable. Finding no remedy for what he suffered, he at length said to himself: "It is better to die than to continue to live in such hardships and misery as I am obliged to suffer. I am determined, therefore, to run away from my master. If I am taken again, I know that I shall be punished with a cruel death; but it is better to die at once than to live in misery. If I escape, I must betake myself to deserts and woods, inhabited only by wild beasts; but they cannot treat me more cruelly than I have been treated by my fellow-creatures; therefore, I will rather trust myself with them, than continue to be a miserable slave."

Having formed this resolution, he took an opportunity of leaving his master's house, and hid himself in a thick forest at some miles' distance from the city. But here the unhappy man found that he had only escaped from one sort of misery to experience another. He wandered about all day through a vast and trackless wood, where his flesh was incessantly torn by thorns and brambles; he grew hungry, but could find no food in this dreary solitude; at length he was ready to die with fatigue, and lay down in despair in a large cavern which he accidentally discovered.

This unfortunate man had not lain long quiet in the cavern before

he heard a dreadful noise, which seemed to be the roar of some wild beast, and alarmed him very much. He started up with a design to escape, and had already reached the mouth of the cave, when he saw coming towards him a lion of prodigious size, who prevented any possibility of retreat. The terrified man now believed his destruction to be inevitable; but, to his great astonishment, the beast advanced towards him with a gentle pace, without any mark of enmity or rage, and uttered a mournful sound, as though demanding the assistance of the man.

Androcles, who was naturally of a resolute disposition, acquired courage from this circumstance to examine the immense creature, who gave him sufficient leisure for that purpose. He saw, as the lion approached him, that he seemed to limp upon one of his legs, and that the foot was extremely swelled, as though it had been wounded. Acquiring still more fortitude from the gentle demeanour of the beast, he advanced up to him, and took hold of the wounded paw, as a surgeon would examine the hand of a patient. He then perceived that a thorn of uncommon size had penetrated the ball of the foot, and was the occasion of the swelling and lameness which he had noticed. Androcles found that the beast, far from resenting this familiarity, received it with the utmost gentleness, and seemed by his blandishments to invite him to proceed. He therefore extracted the thorn, and pressing the swelling discharged a considerable quantity of pus, or matter, which had been the cause of so much pain and uneasiness.

As soon as the beast felt himself thus relieved he began to testify his joy and gratitude by every expression within his power. He jumped about like a wanton spaniel, wagged his enormous tail, and licked the feet and hands of his physician. Nor was he contented with these demonstrations of kindness. From this moment Androcles became his guest; nor did the lion ever sally forth in quest of prey without bringing home the produce of his chase, and sharing it with his friend. In this savage state of hospitality did the man continue to live during several months. At length, wandering unguardedly through the woods, he met with a company of soldiers sent out to apprehend him, and was by them taken prisoner, and conducted back to his master. The laws of that country being very severe against slaves, he was tried, and found guilty of having fled from his master; and as a punishment for this pretended crime he was sentenced to be

torn in pieces by a furious lion, kept many days without food to inspire him with additional rage.

When the destined moment arrived the unhappy man was exposed, unarmed, in the midst of a spacious area, enclosed on every side, around which many thousand people were assembled to view the mournful spectacle.

Presently a dreadful yell was heard, which struck the spectators with horror; and an immense lion rushed out of a den, which was purposely set open. The brute darted forward with erected mane, and flaming eyes, and jaws that gaped like an open sepulchre. A mournful silence instantly prevailed! All eyes were turned upon the destined victim, whose destruction now appeared inevitable. But the pity of the multitude was soon converted into astonishment when they beheld the lion, instead of destroying his defenceless prey, crouch submissively at his feet, fawn upon him, as a faithful dog would fawn upon his master, and rejoice over him as a mother that unexpectedly recovers her offspring. The governor of the town, who was present, then called out with a loud voice, and ordered Androcles to explain to them this unintelligible mystery, and how a savage of the fiercest and most unpitied nature should thus in a moment have forgotten his innate disposition, and be converted into a harmless and inoffensive animal.

Androcles then related to the assembly every circumstance of his adventures in the woods, and concluded by saying that the very lion which now stood before them had been his friend and entertainer in the woods. All the persons present were astonished and delighted with the story, to find that even the fiercest beasts are capable of being softened by gratitude, and moved by humanity; and they unanimously joined to entreat from the governor the pardon of the unhappy man. This was immediately granted; and Androcles was also presented with the lion, who had in this manner twice saved his life.

THE WINGED HORSE

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Bellerophon was a young man whose great courage required the strength of a child's simple faith before he was ready and prepared to give battle and overcome a great and living force of evil. The beautiful winged horse Pegasus, an immortal creature, provided the brave young man with a power of flight that enabled him to seek out the dreaded Chimæra and defeat it. This story is taken from "A Wonder Book."

ONCE, in the old, old times a fountain gushed out of a hill-side in the marvellous land of Greece. And for aught I know, after so many thousand years, it is still gushing out of the very self-same spot. At any rate, there was the pleasant fountain, welling freshly forth and sparkling down the hill-side in the golden sunset, when a handsome young man named Bellerophon drew near its margin. In his hand he held a bridle, studded with brilliant gems, and adorned with a golden bit. Seeing an old man, and another of middle age, and a little boy, near the fountain, and likewise a maiden, who was dipping up some of the water in a pitcher, he paused, and begged that he might refresh himself with a draught.

"This is very delicious water," he said to the maiden, as he rinsed and filled her pitcher, after drinking out of it. "Will you be kind enough to tell me whether the fountain has any name?"

"Yes; it is called the Fountain of Pirene," answered the maiden; and then she added, "My grandmother has told me that this clear fountain was once a beautiful woman; and when her son was killed by the arrows of the huntress Diana, she melted all away into tears. And so the water, which you find so cool and sweet, is the sorrow of that poor mother's heart!"

"I should not have dreamed," observed the stranger, "that so clear a well-spring, with its gush and gurgle, and its cheery dance out of the shade into the sunlight, had so much as one tear-drop in its bosom! And this, then, is Pirene? I thank you, pretty maiden,

for telling me its name. I have come from a far-away country to find this very spot."

A middle-aged country fellow (he had driven his cow to drink out of the spring) stared hard at young Bellerophon, and at the handsome bridle which he carried in his hand.

"The water-courses must be getting low, friend, in your part of the world," remarked he, "if you come so far only to find the Fountain of Pirene. But, pray, have you lost a horse? I see you carry the bridle in your hand; and a very pretty one it is, with that double row of bright stones upon it. If the horse was as fine as the bridle, you are much to be pitied for losing him."

"I have lost no horse," said Bellerophon, with a smile. "But I happen to be seeking a very famous one, which, as wise people have informed me, must be found hereabouts, if anywhere. Do you know whether the winged horse Pegasus still haunts the Fountain of Pirene, as he used to do in your forefathers' days?"

But then the country-fellow laughed.

"Pegasus, indeed!" cried he, turning up his nose as high as such a flat nose could be turned up. "Pegasus, indeed! A winged horse, truly! Why, friend, are you in your senses? Of what use would wings be to a horse? Could he drag the plough so well, think you? To be sure, there might be a little saving in the expense of shoes; but then, how would a man like to see his horse flying out of the stable window?—yes; or whisking him up above the clouds, when he only wanted to ride to mill? No, no! I don't believe in Pegasus. There never was such a ridiculous kind of a horse-fowl made!"

"I have some reason to think otherwise," said Bellerophon quietly.

And then he turned to an old, grey man, who was leaning on a staff, and listening very attentively, with his head stretched forward, and one hand at his ear, because, for the last twenty years, he had been getting rather deaf.

"And what say you, venerable sir?" inquired he. "In your younger days, I should imagine, you must frequently have seen the winged steed!"

"Ah, young stranger, my memory is very poor!" said the aged man. "When I was a lad, if I remember rightly, I used to believe there was such a horse, and so did everybody else. But, nowadays,

I hardly know what to think, and very seldom think about the winged horse at all. If I ever saw the creature, it was a long, long while ago; and, to tell you the truth, I doubt whether I ever did see him. One day, to be sure, when I was quite a youth, I remember seeing some hoof-tramps round about the brink of the fountain. Pegasus might have made those hoof-marks; and so might some other horse."

"And have you never seen him, my fair maiden?" asked Bellerophon of the girl, who stood with the pitcher on her head, while this talk went on. "You certainly could see Pegasus, if anybody can, for your eyes are very bright."

"Once I thought I saw him," replied the maiden, with a smile and a blush. "It was either Pegasus or a large white bird, a very great way up in the air. And one other time, as I was coming to the fountain with my pitcher, I heard a neigh. Oh, such a brisk and melodious neigh as that was! My very heart leaped with delight at the sound. But it startled me, nevertheless; so that I ran home without filling my pitcher."

"That was truly a pity!" said Bellerophon.

And he turned to the child, whom I mentioned at the beginning of the story, and who was gazing up at him, as children are apt to gaze at strangers, with his rosy mouth wide open.

"Well, my little fellow," cried Bellerophon, playfully pulling one of his curls, "I suppose you have often seen the winged horse."

"That I have," answered the child, very readily. "I saw him yesterday, and many times before."

"You are a fine little man!" said Bellerophon, drawing the child closer to him. "Come, tell me all about it."

"Why," replied the child, "I often come here to sail little boats in the fountain, and to gather pretty pebbles out of its basin. And sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the image of the winged horse in the picture of the sky that is there. I wish he would come down and take me on his back, and let me ride him up to the moon! But, if I so much as stir to look at him, he flies away."

And Bellerophon put his faith in the child, who had seen the image of Pegasus in the water, and in the maiden, who had heard him neigh so melodiously, rather than in the middle-aged clown, who believed only in cart-horses, or in the old man, who had forgotten the beautiful things of his youth.

Therefore, he hunted about the Fountain of Pirene for a great many days afterwards.

Now you will, perhaps, wish to be told why it was that Bellerophon had undertaken to catch the winged horse. It will be quite enough to say that, in a certain country of Asia, a terrible monster, called a Chimæra, had made its appearance. This Chimæra was nearly, if not quite, the ugliest and most poisonous creature, and the strangest and unaccountablest, and the hardest to fight with, and the most difficult to run away from, that ever came out of the earth's inside. It had a tail like a boa-constrictor; its body was like I do not care what; and it had three separate heads, one of which was a lion's, the second a goat's, and the third an abominably great snake's. And a hot blast of fire came flaming out of each of its three mouths! Being a earthly monster, I doubt whether it had any wings; but, wings or no, it ran like a goat and a lion, and wriggled along like a serpent, and thus contrived to make about as much speed as all the three together.

With its flaming breath, it could set a forest on fire, or burn up a field of grain, or, for that matter, a village, with all its fences and houses. It laid waste the whole country round about.

While the hateful beast was doing all these horrible things, it so chanced that Bellerophon came to that part of the world on a visit to the king. The king's name was Iobates, and Lycia was the country which he ruled over. Bellerophon was one of the bravest youths in the world, and desired nothing so much as to do some valiant and beneficent deed, such as would make all mankind admire and love him. In those days, the only way for a young man to distinguish himself was by fighting battles, either with the enemies of his country or with wicked giants, or with troublesome dragons, or with wild beasts, when he could find nothing more dangerous to encounter. King Iobates, perceiving the courage of his youthful visitor, proposed to him to go and fight the Chimæra, which everybody else was afraid of, and which, unless it should be soon killed, was likely to convert Lycia into a desert. Bellerophon hesitated not a moment, but assured the king that he would either slay this dreaded Chimæra or perish in the attempt.

But in the first place, as the monster was so prodigiously swift, he bethought himself that he should never win the victory by

fighting on foot. The wisest thing he could do, therefore, was to get the very best and fleetest horse that could anywhere be found. And what other horse in all the world was half so fleet as the marvellous horse Pegasus, who had wings as well as legs, and was even more active in the air than on the earth? To be sure, a great many people denied that there was any such horse with wings, and said that the stories about him were all poetry and nonsense. But, wonderful as it appeared, Bellerophon believed that Pegasus was a real steed, and hoped that he himself might be fortunate enough to find him; and, once fairly mounted on his back, he would be able to fight the Chimæra at better advantage.

Well was it for Bellerophon that the child had grown so fond of him, and was never weary of keeping him company. Every morning the child gave him a new hope.

"Dear Bellerophon," he would cry, looking up hopefully into his face, "I think we shall see Pegasus to-day!"

And at length, if it had not been for the little boy's unwavering faith, Bellerophon would have given up all hope, and would have gone back to Lycia, and have done his best to slay the Chimæra without the help of the winged horse.

One morning the child spoke to Bellerophon even more hopefully than usual.

"Dear, dear Bellerophon," cried he, "I know not why it is, but I feel as if we should certainly see Pegasus to-day!"

And all that day he would not stir a step from Bellerophon's side so they ate a crust of bread together, and drank some of the water of the fountain. In the afternoon there they sat, and Bellerophon had thrown his arm around the child, who likewise had put one of his little hands into Bellerophon's.

But, when he least thought of it, Bellerophon felt the pressure of the child's little hand, and heard a soft, almost breathless whisper.

"See there, dear Bellerophon! There is an image in the water!"

The young man looked down into the dimpling mirror of the fountain, and saw what he took to be the reflection of a bird which seemed to be flying at a great height in the air, with a gleam of sunshine on its snowy or silvery wings.

"What a splendid bird it must be!" said he. "And how very large it looks, though it must really be flying higher than the clouds!"

"It makes me tremble!" whispered the child. "I am afraid to look up into the air! It is very beautiful, and yet I dare only look at its image in the water. Dear Bellerophon, do you not see that it is no bird? It is the winged horse Pegasus!"

Bellerophon's heart began to throb! He gazed keenly upward, but could not see the winged creature, whether bird or horse; because, just then, it had plunged into the fleecy depths of a summer cloud. It was but a moment, however, before the object reappeared, sinking lightly down out of the cloud, although still at a vast distance from the earth. Bellerophon caught the child in his arms, and shrank back with him, so that they were both hidden among the thick shrubbery which grew all around the fountain. Not that he was afraid of any harm, but he dreaded lest, if Pegasus caught a glimpse of them, he would fly far away, and alight in some inaccessible mountain-top. For it was really the winged horse. After they had expected him so long, he was coming to quench his thirst with the water of Pirene.

Nearer and nearer came the aerial wonder, flying in great circles, as you may have seen a dove when about to alight. Downward came Pegasus, in those wide, sweeping circles, which grew narrower and narrower still as he gradually approached the earth. At last, with so slight a pressure as hardly to bend the grass about the fountain, or imprint a hoof-tramp in the sand of its margin, he alighted, and, stooping his wild head, began to drink. He drew in the water with long and pleasant sighs, and tranquil pauses of enjoyment. For, nowhere in the world or up among the clouds, did Pegasus love any water as he loved this of Pirene. And when his thirst was slaked, he cropped a few of the honey-blossoms of the clover, delicately tasting them, but not caring to make a hearty meal, because the herbage just beneath the clouds on the lofty side of Mount Helicon suited his palate better than this ordinary grass.

After thus drinking to his heart's content, and, in his dainty fashion, condescending to take a little food, the winged horse began to caper to and fro and dance, as it were out of mere idleness and sport. There never was a more playful creature made than this very Pegasus. So there he frisked, fluttering his great wings as lightly as ever did a linnet, and running little races, half on earth and half in air. Bellerophon, meanwhile, holding the child's hand, peeped forth from the shrubbery, and thought that never was any sight so beautiful

as this, nor ever a horse's eyes so wild and spirited as those of Pegasus. It seemed a sin to think of bridling him and riding on his back.

Once or twice Pegasus stopped and snuffed the air, pricking up his ears, tossing his head, and turning it on all sides, as if he partly suspected some mischief or other. Seeing nothing, however, and hearing no sound, he soon began his antics again.

At length—not that he was weary, but only idle and luxurious—Pegasus folded his wings, and lay down on the soft green turf. But, being too full of aerial life to remain quiet for many moments together, he soon rolled over on his back, with his four slender legs in the air. It was beautiful to see him, this one solitary creature, whose mate had never been created, but who needed no companion, and, living a great many hundred years, was as happy as the centuries were long. The more he did such things as mortal horses are accustomed to do, the less earthly and more wonderful he seemed. Bellerophon and the child almost held their breath, partly from a delightful awe, but still more because they dreaded lest the slightest stir or murmur should send him up, with the speed of an arrow-flight, into the farthest blue of the sky.

Finally, when he had had enough of rolling over and over, Pegasus turned himself about, and, indolently, like any other horse, put out his fore-legs, in order to rise from the ground; and Bellerophon, who had guessed that he would do so, darted suddenly from the thicket, and leaped astride of his back.

Yes, there he sat, on the back of the winged horse!

But what a bound did Pegasus make, when, for the first time, he felt the weight of a mortal man upon his loins! A bound, indeed! Before he had time to draw a breath, Bellerophon found himself five hundred feet aloft, and still shooting upward, while the winged horse snorted and trembled with terror and anger. Upward he went, up, up, up, until he plunged into the cold misty bosom of a cloud, at which, only a little while before, Bellerophon had been gazing, and fancying it a very pleasant spot. Then again, out of the heart of the cloud, Pegasus shot down like a thunderbolt, as if he meant to dash both himself and his rider headlong against a rock. Then he went through about a thousand of the wildest caprioles that had ever been performed either by a bird or a horse.

He skimmed straight-forward, and sideways, and backward. He

reared himself erect, with his fore-legs on a wreath of mist, and his hind-legs on nothing at all. He flung out his heels behind, and put down his head between his legs, with his wings pointing right upward. At about two miles' height above the earth, he turned a somersault, so that Bellerophon's heels were where his head should have been, and he seemed to look down into the sky, instead of up. He twisted his head about, and looking Bellerophon in the face, with fire flashing from his eyes, made a terrible attempt to bite him. He fluttered his pinions so wildly that one of the silver feathers was shaken out, and floating earthward, was picked up by the child, who kept it as long as he lived, in memory of Pegasus and Bellerophon.

But the latter (who, as you may judge, was as good a horseman as ever galloped) had been watching his opportunity, and at last clapped the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between the winged steed's jaws. No sooner was this done than Pegasus became as manageable as if he had taken food all his life out of Bellerophon's hand.

While Pegasus had been doing his utmost to shake Bellerophon off his back, he had flown a very long distance; and they had come within sight of a lofty mountain by the time the bit was in his mouth. Bellerophon had seen this mountain before, and knew it to be Helicon, on the summit of which was the winged horse's abode. Thither Pegasus now flew, and, alighting, waited patiently until Bellerophon should please to dismount. The young man, accordingly, leaped from the steed's back, but still held him fast by the bridle. Meeting his eyes, however, he was so affected by the gentleness of his aspect, and by his beauty, and by the thought of the free life which Pegasus had heretofore lived, that he could not bear to keep him a prisoner if he really desired his liberty.

Obedying this generous impulse, he slipped the enchanted bridle off the head of Pegasus, and took the bit from his mouth.

"Leave me, Pegasus!" said he. "Either leave me, or love me."

In an instant, the winged horse shot almost out of sight, soaring straight upward from the summit of Mount Helicon. Being long after sunset, it was now twilight on the mountain-top, and dusky evening over all the country round about. But Pegasus flew so high that he overtook the departed day, and was bathed in the upper

radiance of the sun. Ascending higher and higher, he looked like a bright speck, and at last could no longer be seen in the hollow waste of the sky. And Bellerophon was afraid that he should never behold him more. But, while he was lamenting his own folly, the bright speck reappeared, and drew nearer and nearer, until it descended lower than the sunshine; and behold, Pegasus had come back! After this trial, there was no more fear of the winged horse making his escape. He and Bellerophon were friends, and put loving faith in one another.

That night they lay down and slept together, with Bellerophon's arm about the neck of Pegasus, not as a caution, but for kindness.

In this manner, Bellerophon and the wondrous steed spent several days, and grew better acquainted and fonder of each other all the time. They went on long aerial journeys, and sometimes ascended so high that the earth looked hardly bigger than—the moon. They visited distant countries, and amazed the inhabitants, who thought that the beautiful young man, on the back of the winged horse, must have come down out of the sky. A thousand miles a day was no more than an easy space for the fleet Pegasus to pass over. Bellerophon was delighted with this kind of life, and would have liked nothing better than to live always in the same way, aloft in the clear atmosphere; for it was always sunny weather up there, however cheerless and rainy it might be in the lower region. But he could not forget the horrible Chimæra, which he had promised King Iobates to slay. So, at last, when he had become well accustomed to feats of horsemanship in the air, and could manage Pegasus with the least motion of his hand, and had taught him to obey his voice, he determined to attempt the performance of this perilous adventure.

He then turned the head of Pegasus towards the east, and set out for Lycia. In their flight they overtook an eagle, and came so nigh him, before he could get out of their way, that Bellerophon might easily have caught him by the leg. Hastening onward at this rate, it was still early in the forenoon when they beheld the lofty mountains of Lycia, with their deep and shaggy valleys.

Hovering on the upper surface of a cloud, and peeping over its edge, Bellerophon had a pretty distinct view of the mountainous part of Lycia, and could look well into all its shadowy vales at once. At first there appeared to be nothing remarkable. It was a wild,

savage, and rocky tract of high and precipitous hills. In the more level part of the country there were ruins of houses that had been burnt, and here and there the carcasses of dead cattle strewn about the pastures where they had been feeding.

"The Chimæra must have done this mischief," thought Bellerophon. "But where can the monster be?"

There was nothing remarkable to be detected, at first sight, in any of the valleys and dells that lay among the precipitous heights of the mountains. Nothing at all; unless, indeed, it were three spires of black smoke, which issued from what seemed to be the mouth of a cavern, and clambered sullenly into the atmosphere.

Bellerophon made a sign, which the winged horse understood, and sunk slowly through the air, until his hoofs were scarcely more than a man's height above the rocky bottom of the valley. In front, as far off as you could throw a stone, was the cavern's mouth, with the three smoke-wreaths oozing out of it. And what else did Bellerophon behold then?

There seemed to be a heap of strange and terrible creatures curled up within the cavern. Their bodies lay so close together that Bellerophon could not distinguish them apart; but, judging by their heads, one of these creatures was a huge snake, the second a fierce lion, and the third an ugly goat. The lion and the goat were asleep; the snake was broad awake, and kept staring about him with a great pair of fiery eyes. But—and this was the most wonderful part of the matter—the three spires of smoke evidently issued from the nostrils of these three heads! So strange was the spectacle, that, though Bellerophon had been all along expecting it, the truth did not immediately occur to him that here was the terrible three-headed Chimæra. He had found out the Chimæra's cavern. The snake, the lion, and the goat, as he supposed them to be, were not three separate creatures, but one monster.

Pegasus sent forth a neigh that sounded like the call of a trumpet to battle. At this sound the three heads reared themselves erect, and belched out great flashes of flame. Before Bellerophon had time to consider what to do next, the monster flung itself out of the cavern and sprung straight towards him, with its immense claws extended, and its snaky tail twisting itself venomously behind. If Pegasus had not been as nimble as a bird, both he and his rider

would have been overthrown by the Chimæra's headlong rush, and thus the battle have been ended before it was well begun. But the winged horse was not to be caught so. In the twinkling of an eye he was up aloft, half-way to the clouds, snorting with anger. He shuddered, too, not with affright, but with utter disgust at the loathsomeness of this poisonous thing with three heads.

The Chimæra, on the other hand, raised itself up so as to stand absolutely on the tip-end of its tail, with its talons pawing fiercely in the air, and its three heads spluttering fire at Pegasus and his rider. Bellerophon, meanwhile, was fitting his shield on his arm, and drawing his sword.

"Now, my beloved Pegasus," he whispered in the winged horse's ear, "thou must help me to slay this insufferable monster; or else thou shalt fly back to thy solitary mountain-peak without thy friend Bellerophon. For either the Chimæra dies, or its three mouths shall gnaw this head of mine, which has slumbered upon thy neck!"

Pegasus whinnied, and, turning back his head, rubbed his nose tenderly against his rider's cheek.

"I thank you, Pegasus," answered Bellerophon. "Now, then, let us make a dash at the monster!"

Uttering these words, he shook the bridle; and Pegasus darted down aslant, as swift as the flight of an arrow, right towards the Chimæra's three-fold head, which all this time was poking itself as high as it could into the air. As he came within arm's-length, Bellerophon made a cut at the monster, but was carried onward by his steed before he could see whether the blow had been successful.

Pegasus continued his course, but soon wheeled round, at about the same distance from the Chimæra as before. Bellerophon then perceived that he had cut the goat's head of the monster almost off, so that it dangled downward by the skin, and seemed quite dead.

But, to make amends the snake's head and the lion's head had taken all the fierceness of the dead one into themselves, and spit flame, and hissed, and roared, with a vast deal more fury than before.

"Never mind, my brave Pegasus!" cried Bellerophon. "With another stroke like that, we will stop either its hissing or its roaring."

And again he shook the bridle. Dashing aslantwise as before, the winged horse made another arrow-flight towards the Chimæra, and Bellerophon aimed another downright stroke at one of the two

remaining heads as he shot by. But this time neither he nor Pegasus escaped so well as at first. With one of its claws the Chimæra had given the young man a deep scratch on his shoulder, and had slightly damaged the left wing of the flying steed with the other. On his part Bellerophon had mortally wounded the lion's head of the monster, insomuch that it now hung downward, with its fire almost extinguished, and sending out gasps of thick black smoke. The snake's head, however, was twice as fierce and venomous as ever before. It belched forth shoots of fire five hundred yards long, and emitted hisses so loud, so harsh, and so ear-piercing, that King Iobates heard them fifty miles off, and trembled till the throne shook under him.

"Well-a-day!" thought the poor king; "the Chimæra is certainly coming to devour me!"

Meanwhile Pegasus had again paused in the air, and neighed angrily, while sparkles of a pure crystal flame darted out of his eyes. How unlike the lurid fire of the Chimæra! The aerial steed's spirit was all aroused, and so was that of Bellerophon.

"Dost thou bleed, my immortal horse?" cried the young man, caring less for his own hurt than for the anguish of this glorious creature, that ought never to have tasted pain. "The execrable Chimæra shall pay for this mischief with his last head!"

Then he shook the bridle, shouted loudly, and guided Pegasus not slantwise as before, but straight at the monster's hideous front. So rapid was the onset, that it seemed but a dazzle and a flash before Bellerophon was at close grips with his enemy.

The Chimæra, by this time, after losing its second head, had got into a red-hot passion of pain and rampant rage. It so flounced about, half on earth and partly in the air, that it was impossible to say which element it rested upon. It opened its snake-jaws to such an abominable width that Pegasus might almost have flown right down its throat, wings outspread, rider and all! At their approach it shot out a tremendous blast of its fiery breath, and enveloped Bellerophon and his steed in a perfect atmosphere of flame, singeing the wings of Pegasus, scorching off one whole side of the young man's golden ringlets.

But this was nothing to what followed.

When the airy rush of the winged horse had brought him within

the distance of a hundred yards, the Chimæra gave a spring, and flung its huge, awkward, venomous, and utterly detestable carcass right upon poor Pegasus, clung round him with might and main, and tied up his snaky tail into a knot! Up flew the aerial steed, higher, higher, higher, above the mountain peaks, above the clouds, and almost out of sight of the solid earth. But still the earth-born monster kept its hold, and was borne upward, along with the creature of light and air. Bellerophon, meanwhile, turning about, found himself face to face with the ugly grimness of the Chimæra's visage, and could only avoid being scorched to death, or bitten right in twain, by holding up his shield. Over the upper edge of the shield he looked sternly into the savage eyes of the monster.

But the Chimæra was so mad and wild with pain, that it did not guard itself so well as might else have been the case. In its efforts to stick its horrible iron claws into its enemy, the creature left its own breast quite exposed; and perceiving this, Bellerophon thrust his sword up to the hilt into its cruel heart. Immediately the snaky tail untied its knot. The monster let go its hold of Pegasus, and fell from that vast height, downward: while the fire within its bosom, instead of being put out, burned fiercer than ever, and quickly began to consume the dead carcass. Thus it fell out of the sky, all aflame, and (it being nightfall before it reached the earth) was mistaken for a shooting star or a comet. But, at early sunrise, some cottagers were going to their day's labour, and saw, to their astonishment, that several acres of ground were strewn with black ashes. In the middle of a field there was a heap of whitened bones a great deal higher than a haystack. Nothing else was ever seen of the dreadful Chimæra!

And when Bellerophon had won the victory, he bent forward and kissed Pegasus, while the tears stood in his eyes.

"Back now, my beloved steed!" said he. "Back to the Fountain of Pirene!"

Pegasus skimmed through the air, quicker than ever he did before, and reached the fountain in a very short time. And there he found the old man leaning on his staff, and the country-fellow watering his cow, and the pretty maiden filling her pitcher.

"I remember now," quoth the old man, "I saw this winged horse once before, when I was quite a lad. But he was ten times handsomer."

"I own a cart-horse worth three of him!" said the country-fellow.

"If this pony were mine, the first thing I should do would be to clip his wings!"

But the poor maiden said nothing, for she had always the luck to be afraid at the wrong time. So she ran away, and let her pitcher tumble down and broke it.

"Where is the gentle child," asked Bellerophon, "who used to keep me company, and never lost his faith, and never was weary of gazing into the fountain?"

"Here am I, dear Bellerophon!" said the child, softly.

For the little boy had spent day after day, on the margin of Pirene, waiting for his friend to come back; but when he perceived Bellerophon descending through the clouds, mounted on the winged horse, he had shrunk back into the shrubbery. He was a delicate and tender child, and dreaded lest the old man and the country-fellow should see the tears gushing from his eyes.

"Thou hast won the victory," said he, joyfully, running to the knee of Bellerophon, who still sat on the back of Pegasus. "I knew thou wouldst."

"Yes, dear child!" replied Bellerophon, alighting from the winged horse. "But if thy faith had not helped me, I should never have waited for Pegasus, and never have gone up above the clouds, and never have conquered the terrible Chimæra. Thou, my beloved little friend, hast done it all. And now let us give Pegasus his liberty."

So he slipped off the enchanted bridle from the head of the marvellous steed.

"Be free for evermore, my Pegasus!" cried he, with a shade of sadness in his tone. "Be as free as thou art fleet!"

But Pegasus rested his head on Bellerophon's shoulder and would not be persuaded to take flight.

"Well, then," said Bellerophon, caressing the airy horse, "thou shalt be with me as long as thou wilt; and we will go together, forthwith, and tell King Iobates that the Chimæra is destroyed."

Then Bellerophon embraced the gentle child, and promised to come to him again, and departed. But, in after years, that child took higher flights upon the aerial steed than ever did Bellerophon, and achieved more honourable deeds than his friend's victory over the Chimæra. For, gentle and tender as he was, he grew to be a mighty poet!

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS

By JOHN BROWN

The true story of the old and faithful Rab is one of the best-loved of all Scottish animal stories. The setting is Edinburgh in a very different age from the present, and Rab is first met when two boys chase a dog after the close of a dog-fight. Rab, with his one eye and one ear, almost toothless, yet ever ready to give of his best for his friends, is one of the canine immortals of literature.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwisted, as only lovers of boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! and is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy—be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over: a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier, is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at

it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon took their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat,—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many shouted for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more anxious than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend,—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed sharply a calm, highly dressed young buck, with an eye-glass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms,—comforting him.

But the Chicken's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the large arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets: he is old, grey, brindled; as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakesperian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat.

To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient breechin. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out of the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, “Did you ever see the like of this?” He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken held on. “A knifel” cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp, and dead. A solemn pause; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, “John, we’ll bury him after tea.” “Yes,” said I; and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing: he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier’s cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient black-a-vised little man, his hand at his grey horse’s head, looking about angrily for something. “Rab, ye thief!” said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master’s eye, slunk dismayed under the cart,—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless,

from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man, puir Rabbie,"—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we hadn't much of a tea) in the back-green of his house, in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the *Iliad*, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him, of course, Hector.

Six years have passed,—a long time for a boy and a dog: Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up,—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more

unforgettable face—pale, serious, lonely, delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-grey eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eye-brows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weatherbeaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up,—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully,—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was, that had once been so soft, hard as stone, a centre of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its grey, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and loveable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "You may; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor"; and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now: he belonged to a lost

tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and grey like Aberdeen granite; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thick set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muzzle black as night; his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped,—the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was for ever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington; and he had the gravity of all great fighters.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said, "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon, a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known black board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, "An operation to-day. J.B. Clerk,"

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work.

The operation theatre is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the

cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity shortgown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on,—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick;—all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies,—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully,—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer stryngie nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small,

shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was sombre and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to *that* door.

Jess, the mare—now white—had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed. The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle,—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groofin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Ailie."

The end was drawing on. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was

walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter, —and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast,—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love. "Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair."

This was the close. She sunk rapidly; the delirium left her. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless: he came forward beside us: Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with his tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time,—saying nothing: he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the

leather latches, and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!"

I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window: there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the sun was not up, was Jess and the cart,—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how?—to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of old clean blankets, having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed, with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G."—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College,

and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton brae, then along Roslin muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee"; and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuir, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbours mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carriers who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I temptit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak' naething, and keepit me frae fcedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to mak' awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill,—but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY

By MARK TWAIN

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This story of a jumping frog owned by a man living in a Western mining camp is one of the author's best-known humorous tales, and is possibly the most popular of all American animal stories. Jim Smiley was a rare type of gambler, but he more than met his match when he showed his jumping frog to a stranger who was passing through the camp.

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would get to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortable by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat, and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood, named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner, and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous

narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a real important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway what suited the other man would suit him—anyway just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell

you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she's get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand, just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind-leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, cill he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind-legs, because they'd been saw'd off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and

he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind-legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his backyard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too? He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and came down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind-foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any morn'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straighfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever

see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

“What might it be that you’ve got in the box?”

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it an’t—it’s only just a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m—so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well, I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

“Maybe you don’t,” Smiley says. “Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don’t understand ’em; may be you’ve had experience, and maybe you ain’t only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I’ve got *my* opinion, and I’ll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, “Well, I’m only a stranger here, and I an’t got no frog; but if I had a frog, I’d bet you.”

And then Smiley says, “That’s all right—that’s all right—if you’ll hold my box a minute, I’ll go and get you a frog.” And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley’s, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and gave him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weight five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front-yard, and got up to see what was wanted. And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond Jim Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

TAMING A COLT

By LOUISA M. ALCOTT

At Plumfield, where Mr. and Mrs. Bhaer ran a school for boys, Dan was something of a problem. He had the urge to run away and see the wide world for himself. Just being active and getting into scrapes with the other boys failed to satisfy his demanding nature. So Mrs. Bhaer gave him a fresh occupation. However, it was Dan himself who discovered a way of using up his boyish energy in accepting a colt's challenge, and thereby learned a very useful lesson. This story is taken from "Little Men."

"WHAT in the world is that boy doing?" said Mrs. Jo to herself, as she watched Dan running round the half-mile triangle as if for a wager. He was all alone, and seemed possessed by some strange desire to run himself into a fever, or break his neck; for, after several rounds, he tried leaping walls, and turning somersaults up the avenue, and finally dropped down on the grass before the door as if exhausted.

"Are you training for a race, Dan?" asked Mrs. Jo, from the window where she sat.

He looked up quickly, and stopped panting to answer, with a laugh,—

"No; I'm only working off my steam."

"Can't you find a cooler way of doing it? You will be ill if you tear about so in such warm weather," said Mrs. Jo, laughing also, as she threw him out a great palm-leaf fan.

"Can't help it. I *must* run somewhere," answered Dan, with such an odd expression in his restless eyes that Mrs. Jo was troubled, and asked quickly,—

"Is Plumfield getting too narrow for you?"

"I wouldn't mind if it was a little bigger. I like it though; only the fact is the devil gets into me sometimes, and then I do want to bolt."

Dan laughed as he spoke, but he meant what he said, for he knit

his black brows, and brought down his fist on the ledge with such force that Mrs. Jo's thimble flew off into the grass. He brought it back, and as she took it she held the big brown hand a minute, saying, with a look that showed the words cost her something,—

"Well Dan, run if you must, but don't run far; and come back to me soon, for I want you very much."

He was rather taken aback by this unexpected permission to play truant, and, somehow it seemed to lessen his desire to go. He did not understand why, but Mrs. Jo did, and, knowing the natural perversity of the human mind, counted on it to help her now. She felt instinctively that the more the boy was restrained the more he would fret against it; but leave him free, and the mere sense of liberty would content him, joined to the knowledge that his presence was dear to those whom he loved best. It was a little experiment, but it succeeded, for Dan stood silent a moment, unconsciously picking the fan to pieces and turning the matter over in his mind. He felt that she appealed to his heart and his honour, and owned that he understood it by saying presently, with a mixture of regret and resolution in his face,—

"I won't go yet awhile, and I'll give you warning before I bolt. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Yes, we will let it stand so. Now, I want to see if I can't find some way for you to work off your steam better than running about the place like a mad dog, spoiling my fans, or fighting with the boys. What can we invent?" and while Dan tried to repair the mischief he had done Mrs. Jo racked her brain for some new device to keep her truant safe until he had learned to love his lessons better.

"How would you like to be my express-man?" she said, as a sudden thought popped into her head.

"I'd like it ever so much, only I must go alone and do it all myself. I don't want any of the other fellows bothering round," said Dan, taking to the new idea so kindly that he began to put on business airs already.

"Before he is tired of this I will find something else and have it ready when the next restless fit comes on," said Mrs. Jo to herself, as she wrote her list with a deep sense of gratitude that all her boys were not Dans.

He was up and away very early the next morning, heroically

resisting the temptation to race with the milkman going into town. Once there, he did his errands carefully, and came jogging home again in time for school, to Mrs. Jo's great satisfaction.

So Dan filled his new office well and contentedly for weeks, and said no more about bolting.

But Dan found a new occupation for himself, and enjoyed it some time before anyone discovered the cause of his contentment. A fine young horse of Mr. Laurie's was kept at Plumfield that summer, running loose in a large pasture across the brook. The boys were all interested in the handsome, spirited creature, and for a time were fond of watching him gallop and frisk with his plumey tail flying, and his handsome head in the air. But they soon got tired of it, and left Prince Charlie to himself. All but Dan; *he* never tired of looking at the horse, and seldom failed to visit him each day with a lump of sugar, a bit of bread, or an apple to make him welcome. Charlie was grateful, accepted his friendship, and the two loved one another as if they felt some tie between them, inexplicable but strong. In whatever part of the wide field he might be, Charlie always came at full speed when Dan whistled at the bars, and the boy was never happier than when the beautiful, fleet creature put its head on his shoulder, looking up at him with fine eyes full of intelligent affection.

"We understand one another without any palaver, don't we, old fellow?" Dan would say, proud of the horse's confidence, and so jealous of his regard that he told no one how well the friendship prospered.

Mr. Laurie came now and then to see how Charlie got on, and spoke of having him broken to harness in the autumn.

"He won't need much taming, he is such a gentle, fine-tempered brute. I shall come out and try him with a saddle myself some day," he said, on one of these visits.

"He lets me put a halter on him, but I don't believe he will bear a saddle even if *you* put it on," answered Dan, who never failed to be present when Charlie and his master met.

"I shall coax him to bear it, and not mind a few tumbles at first. He has never been harshly treated, so, though he will be surprised at the new performances, I think he won't be frightened, and his antics will do no harm."

"I wonder what he *would* do," said Dan to himself, as Mr. Laurie went away, and Charlie returned to the bars, from which he had retired when the gentlemen came up.

A daring fancy to try the experiment took possession of the boy as he sat on the topmost rail with the glossy back temptingly near him. Never thinking of danger, he obeyed the impulse, and while Charlie unsuspectingly nibbled at the apple he held, Dan quickly and quietly took his seat. He did not keep it long, however, for with an astonished snort Charlie reared straight up, and deposited Dan on the ground. The fall did not hurt him, for the turf was soft, and he jumped up, saying, with a laugh,—

"I did it anyway! Come here, you rascal, and I'll try it again."

But Charlie declined to approach, and Dan left him resolving to succeed in the end; for a struggle like this suited him exactly. Next time he took a halter, and having got it on, he played with the horse for a while, leading him to and fro, and putting him through various antics till he was a little tired; then Dan sat on the wall and gave him bread, but watched his chance, and getting a good grip of the halter, slipped on to his back. Charlie tried the old trick, but Dan held on, having had practice with Toby, who occasionally had an obstinate fit, and tried to shake off his rider. Charlie was both amazed and indignant; and after prancing for a minute set off at a gallop, and away went Dan heels over head. If he had not belonged to the class of boys who go through all sorts of dangers unscathed, he would have broken his neck; as it was, he got a heavy fall, and lay still collecting his wits, while Charlie tore round the field tossing his head with every sign of satisfaction at the discomfiture of his rider. Presently it seemed to occur to him that something was wrong with Dan, and, being of a magnanimous nature, he went to see what the matter was. Dan let him sniff about and perplex himself for a few minutes; then he looked up at him, saying, as decidedly as if the horse could understand,—

"You think you have me beaten, but you are mistaken, old boy; and I'll ride you yet—see if I don't."

He tried no more that day, but soon after attempted a new method of introducing Charlie to a burden. He strapped a folded blanket on his back, and then let him race, and rear, and roll, and fume as much as he liked. After a few fits of rebellion Charlie submitted,

and in a few days permitted Dan to mount him, often stopping short to look round, as if he said, half patiently, half reproachfully, "I don't understand it, but I suppose you mean no harm, so I permit the liberty."

Dan patted and praised him, and took a short turn every day, getting frequent falls, but persisting in spite of them, and longing to try a saddle and bridle, but not daring to confess what he had done. He had his wish, however, for there had been a witness of his pranks who said a good word for him.

"Do you know what that chap has ben doin' lately?" asked Silas of his master, one evening, as he received his orders for the next day.

"Which boy?" said Mr. Bhaer, with an air of resignation, expecting some sad revelation.

"Dan, he's ben a breaking the colt, sir, and I wish I may die if he ain't done it," answered Silas, chuckling.

"How do you know?"

"Wal, I kinder keep an eye on the little fellers, and most gen'ly know what they're up to; so when Dan kep going off to the paster, and coming home black and blue, I mistrusted that *suthing* was goin' on. I didn't say nothin', but I crep up into the barn chamber, and from there I see him goin' through all manner of games with Charlie. Blest if he warn't throwed time and agin, and knocked round like a bag o' meal. But the pluck of the boy did beat all, and he 'peared to like it, and kep on as ef bound to beat."

"But, Silas, you should have stopped it—the boy might have been killed," said Mr. Bhaer, wondering what freak his irrepressibles would take into their heads next.

"S'pose I oughter; but there warn't no real danger, for Charlie ain't no tricks, and is as pretty a tempered horse as ever I see. Fact was, I couldn't bear to spile sport, for ef there's anything I do admire it's grit, and Dan is chock full on't. But now I know he's hankerin' after a saddle, and yet won't take even the old one on the sly; so I just thought I'd up and tell, and maybe you'd let him try what he can do. Mr. Laurie won't mind, and Charlie's all the better for't."

"We shall see"; and off went Mr. Bhaer to inquire into the matter.

Dan owned up at once, and proudly proved that Silas was right by showing off his power over Charlie; for by dint of much coaxing,

many carrots, and infinite perseverance, he really had succeeded in riding the colt with a halter and blanket. Mr. Laurie was much amused, and well pleased with Dan's courage and skill, and let him have a hand in all future performances; for he set about Charlie's education at once, saying that he was not going to be outdone by a slip of a boy. Thanks to Dan, Charlie took kindly to the saddle and bridle when he had once reconciled himself to the indignity of a bit; and after Mr. Laurie had trained him a little, Dan was permitted to ride him, to the great envy and admiration of the other boys.

"Isn't he handsome? And don't he mind me like a lamb?" said Dan one day as he dismounted and stood with his arm round Charlie's neck.

"Yes, and isn't he a much more useful and agreeable animal than the wild colt who spent his days racing about the field, jumping fences, and running away now and then?" asked Mrs. Bhaer from the steps where she always appeared when Dan performed with Charlie.

"Of course he is. See he won't run away now, even if I don't hold him, and he comes to me the minute I whistle; I have tamed him well, haven't I?" and Dan looked both proud and pleased, as well he might, for, in spite of their struggles together, Charlie loved him better than his master.

"I am taming a colt too, and I think I shall succeed as well as you if I am as patient and persevering," said Mrs. Jo, smiling so significantly at him that Dan understood and answered, laughing, yet in earnest,—

"We won't jump over the fence and run away, but stay and let them make a handsome, useful span of us, hey, Charlie?"

THE WISE AND THE FOOLISH

By ÆSOP

In Greece in the olden days Æsop told his stories to his fellow-countrymen little thinking that the doings and misdoings of the animals of whom he spoke would be recounted many hundreds of years later. Not only are the stories he told then famous to-day, but so are the morals he added, some of which have become household phrases. These examples of his story-telling are taken from "Æsop's Fables."

I. THE COUNTRY MOUSE AND THE CITY MOUSE

AN honest, plain, sensible Country Mouse is said to have entertained at his hole one day a fine Mouse of the Town. Having formerly been playfellows together, they were old acquaintances, which served as an apology for a visit. However, as master of the house, he thought himself obliged to do the honours of it in all respects, and to promote the comfort of his guest as much as he possibly could. In order to do this, he set before him a supply of delicate grey peas and bacon, a dish of fine oatmeal, some parings of new cheese, and, to crown all, a remnant of a charming mellow apple for dessert. In good manners, he forbore to eat any himself, lest his visitor should not have enough; but that he might seem to bear him company, sat and nibbled a piece of a wheaten straw very busily. At last says the Citizen of the Town, "Old friend, give me leave to be a little free with you: how can you bear to live in this nasty, dirty, melancholy hole here, with nothing but woods, and meadows, and mountains, and rivulets about you? Do you not prefer the conversation of the world to the chirping of birds, and the splendour of a court to the rude aspect of the country? Come, take

my word for it, you will find it a change for the better. Never stand considering, but away this moment. Remember, we are older than we were, and therefore have no time to lose. Make sure of to-day, and spend it as agreeably as you can; you know not what may happen to-morrow." In short, these and such like arguments prevailed, and his Country Acquaintance was resolved to go to town that night. So they both set out upon their journey together, proposing to sneak in after the close of the evening. They did so; and about midnight made their entry into a certain great house, where there had been an extraordinary entertainment during the evening, and several titbits were still lying on the floor. The Country Mouse was immediately placed in the midst of a rich Persian carpet: and now it was the Courtier's turn to entertain; who, indeed, acquitted himself in that capacity with the utmost readiness and address, changing the courses as elegantly, and tasting everything first as judiciously as any clerk of a kitchen. The other sat and enjoyed himself like a delighted epicure, tickled to the last degree with this new turn of his affairs; when, on a sudden, a noise of somebody opening the door made them start from their seats, and hurry-scurry in confusion about the dining-room. Our Country Friend, in particular, was ready to die with fear at the barking of a huge mastiff, which sounded through the whole house. At last, recovering himself—"Well," says he, "if this be your town life, much good may it do you! I shall return as fast as I can to my poor, quiet hole, with my homely but comfortable grey peas.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty."

Moral: Better to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of.

II. THE LION AND THE MOUSE

A LION, faint with heat, and weary with hunting, was lying down to take his repose under the spreading bows of a thick, shady oak. It happened that, while he slept, a company of scrambling mice ran over his nose, and waked him; upon which, starting up, he

clapped his paw upon one of them, and was just about to put it to death when the little suppliant implored his mercy in a very moving manner, begging him not to stain his noble character with the blood of so despicable and small a beast. The Lion, considering the matter, thought proper to do as he was desired, and immediately released his little trembling prisoner. Not long after, traversing the forest in pursuit of his prey, he chanced to run into the toils of the hunters; from whence, not able to disengage himself, he set up a most hideous and loud roar. The Mouse, hearing the voice, and knowing it to be the Lion's, immediately repaired to the place, and bid him fear nothing, for that he was his friend. Then straight he fell to work, and, with his little sharp teeth gnawing asunder the knots and fastenings of the toils, set the royal brute at liberty.

Moral: The least may help the greatest.

III. THE OX AND THE FROG

AN OX, grazing in a meadow, chanced to set his foot among a parcel of young Frogs, and trod one of them to death. The rest informed their mother, when she came home, what had happened; telling her that the beast which did it was the hugest creature that they ever saw in their lives. "What, was it so big?" says the old Frog, swelling and blowing up her speckled skin to a great degree.—"Oh, bigger by a vast deal," say they.—"And so big?" says she, straining herself yet more.—"Indeed, mother," say they, "if you were to burst yourself, you would never be so big." She strove yet again, and burst herself indeed.

Moral: Rival not thy betters.

IV. THE HORSE AND THE LION

A LION, seeing a fine plump Colt, had a great inclination to eat him, but knew not which way to get him into his power. At last he bethought himself of this contrivance: he gave out that he was a physician, who, having gained experience by his travels into foreign countries, had made himself capable of curing any sort

of malady or distemper incident to any kind of beast; hoping by this stratagem to find an opportunity to execute his design. The Horse, who suspected the trick, was resolved to be even with him; and so, humouring the thing as if he had no suspicions, he visited the Lion, and prayed him for his advice in relation to a thorn he had got in his foot, which had quite lamed him, and gave him great pain and uneasiness. The Lion readily agreed, and desired he might see the foot. Upon which the Horse lifted up one of his hind-legs, and while the Lion pretended to be poring earnestly upon his hoof, gave him such a kick in the face as quite stunned him, and left him sprawling upon the ground. In the meantime the Horse trotted away, neighing and laughing merrily at the success of the trick, by which he had defeated the purpose of one who intended to have tricked him out of his life.

Moral: Over-craftiness defeats its own ends.

V. THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

A HARE laughed at a Tortoise upon account of his slowness, and vainly boasted her own great speed in running. "Let us make a match," replied the Tortoise; "I will run you five miles for a wager, and the fox yonder shall be the umpire of the race." The Hare agreed; and away they both started together. But the Hare, by reason of her exceeding swiftness, outran the Tortoise to such a degree that she made a jest of the matter; and, thinking herself sure of the race, squatted in a tuft of fern that grew by the way, and took a nap, thinking that, if the Tortoise went by, she could at any time overtake him with all the ease imaginable. In the meanwhile the Tortoise came jogging on with slow but continued motion; and the Hare out of a too great security and confidence of victory, oversleeping herself, the Tortoise arrived at the end of the race first.

Moral: The more haste, the less speed.

THE ROYAL FALCON

By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

Richard, the young Duke of Normandy, was grandchild of Rollo, the Northman who carved a duchy for himself in Northern France and called it Normandy. Richard spent some time at the court of the French King Louis, but found life there not altogether to his simple Northman taste. One day he had a difference of opinion with the King's elder son, Lothaire, which ended in blows and violence. But because the blows were struck a helpless falcon retained its sight and escaped from captivity.

This story is taken from "The Little Duke."

OSMOND DE CENTEVILLE was soon convinced that no immediate peril threatened his young Duke at the court of Laon. Louis seemed to intend to fulfil his oaths to the Normans by allowing the child to be the companion of his own sons, and to be treated in every respect as became his rank. Richard had his proper place at table, and all due attendance; he learnt, rode, and played with the princes, and there was nothing to complain of excepting the coldness and inattention with which the King and Queen treated him, by no means fulfilling the promise of being as parents to their orphan ward. Gerberge, who had from the first dreaded his superior strength and his roughness with her puny boys, and who had been by no means won by his manners at their first meeting, was especially distant and severe with him, hardly ever speaking to him except with some rebuke, which, it must be confessed, Richard often deserved.

As to the boys, his constant companions, Richard was on very friendly terms with Carloman, a gentle, timid, weakly child. Richard looked down upon him, but he was kind, as a generous-tempered boy could not fail to be, to one younger and weaker than himself. He was so much kinder than Lothaire, that Carloman was fast growing very fond of him, and looked up to his strength and courage as something noble and marvellous.

It was very different with Lothaire, the person from whom, above all others, Richard would have most expected to meet with affection, as his father's god-son, a relationship which, in those times, was thought almost as near as kindred by blood. Lothaire had been brought up by an indulgent mother, and by courtiers who never ceased flattering him as the heir to the crown, and he had learnt to think that to give way to his naturally imperious and violent disposition was the way to prove his power and assert his rank. He had always had his own way, and nothing had ever been done to check his faults; somewhat weakly health had made him fretful and timid; and a latent consciousness of this fearfulness made him all the more cruel, sometimes because he fancied it manly.

He treated his little brother in a way which in these times boys would call bullying, and as no one ever dared to oppose the King's eldest son, it was pretty much the same with every one else, except now and then some dumb creature, and then all Lothaire's cruelty was shown. When his horse kicked, and ended by throwing him, he stood by, and caused it to be beaten till the poor creature's back streamed with blood; when his dog bit his hand in trying to seize the meat with which he was teasing it, he insisted on having it killed, and it was worse still when a falcon pecked one of his fingers. It really hurt him a good deal, and, in a furious rage, he caused two nails to be heated red-hot in the fire, intending to have them thrust into the poor bird's eyes.

"I will not have it done!" exclaimed Richard, expecting to be obeyed as he was at home; but Lothaire only laughed scornfully, saying, "Do you think you are master here, sir pirate?"

"I will not have it done," repeated Richard. "Shame on you, shame on you, for thinking of such an unkingly deed."

"Shame on me! Do you know to whom you speak, master savage?" cried Lothaire, red with passion.

"I know who is the savage now!" said Richard. "Hold!" to the servant who was bringing the red-hot irons in a pair of tongs.

"Hold?" exclaimed Lothaire. "No one commands here but I and my father. Go on, Charlot—where is the bird? Keep her fast, Giles."

"Osmand! You I can command——"

"Come away, my lord," said Osmond, interrupting Richard's

order, before it was issued. "We have no right to interfere here, and cannot hinder it. Come away from such a foul sight."

"Shame on you too, Osmond, to let such a deed be done without hindering it!" exclaimed Richard, breaking from him, and rushing on the man who carried the hot irons. The French servants were not very willing to exert their strength against the Duke of Normandy, and Richard's onset taking the man by surprise, made him drop the tongs. Lothaire, both afraid and enraged, caught them up as a weapon of defence, and, hardly knowing what he did, struck full at Richard's face with the hot iron. Happily it missed his eye, and the heat had a little abated, but as it touched his cheek it burnt him sufficiently to cause considerable pain. With a cry of passion, he flew at Lothaire, shook him with all his might, and ended by throwing him at his length on the pavement. But this was the last of Richard's exploits, for he was at the same moment captured by his squire, and borne off, struggling and kicking as if Osmond had been his greatest foe; but the young Norman's arms were like iron round him; and he gave over his resistance sooner, because at that moment a whirring flapping sound was heard, and the poor hawk rose high, higher, over their heads in ever lessening circles, far away from her enemies. The servant who held her had relaxed his grasp in the consternation caused by Lothaire's fall, and she was mounting up and up, spying, it might be, her way to her native rocks in Iceland, with the yellow eyes which Richard had saved.

"Safe! safe!" cried Richard joyfully, ceasing his struggles. "Oh, how glad I am! That young villain should never have hurt her. Put me down, Osmond; what are you doing with me?"

"Saving you from your—no, I cannot call it folly; I would hardly have had you stand still to see such—But let me see your face."

"It is nothing. I don't care now the hawk is safe," said Richard, though he could hardly keep his lips in order, and was obliged to wink very hard with his eyes to keep the tears out, now that he had leisure to feel the smarting. But it would have been far beneath a Northman to complain, and he stood bearing it gallantly, and pinching his fingers tightly together, while Osmond knelt down to examine the hurt. "'Tis not much," said he, talking to himself, "half bruise, half burn—I wish my grandmother was here—however, it can't last long! 'Tis right, you bear it like a little Berserkar, and it

is no bad thing that you should have a scar to show, that they may not be able to say you did *all* the damage."

"Will it always leave a mark?" said Richard. "I am afraid they will call me Richard of the scarred cheek when we get back to Normandy."

"Never mind if they do—it will not be a mark to be ashamed of, even if it should last, which I do not believe it will."



Richard was borne off struggling.

"Oh, no, I am so glad the gallant falcon is out of his reach!" replied Richard, in a somewhat quivering voice.

"Does it smart much? Well, come and bathe it with cold water—or shall I take you to one of the Queen's women?"

"No—the water," said Richard, and to the fountain in the court they went; but Osmond had only just begun to splash the cheek with the half-frozen water, with a sort of rough kindness, afraid at once of teaching the Duke to be effeminate, and of not being as tender to him as Dame Astrida would have wished, when a messenger

came in haste from the King commanding the presence of the Duke of Normandy and his squire.

Lothaire was standing between his father and mother on their throne-like seat, leaning against the Queen, who had her arm round him; his face was red and glazed with tears, and he still shook with subsiding sobs. It was evident he was just recovering from a passionate crying fit.

"How is this?" began the King, as Richard entered. "What means this conduct, my Lord of Normandy? Know you what you have done in striking the heir of France? I might imprison you this instant in a dungeon where you would never see the light of day."

"Then Bernard de Harcourt would come and set me free," fearlessly answered Richard.

"Do you bandy words with me, child? Ask Prince Lothaire's pardon instantly, or you shall rue it."

"I have done nothing to ask his pardon for. It would have been cruel and cowardly in me to let him put out the poor hawk's eyes," said Richard, with a Northman's stern contempt for pain, disdaining to mention his own burnt cheek, which indeed the King might have seen plainly enough.

"Hawk's eyes!" repeated the King. "Speak the truth, Sir Duke; do not add slander to your other faults."

"I have spoken the truth—I always speak it!" cried Richard. "Whoever says otherwise lies in his throat!"

Osmond here hastily interfered, and desired permission to tell the whole story. The hawk was a valuable bird, and Louis's face darkened when he heard what Lothaire had purposed, for the Prince had, in telling his own story, made it appear that Richard had been the aggressor by insisting on letting the falcon fly. Osmond finished by pointing to the mark on Richard's cheek, so evidently a burn as to be proof that hot iron had played a part in the matter. The King looked at one of his own squires and asked his account, and he with some hesitation could not but reply that it was as the young *Sieur de Centeville* had said. Thereupon Louis angrily reproved his own people for having assisted the Prince in trying to injure the hawk, called for the chief falconer, rated him for not better attending to his birds, and went forth with him to see if the hawk could yet be recaptured, leaving the two boys neither punished nor pardoned.

PERISH HECTOR!

By TALBOT BAINES REED

Most schoolboys appreciate a practical joke—especially at someone else's expense. But when the boys at Dangerfield College awoke one morning to find that the principal's hateful collie Hector had been shot dead during the night it seemed to them as though a practical joke had misfired in more senses than one. This story is taken from "Tom, Dick, and Harry."

A SHOT! a yell! silence! Such, as soon as I could collect myself sufficiently to form an idea at all, were my midnight sensations as I sat up in my bed, with my chin on my knees, my hair on end, my body bedewed with cold perspiration, and my limbs trembling from the tips of my fingers to the points of my toes.

I had been peacefully reaming—something about an automatic machine into which you might drop a Latin exercise and get it back faultlessly construed and written out. I had, in fact, got to the point of attempting nefariously to avail myself of its services. I had folded up the fiendish exercise on the passive subjunctive which Plummer had set us overnight, and was in the very act of consigning it to the mechanical crib, when the shot and the yell projected me, all of a heap, out of dreamland into the waking world.

At first I was convinced it must have been the sound of my exercise falling into the machine, and Plummer's howl of indignation at finding himself circumvented.

No! Machine and all had vanished, but the noises rang on in my waking ears.

Was it thunder and storm? No. The pale moonlight poured in a gentle flood through the window, and not a leaf stirred in the elms without.

Was it one of the fellows fallen out of bed? No. On every hand

reigned peaceful slumber. There was Dicky Brown in the next bed, flat on his back, openmouthed, snoring monotonously, like a muffled police rattle. There was Graham minor on the other side, serenely wheezing up and down the scale, like a kettle simmering on the hob. There opposite, among the big boys, lay Faulkner, with the moonshine on his pale face, his arms above his head, smirking even in his sleep. And there was Parkin just beyond, with the sheet half throttling him, as usual, sprawling diagonally across his bed, and a bare foot sticking out at the end. And here lay——

Hullo! My eyes opened and my teeth chattered faster. Where *was* Tempest? His bed was next to Parkin's, but it was empty. In the moonlight and in the midst of my fright I could see his shirt and waistcoat still dangling on the bed-post, while the coat and trousers and slippers were gone. The bed itself was tumbled, and had evidently been lain in; but the sleeper had apparently risen hurriedly, partly dressed himself, and gone out.

If only I could have got my tongue loose from the roof of the mouth to which it was cleaving, I should have yelled aloud at this awful discovery. As it was I yelled silently. For of all terrors upon earth, sleepwalking was the one I dreaded the most. Not that I had ever walked myself, or, indeed, enjoyed the embarrassing friendship of any one who did. But I had read the books and knew all about it. I would sooner have faced a dozen ghosts than a somnambulist.

Even now, but for the dim recollection of that awful automatic machine, I might have pulled myself together sufficiently to strike a light and jog my next-bed neighbour into wakefulness.

But somehow my nerves had suffered a shock, and since there was no one near to witness my poltroonery, and as, moreover, the night was chilly enough to warrant reasonable precautions against cold, I preferred on the whole to keep my head under the clothes, and drop for a season, so to speak, below the surface of human affairs.

But existence below the sheets, when prolonged for several minutes, is apt to pall upon a body, and in due time I had to face the problem whether, after all, the vague terrors without were not preferable to the certain asphyxia within.

I had put my nose cautiously outside for the purpose of considering the point, when my eyes, thus uncovered, chanced to fasten on the door.

As they did so paralysis once more seized my frame, for, at that precise moment, the door softly opened, and a figure, tall, pale, and familiar, glided noiselessly into the dormitory.

It was Tempest. He stood for a moment with the moonlight on him, and glanced nervously round. Then, apparently satisfied that slumber reigned supreme, he stepped cautiously to his deserted couch. My eyes followed him as the eyes of the fascinated dove follow the serpent. I saw him divest himself of his semi-toilet, and then solemnly wind up his watch, after which he slipped beneath the clothes, and all was silent.

I lay there, moving not a muscle, till the breathing of the truant grew long and heavy, and finally settled down to the regular cadence of sleep. Then I breathed once more myself; my staring eyes gradually drooped; my mind wandered over a large variety of topics, and finally relapsed into the happy condition of thinking of nothing at all.

When I awoke next morning, in obedience to the summons of the bell, the first thing I was aware of was that Tempest was complacently whistling a popular air as he performed his toilet.

"Poor Dux!" thought I, "he little dreams what a terrible night he has had. Good morning, Dux," I said deferentially.

Tempest went on brushing his hair till he had finished his tune, and then honoured me with a glance and a nod.

Something in my appearance must have attracted his attention, for he looked at me again, and said, "What makes you look so jolly fishy, eh, youngster?"

"Oh," said I, a little flattered to have my looks remarked upon, "I had a nightmare or something."

"Comes of eating such a supper as you did," replied the Dux.

The second bell had already sounded before I had completed my toilet, the finishing touches of which I was left to add in solitude.

When I descended to the refectory I was struck at once by an unusual air of gloom and mystery about the place. Something unpleasant must have occurred, but what it was nobody appeared exactly to know, unless it was the principal himself. Dr. Plummer was just about to make a communication when I made my belated entry.

"Jones," said he, as much in sorrow as in anger, "this is not the first time this term you have been late."

It certainly was not.

"What is the reason?"

"Please, sir," said I, stammering out my stereotyped excuse, "I think I can't have heard the first bell."

"Perhaps the first six sums of compound proportion written out ten times will enable you to hear it more distinctly in future. We will try it, if you please, Jones."

Then turning sternly to the assembled school, he said, "I was about to say something to you, boys, when this disturbance interrupted me. A shameful act has been done by some one in the night, in which I sincerely hope no one here has had a hand. The dog has been killed."

A whistle of consternation went round the room. What? Hector killed?—Hector the collie—the beast—the brute—the sneak—the traitor—the arch-enemy of every boy at Plummer's? Hector, who was reported to be worth thirty guineas? Hector, the darling of Mrs. P. and the young P.'s? Hector of the teeth, and the snarl, and the snap, the incorruptible, the sleepless, the unforgiving?

What miscreant hero had dared perform this sacrilegious exploit? "Perish Hector!" had been an immemorial war-cry at Plummer's; but Hector had never yet perished. No one had been found daring enough to bell the cat—that is, to shoot the dog. To what scoundrel was Dangerfield College now indebted for this inestimable blessing?

Dead silence followed the doctor's announcement. Boys' faces were studies as they stood there rent in twain by delight at the news and horror at the inevitable doom of the culprit.

"I repeat," said the head master, "Hector was found this morning shot in his kennel. Does any boy here know anything about it?"

Dead silence. The master's eyes passed rapidly along the forms, but returned evidently baffled.

"I trust I am to understand by your silence that none of you know anything about it. There is no doubt whatever that the guilty person will be found. I do not say that his name is known yet. If he is in this room"—here he most unjustifiably fixed me with his eye—"he knows as well as I do what will be the consequence to him. Now go to breakfast. I shall have more to say about this matter presently."

If Dr. Plummer had been anxious to save his tea and bread-and-butter from too fierce an inroad he could hardly have selected a better method. Dangerfield College was completely "off its feed" this morning. Indeed, Ramsbottom, the usher, had almost to bully the

victuals down the boys' throats in order to get the meal over.

"It's a bit of a go, ain't it?" observed Dicky Brown, who could never quite master the politest form of his native tongue.

"Rather," said I—"awkward for somebody."

Then, as my eyes fell on Tempest, complacently cutting a slice off the loaf, an idea occurred to me.

"You know, Dicky," said I, feeling that I was walking on thin ice, "I almost fancied I heard a sound of a gun in the night."

Dicky laughed.

"Trust you for knowing all about a thing after it's happened. It would have been a rum thing if you hadn't."

This was unfeeling of Dicky. I am sure I have never pretended to know as much about anything as he did.

"Oh, but I really did—a shot, and a yell too," said I.

"Go it, you're getting on," said Dicky. "You can pile it up, Tom. Why don't you say you saw me do it while you are about it?"

"Because I didn't."

"All I can say," said the Dux, buttering his bread liberally, "I'm precious glad the beast is off the hooks. I always hated him. Which of you kids did it?"

We both promptly replied that he was quite under a wrong impression. We were pained by the very suggestion.

"All right," said he, laughing in his reckless way, and talking quite loud enough for Plummer to hear him if he happened to come in, "you've less to be proud of than I fancied. If you didn't do it, who did, eh?"

That was the question which was puzzling everyone, except perhaps myself, who was undergoing a most uncomfortable mental argument as I slowly recalled the events of last night.

"Give it up; ask another," said Faulkner. "I'm precious glad I've not got a pistol." Here the Dux coloured a little, and relapsed into silence. He disliked Faulkner, and objected to his cutting into the conversation.

"One comfort," said I, endeavouring to change the topic: "we may get off that brutal Latin exercise if Plummer takes on hard about this affair."

"Poor old Hector!" said Dicky. "If that's so, we shall owe him one good turn at least—eh, old Compound Proportion?"

This pointed allusion to my misfortunes disinclined me to hold further conversation with Richard Brown, and the meal ended in general silence.

As we trooped back to the schoolroom I overheard Faulkner say to another of the seniors—

"I say, did you see the way Tempest flared up when I said that about the pistol just now? Rather awkward for him, I fancy, if he's got one."

"What's the odds if he didn't shoot the dog?" was the philosophical reply.

For all that, I had observed the Dux's confusion, and the sight of it made me very uncomfortable on his account. Faulkner was right. It would be precious awkward for anyone who might be discovered to possess a pistol. The fact that firearms were expressly forbidden at Dangerfield College was itself, I am sorry to say, a strong presumption in favour of Tempest having one. Besides, I had myself once heard him speak about shooting rooks at home with a pistol.

Oddly enough, chance was to put in my way a means of setting my mind at rest almost immediately.

"I say, kid," said the Dux, as I entered the schoolroom just before the time, "I've left my Latin grammar in my locker upstairs. Look sharp, or you'll be late again and catch it."

That was his style all over—insult and injury hand in hand. He only practised it on fellows he really liked, too.

"I say, I can't," pleaded I. "Plummer will give it me hot if he catches me again. I've got it pretty bad as it is."

"I know you have; that's why I tell you to look sharp." It was no good arguing with Tempest. I knew he would risk his neck for me any day. That would be much less exertion to him than running upstairs. So I went.

The Dux's locker, I grieve to say, was a model of untidiness. Cricket flannels, eatables, letters, tooth-powders, books, and keepsakes were all huddled together in admired disorder to the full extent of the capacity of the box. The books being well in the rear of the heap, and time being precious, I availed myself of the rough-and-ready method of emptying out the entire contents at one fell swoop and extracting the particular object of my quest from the *débris*.

I had done so, and was proceeding to huddle up the other things

into a compact block of a size to fit once more into the receptacle, when something fell from the pocket of one of the garments with a clatter to the floor. It was a pistol!

With a face as white and teeth as chattering as if I had seen a ghost, I instinctively pounced upon the tell-tale weapon, and whisked it, with a shudder, into my own pocket. Then, with decidedly impaired energy, I punched the bundle back into its place, slammed down the lid, and returned to the schoolroom just in time to regain my place before Dr. Plummer made his entry.

"You'll give yourself heart-disease if you rush up and down stairs like that," said Tempest as I handed him the book. "You look fishier than ever."

"Latin grammar, juniors," announced the doctor. "Close books. Jones, stand up and decline *gradus*."

I declined, and fell. The excitements of the past six hours had demoralised me altogether. I could not remember who or what *gradus* was—whether it was an active noun or a feminine verb or a plural conjunction, or what.

This was the beginning of a tragedy of errors. With the ghost of Hector haunting us, none of us, except the Dux, who always kept his head, could do anything. The doctor's favours were lavishly and impartially distributed. Watkins, the "baby" of the class, made an ingenious calculation that if all the "lines" which were doled out as the result of that morning's work were to be extended in one unbroken length, they would reach exactly from Plummer's desk to the late Hector's kennel. Hector again! Every one's thoughts veered round to the unlucky quadruped and the storm that was brewing over his mangled remains.

Morning school passed, however, without any further official announcement on the subject. When class was dismissed half an hour earlier than usual, it was tacitly understood that this was in consequence of the obsequies of the late lamented, which were attended by the Plummer family and the errand boy, not indeed in crape, but amid every sign of mourning.

We young gentlemen were not invited. Had we been, it is doubtful whether the alacrity with which some of us would have obeyed the summons would have been altogether complimentary to the memory of the deceased.

A POLAR HUNT

By W. H. G. KINGSTON

Somewhere in the ice-bound Polar seas the crew of the whaler "Shetland Maid" prepare to welcome King Neptune and his consort aboard, and this merry festival is still causing smiles, three days later, when the first whale is sighted. The crew forget their recent merriment and throw themselves fully into the hazardous business of killing an angry mammoth. This story is taken from "Peter the Whaler."

OUR ship made good progress, considering the impediments in her way, towards the fishing-grounds in the North, to which she was bound. Sometimes we had a clear sea; at other times we were sailing among patches of ice and icebergs, or through lanes penetrating into packs of many miles in extent, and from which it seemed impossible we should ever again be extricated. Our captain, or one of his mates, was always at this time in the crow's-nest, directing the course of the ship amid the dangers which surrounded her.

I shall not soon forget the first day of May, which I spent in the icy sea. It was as unlike May Day at home as any day could well be as far as the temperature went, though we were sailing through a sea tolerably free from ice.

"All play to-day and no work, my boy, for we are going to have a visit from a king and queen," said an old whaler, David M'Gee by name, as he gave me a slap on the shoulder which would have warmed up my blood not a little if anything could in that biting weather.

"He must be King Frost, then," I answered, laughing; "for we have plenty of his subjects around us already."

"No; I mean a regular-built king," said old M'Gee, winking at some of his chums standing around, who had made many a voyage before. "He boards every ship as comes into these parts, to ask them for tribute; and then he makes them free of the country, and welcome to come back as often as they like."

"Thank him for nothing for that same," I answered, determined not to be quizzed by them. "But don't suppose, David, I'm so jolly green as to believe what you're telling me; no offence to you, though."

"You'll see, youngster, that what I say is true; so look out for him," was old M'Gee's answer, as he turned on his heel.

I had observed that for a few days past the old hands were busy about some work, which they kept concealed from the youngsters, or the green hands, to which class I belonged. Everything went on as usual till eight bells had been struck at noon, when an immense garland, formed of ribbons of all colours, bits of calico, bunting, and artificial flowers, or what were intended for them, was run up at the mizen-peak. On the top of the garland was the model of a ship, full-rigged, with sails set and colours flying. Scarcely had it gone aloft, when I was startled by a loud bellowing sound, which seemed to come from a piece of ice floating ahead of the ship.

"What's that?" I asked old David, who persevered in keeping close to me all the morning. "Is that a walrus blowing?" I thought it might be, for I could not make it out.

"A walrus! no, I should think not," he answered, in an indignant tone. "My lad, that's King Neptune's trumpeter, come to give notice that the old boy's coming on board us directly. I've heard him scores of times; so I'm not likely to be wrong."

The answer I gave my shipmate was not very polite. One never likes to be quizzed; and I, of course, thought he was quizzing me.

"You'll see, lad," he answered, giving me no gentle tap on the head, in return for my remark. "I'm not one to impose on a bright green youth like you."

Again the bellow was heard. "That's not a bit like the sound of a trumpet," I remarked.

"Not like your shore-going trumpets, may be," said old David, with a grin. "But don't you know, youngster, the water gets into these trumpets, and makes them sound different."

A third bellow was followed by a loud hail, in a gruff voice, "What ship is that, ahoy?"

Old David ran forward, and answered, "*The Shetland Maid*, Captain Rendall, of Hull."

"Heave-to, while I come aboard, then; for you've got some green hands among you, I'm sure, by the way your gaff-topsail stands."

"Aye, aye, Your Majesty. Down with your helm—back the main topsail," sung out old David, with as much authority as if he was captain of the ship.

His orders were not obeyed; for before they were so, the gruff voice sung out. "Hold fast!" and a very curious group made their appearance over the bows, and stepped down on deck.

I was not long left in doubt as to whether or not there was anything supernatural about them. "There," exclaimed David, pointing with great satisfaction at them, "that big one, with the thing on his head which looks for all the world like a tin kettle, is King Neptune, and the thing is his helmet. T'other, with the crown and the necklace of spikes under her chin, is Mrs. Neptune, his lawful wife; and the little chap with the big razor and shaving-dish is his wally-de-sham and trumpeter extraordinary. He's plenty more people belonging to him, but they haven't come on board this time."

Neptune's costume was certainly not what my father's school-books had taught me to expect His Majesty to wear, and I had always supposed his wife to be Amphitrite; but I concluded that in those cold regions he found it convenient to alter his dress, while it might be expected the seamen should make some slight mistake about names.

Neptune himself had very large whiskers, and a red nightcap showed under his helmet. In one hand he held a speaking-trumpet, in the other a trident surmounted by a red herring. A piece of canvas, covered with bits of coloured cloth, made him a superb cloak, and a flag wound round his waist served him as a scarf. A huge pair of sea-boots encased his feet, and a pair of sealskin trousers the upper part of his legs. Mrs. Neptune, to show her feminine nature, had a frill round her face, a canvas petticoat, and what looked very like a pair of Flushing trousers round her neck, with the legs brought in front to serve as a tippet. The valet had on a paper cocked-hat, a long pig-tail, and a pair of spectacles on a nose of unusual proportions. I had read descriptions of Tritons, the supposed attendants on Neptune, and I must say his valet was very unlike one. I might have been prejudiced, for I had no reason to feel any warm affection for him.

"Come here, youngster, and make your bow to King Neptune," exclaimed David, seizing me; and, with a number of other green

hands, I was dragged forward and obliged to bob my head several times to the deck before his marine majesty.

"Take 'em below. I'll speak to 'em when I wants 'em," said the king in his gruff voice. And forthwith we were hauled off together, and shut down in the cable tier.

One by one we were picked out, just as the Ogre "Fi, fo, fum" in the story-book picked out his prisoners to eat them. There was a considerable noise of shouting and laughing and thumping on the decks, all of which I understood when it came to my turn.

After three others had disappeared I was dragged out of our dark prison and brought into the presence of Neptune, who was seated on a throne composed of a coil of ropes, with his Court, a very motley assemblage, arranged round him. In front of him his valet sat on a bucket with two assistants on either side, who, the moment I appeared, jumped up and pinioned my arms, and made me sit down on another bucket in front of their chief.

"Now, young'un, you haven't got a beard, but you may have one some day or other, so it's as well to begin to shave in time," exclaimed Neptune, nodding his head significantly to his valet.

The valet on this, jumping up, seized my head between his knees, and began, in spite of my struggles, covering my face with tar. If I attempted to cry out, the tar-brush was instantly shoved into my mouth, to the great amusement of all hands. When he had done what he called lathering my face, he began to scrape it unmercifully with his notched iron hoop; and if I struggled, he would saw it backwards and forwards over my face.

When this process had continued for some time Neptune offered me a box of infallible ointment, to cure all the diseases of life. It was a lump of grease; and his valet, seizing it, rubbed my face all over with it. He then scrubbed me with a handful of oakum, which effectually took off the tar. Being now pronounced shaved and clean, to my great horror Mrs. Neptune cried out in a voice so gruff, that one might have supposed she had attempted to swallow the best bower anchor, and that it had stuck in her throat, "Now, my pretty Master Green, let me give you a buss, to welcome you to the Polar seas. Don't be coy, now, and run off."

This I was attempting to do, and with good reason, for Mrs. Neptune's cap-frill was stuck so full of iron spikes, that I should

have had a good chance of having my eyes put out if she had succeeded in her intentions; so off I set, running round the deck, to the great amusement of the crew, with Mrs. Neptune after me. Luckily for me she tripped up, and I was declared duly initiated as a North Sea whaler. The rest of my young shipmates had to undergo the same process; and as it was now my turn to look on and laugh, I thought it very good fun, and heartily joined in the shouts to which the rest gave way.

If anyone got angry he was soon made to cut so ridiculous a figure, and to feel his perfect helplessness, that he was compelled, for his own sake, to get back his good-humour again without delay. We had an additional allowance of grog served out, and what with dancing and singing, the fun was kept up till long after dark.

The representative of his marine majesty was no less a person than the red-whiskered cooper's mate, his spouse was our boatswain, and the valet his mate. I had often heard of a similar ceremony being practised on crossing the Line, but I had no idea that it was general on board all whale ships.

The fourth day of the month was a memorable one for me and the other green hands on board. The wind was from the westward, and we were sailing along to the eastward of a piece of ice, about two miles distant, the water as smooth as in a harbour. Daylight had just broke, but the watch below were still in their berths. The sky was cloudy, though the lower atmosphere was clear; and Andrew, who was walking the deck with me, observed it was first-rate weather for fishing, if fish would but show themselves.

Not ten minutes after this, the first mate, who had gone aloft into the crow's-nest to take a look-out round, eagerly shouted, "A fish! a fish! See, she spouts!" and down on deck he hurried with all despatch.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the crews of two boats had jumped into them, and were lowering them down, with their harpoons, lances, and everything else ready, not forgetting some provisions, for it was impossible to say how long they might be away. The chief mate jumped into one, and the second harpooner into the other, in which my friend Andrew went as a line-manager.

Away they pulled. I looked over the side, and saw the whale a mile off, floating, thoughtless of danger, on the surface of the ocean, and spouting out a fountain of water high into the air. I fancied

that I could even hear the deep "roust" she made as she respired the air, without which she cannot exist any more than animals of the land or air. Every one on deck follows the boats with eager eyes. The boat makes a circuit, so as to approach the monster in the rear; for if she sees them, she will be off far down into the ocean, and may not rise for a long distance away. With rapid strokes they pull on, but as noiselessly as possible. The headmost boat is within ten fathoms of the fish—I am sure it will be ours. The harpooner stands up in the bows with harpoon in hand. Suddenly, with tail in air down dives the monster; and the faces of all around me assume an expression of black disappointment. It must be remembered, that as all on board benefit by every fish which is caught, all are interested in the capture of one.

"It's a loose fall, after all," said old David, who was near me. "I thought so. I shouldn't be surprised if we went home with a clean ship after all."

However, the boats did not return. Mr. Todd was not a man to lose a chance. Far too experienced ever to take his eye off a fish while it is in sight, he marks the way she headed, and is off after her to the eastward. With his strong arm he bends to the oar, and urges his men to put forth all their strength, till the boat seems truly to fly over the water. On they steadily pull, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left for nearly half an hour. Were it not for the ice, their toil would be useless; but the boat-steerer looks out, and points eagerly ahead.

On they pull. Then on a sudden appears the mighty monster. She has risen to the surface to breathe, a "fair start" from the boat. The harpooner stands up, with his unerring weapon in his hand: when was it ever known to miss its aim? The new-fangled gun he disdains. A few strong and steady strokes, and the boat is close to the whale. The harpoon is launched from his hand, and sinks deep into the oily flesh.

The boat is enveloped in a cloud of spray—the whole sea around is one mass of foam. Has the monster struck her, and hurled her gallant crew to destruction? No; drawn rapidly along, her broad bow ploughing up the sea, the boat is seen to emerge from the mist, with a jack flying as a signal that she is fast, while the mighty fish is diving far below it, in a vain effort to escape.

Now arose from the mouth of every seaman on deck the joyful cry of "A fall, a fall!" at the same time that every one jumped and stamped on deck, to arouse the sleepers below to hasten to the assistance of their comrades. We all then rushed to the boatfalls.

Never, apparently, were a set of men in such a desperate hurry. Had the ship been sinking, or even about to blow up, we could scarcely have made more haste.

The falls were let go, and the boats in the water, as the watch below rushed on deck. Many of the people were dressed only in their drawers, stockings, and shirts, while the rest of their clothes were in their hands, fastened together by a lanyard; but, without stopping to put them on, they tumbled into the boats, and seized their oars, ready to shove off. Among them, pale with terror, appeared poor Tom Stokes and another youngster in their shirts. They hurried distractedly from boat to boat. At each they were saluted by, "We don't want you here, lads. Off with you—this isn't your boat."

I belonged to the after or smallest boat, which was most quickly manned, and most easily shoved off; so that I was already at a little distance when he ran aft and saw me going. "O Peter, Peter!" he exclaimed, in a tone to excite our commiseration, though I am sorry to say it only caused loud shouts of laughter, "you, who have gone through so many dangers with me, to desert me at last in a sinking ship!"

Poor fellow, aroused out of a deep sleep by the unusual sounds, he not unnaturally thought the ship was going down. I heard the gruff voice of the cooper's mate scolding him; but what he said I don't know. The scolding must have brought him and the other back to their senses; and they of course went below to get their clothes, and to return to assist in working the ship. On such occasions, when all the boats are away, the ship is frequently left with only the master, one or two seamen, and the rest landmen on board.

The moment the fast-boat displayed her jack, up went the jack on board the ship at the mizen-peak, to show that assistance was coming. Away pulled the five boats as fast as we could lay back to our oars. The whale had dived to an immense depth, and the second boat had fastened her line to that of the first, and had consequently now become the fast-boat; but her progress was not so rapid but that we had prospect of overtaking her. To retard the progress of

the whale, and to weary it as much as possible, the line had been passed round the "bollard," a piece of timber near the stern of the boat. We knew that the first boat wanted more line by seeing an oar elevated, and then a second, when the second boat pulled rapidly up to her. The language of signs for such work is very necessary, and every whaler comprehends them.

We now came up and arranged ourselves on either side of the fast-boat, a little ahead, and at some distance, so as to be ready to pull in directly the whale should reappear at the surface. Away we all went, every nerve strained to the utmost—excitement and eagerness on every countenance—the water bubbling and hissing round the bows of the boats, as we clove our way onward.

"Hurra, boys! see, she rises!" was the general shout. Up came the whale, more suddenly than we expected. A general dash was made at her by all the boats. "'Stern for your lives; 'stern of all!" cried some of the more experienced harpooners. "See, she's in a flurry."

First the monster flapped the water violently with its fins; then its tail was elevated aloft, lashing the ocean around into a mass of foam. This was not its death-flurry; for, gaining strength before any more harpoons or lances could be struck into it, away it went again, heading towards the ice. Its course was now clearly discerned by a small whirling eddy, which showed that it was at no great distance under the surface, while in its wake was seen a thin line of oil and blood, which had exuded from its wound.

Wearied, however, by its exertions and its former deep dive, it was again obliged to come to the surface to breathe. Again the eager boats dashed in, almost running on its back, and from every side it was plied with lances, while another harpoon was dashed deeply into it, to make it doubly secure. Our boat was the most incautious, for we were right over the tail of the whale. The chief harpooner warned us—"Back, my lads; back of all," he shouted out, his own boat pulling away. "Now she's in her death-flurry truly."

The words were not out of his mouth when I saw our harpooner leap from the boat, and swim as fast as he could towards one of the others. I was thinking of following his example, knowing he had good reason for it, for I had seen the fins of the animal flap furiously and which had warned him, when a violent blow, which I fancied must have not only dashed the boat to pieces, but have

broken every bone in our bodies, was struck on the keel of the boat.

Up flew the boat in the air, some six or eight feet at least, with the remaining crew in her. Then down we came, one flying on one side, one on the other, but none of us hurt even, all spluttering and striking out together; while the boat came down keel uppermost, not much the worse either. Fortunately we all got clear of the furious blows the monster continued dealing with its tail.

"Never saw a whale in such a flurry," said old David, into whose boat I was taken.

"Hurra, my lads! she spouts blood!" we shouted out to each other, though we all saw and felt it plain enough. There was a last lash of that tail, now faint and scarce rising above the water, but which, a few minutes ago, would have sent every boat round it flying into splinters. Then all was quiet. The mighty mass, now almost inanimate, turned slowly round upon its side, and then it floated belly up and dead.

Our triumph was complete. Loud shouts rent the air. "Hurra, my lads, hurra! we've killed our first fish well," shouted the excited chief mate, who had likewise had the honour of being the first to strike the first fish. "She's above eleven feet if she's an inch (speaking of the length of the longest lamina of whale-bone); she'll prove a good prize, that she will." He was right. I believe that one fish filled forty-seven butts with blubber—enough, in days of yore, I have heard, to have repaid the whole expense of the voyage.

Our ship was some way to the leeward; and as the wind was light, she could not work up to us, so we had to tow the prize down to her. Our first operation was to free it from the lines. This was done by first lashing the tail, by means of holes cut through it, to the bows of a boat, and then two boats swept round it, each with the end of a line, the centre of which was allowed to sink under the fish. As the lines hung down perpendicularly, they were thus brought up and cut as close as possible down to the harpoons, which were left sticking in the back of the fish. Meantime the men of the other boats were engaged in lashing the fins together across the belly of the whale. This being done, we all formed in line, towing the fish by the tail; and never have I heard or given a more joyous shout than ours, as we pulled cheerily away, at the rate of a mile an hour, towards the ship with our first fish.

THE INTELLIGENT HORSES

By JONATHAN SWIFT

Lemuel Gulliver, a traveller and voyager of note, is cast by his mutinous crew on to an unknown shore. It is not long before he discovers that the land is indeed a strange one, where human beings and horses have changed their customary rôles of master and servant. He is in the land of the intelligent horses, the Houyhnhnms, and the debased humans, the Yahoos. For more than two hundred years mankind has been smarting from this harsh parody, which is taken from "Gulliver's Travels."

I ACCEPTED an advantageous offer made me, to be captain of the *Adventure*, a stout merchantman, of 350 tons.

We set sail from Portsmouth upon the second day of August, 1710; on the 14th we met with Captain Pocock, of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the Bay of Campechy, to cut logwood. On the 16th, he was parted from us by a storm; I heard, since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin-boy.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands, where I touched by the directions of the merchants who employed me; which I had soon too much cause to repent; for I found afterwards that most of them had been buccaneers. I had fifty hands on board, and my orders were that I should trade with the Indians, in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues whom I had picked up debauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, threatening to throw me overboard if I offered to stir. I told them I was their prisoner, and would submit. This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his

piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty.

They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates, and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin, and said he had orders from the captain to set me ashore. I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and a small bundle of linen, but no arms, except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessities.

They rowed about a league; and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself but said that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste, for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself, and consider what I had best to do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys, which sailors usually provide themselves with in those voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats.

I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind, or on either side. I fell into a beaten road where I saw many tracts of human feet, and some

of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular, and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them, coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form.

Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the foreparts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong, extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring and bound and leap with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long, lank hair on their heads, but none on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld, in all my travels, so disagreeable an animal, nor one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy. So that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion, I got up, and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian.

I had not got far, when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage. and stared as at an object he had never seen before; then, approaching nearer, lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief, I could not tell. But I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it; for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me, if they should come to know that I had killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back and roared so loud that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and, leaning my back against it, kept them off by waving my hanger.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could, at which I ventured to leave the tree

and pursue the road, wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But, looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself, looked full in my face, with manifest tokens of wonder: he viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with a very mild aspect, never offering the least violence.

We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to strike it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys, when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right forefoot to remove my hand. Then he neighed, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who, applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before neighing several times by turns and varying the sound which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backward and forward, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts; and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth.

This thought gave me so much comfort that I resolved to go forward, until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple-grey, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back, and came near him, to expect his further commands, but concealing my fear as much as I could; for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate; and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The grey steed rubbed my hat all round with his right forehoof, and discomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better, by taking it off, and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised; the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher, when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and, seeing a stranger in the way, were resolved to divert themselves with him; or, perhaps, were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion from those who might probably live in so remote a climate.

Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, if you be conjurers, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand any language; therefore, I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast, and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village, where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet" (taking them out of my pocket).

The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention; and, when I had ended, they neighed frequently towards each other as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions very well, and the words might with little pains be resolved into an alphabet, more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo* which was repeated by both of them several times; and, although it was impossible for

me to conjecture what it meant, yet, while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and, as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced Yahoo, in a loud voice, intimating, at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised, and the grey repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word, much harder to be pronounced; but, reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as the former: but, after two or three further trials, I had better fortune, and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some further discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leave, with the same complement of striking each other's hoof; and the grey made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace he would cry *Hhuun, Hhuun*; I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, that I was weary, and not able to walk faster; upon which he would stand awhile to let me rest.

Having travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building, made of timber, stuck in the ground and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted; and took out some toys which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first; it was a large room with a smooth, clay floor and a rack and manger, extending the whole length on one side.

There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams, which I very much wondered at; but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business. These seemed but ordinary cattle; however, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The grey came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the

others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others, reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista; we went through the second room towards the third. Here the grey walked in first, beckoning me to attend; I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house: they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearl, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice, but I observed no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance.

But that a man of quality should be served all by horses was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes: I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded that all these appearances could be nothing else but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections, for the grey horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room; where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches, upon mats of straw, not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare, soon after my entrance, rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; then, turning to the horse, I heard the word Yahoo often repeated betwixt them; the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it were the first I had learned to pronounce; but I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification: for the horse beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the word, *Hhuun, Hhuun*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court, where was another building at some distance from the house.

Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures whom I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots, and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs, and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes, fastened to a beam; held their food between the claws of their forefeet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together; and our countenance, diligently compared both by master and servants, who thereupon repeated several times the word Yahoo. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure; the face of it, indeed, was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide: but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted, by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs, nuzzling with their face against the mother's shoulders.

The forefeet of the Yahoo differed from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies, except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses was to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a Yahoo, for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held between his hoof and pastern: I took it in my hand, and having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the Yahoo's kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing; he then threw it to the Yahoo, by whom it was greedily devoured. He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay, and a fetlock full of oats; but I shook my head to signify that neither of these were food for me.

Indeed, I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve if I did

not get to some of my own species: for as to those filthy Yahoos, although there were few greater lovers of mankind, at that time, than myself, yet, I confess, I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them, the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the Yahoo back to his kennel. He then put his forehoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease, and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural; and made other signs to know what I would eat; but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend; and if he had understood me, I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment.

While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by, whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to let me go and milk her. This had its effect, for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare servant to open a room, where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowl full, of which I drank very heartily and found myself well refreshed.

About noon, I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle, drawn, like a sledge, by four Yahoos. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind-feet forward, having, by accident, got a hurt in his left forefoot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse ate warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon bosses of straw.

In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare ate their own hay and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest; and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The grey ordered me to stand by him; and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the strangers often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word Yahoo.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master grey observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my forefeet: he put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify that I should reduce them to their former shape, which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves, and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned further talk, and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and, while they were at dinner, the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others; which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words, made me understand the concern that he was in that I had had nothing to eat. Oats, in their tongue, are called *hluunh*. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet, upon second thoughts, I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive, till I could make my escape to some other country and to creatures of my own species.

The horse immediately ordered a white mare, servant of his family, to bring me a good quantity of oats, in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire, as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain; I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire, and ate warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but grew tolerable by time; and, having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made how easily nature is satisfied.

And I cannot but observe that I never had one hour's sickness while I stayed in this island. It is true I sometimes made a shift to catch a rabbit or bird by springes made of Yahoos hair; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, or ate as salads with my bread; and now and then for a rarity I made a little butter and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled the want of it: and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink; except where it is necessary for preserving

of flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets. For we observe no animal to be fond of it but man: and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in anything that I ate.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the reader were personally concerned, whether we fared well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country, and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the Yahoos. Here I got some straw, and covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated.

My principal endeavour was to learn the language which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him), and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me. For they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything, and enquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under servants, was ready to assist me.

In speaking, they pronounce through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch, or German, of any I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V made almost the same observation, when he said that, if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch.

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a Yahoo; but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness astonished him; which were qualities altogether so opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself, whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they were awake in the morning.

My master was eager to learn from whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason, which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences. To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time, I was able to understand most of his questions; and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the Yahoos (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible) with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes.

I answered that I came over the sea, from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself. It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not (for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood). He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no Houyhnhnm alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust Yahoos to manage it.

The word Houyhnhnm, in their tongue, signifies a horse, and in its etymology, the perfection of nature. I told my master that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could; and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders. He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and foal and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality, in the neighbourhood, came often to

our house, upon the report spread of a wonderful Yahoo, that could speak like a Houyhnhnm, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason. These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages, I made so great a progress that, in five months from my arrival, I understood whatever was spoke, and could express myself tolerably well.

The Houyhnhnms who came to visit my master, out of a design of seeking and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right Yahoo, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair, or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master, upon an accident, which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that every night when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes; it happened one morning early, that my master sent for me, by the sorrel nag, who was his valet; when he came, I was fast asleep, and my clothes fallen off on one side. I awakened at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and in a great fright gave him a very confused account of what he had seen: this I presently discovered; for going as soon as I was dressed, to pay my attendance upon his Honour, he asked me the meaning of what his servant had reported; that I was not the same thing when I slept, as I appeared to be at other times.

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself, as much as possible, from that cursed race of Yahoos; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance from the hides of Yahoos, or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known; I therefore told my master that, in the country from whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency, as to avoid the inclemences of air both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me. Whereupon, I first un-

buttoned my coat, and pulled it off. I did the same with my waistcoat; I drew off my shoes, stockings and breeches.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times, after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect Yahoo; but that I differed very much from the rest of my species, in the softness, and whiteness, and smoothness of my skin, the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before, and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more: and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of Yahoo, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt: I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and take the same order in his family, and among his friends, whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise, that the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least so long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag, his valet, had observed, his Honour might command him to conceal it.

All this my master very graciously consented to, and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances.

In the meantime, he desired I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason, than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or no; adding that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.

From thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me; he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility, because, as he told them privately, this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting.

Every day, when I waited on him, beside the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect. It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to

a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself, in any order and length, was to this purpose.

That I came from a very far country, as I had already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his Honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That, upon a quarrel among us, I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable Yahoos.

He asked me who made the ship, and how it was possible that the Houyhnhnms of my country would leave it to the management of brutes? My answer was that I durst proceed no further in my relation unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised. He agreed; and I went on, by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing, rational animals; and that, upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the Houyhnhnms act like rational beings, as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a Yahoo; to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature.

I said, further, that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the things which was not; that I invented the story out of my own head; and, with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended, our country would hardly think it probable that a Houyhnhnm should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a Yahoo the brute.

THE BIRD FANCIERS

By THOMAS HUGHES

Tom Brown and some of his friends at Rugby School go out on a ramble in the neighbouring countryside. They intend to collect some kestrel's eggs from a tall fir. Afterward, on the way back to school, they find a more exciting sport, but let their enthusiasm for it carry them too far. They run into trouble, from which they are rescued by a couple of senior boys and the payment of some precious pocket-money. This story is taken from "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

AT first lesson Tom was turned back in his lines, and so had to wait till the second round, while Martin and Arthur said theirs all right and got out of school at once.

He learnt second lesson with East and the rest in no very good temper, and then went out into the quadrangle. About ten minutes before school Martin and Arthur arrived in the quadrangle breathless; and, catching sight of him, Arthur rushed up, all excitement, and with a bright glow on his face.

"Oh, Tom, look here!" cried he, holding out three moor-hen's eggs; "we've been down the Barby road to the pool Martin told us of last night, and just see what we've got."

Tom wouldn't be pleased, and only looked out for something to find fault with.

"Why, young 'un," said he, "what have you been after? You don't mean to say you've been wading?"

The tone of reproach made poor little Arthur shrink up in a moment and look piteous, and Tom with a shrug of his shoulders turned his anger on Martin.

"Well, I didn't think, Madman, that you'd have been such a muff as to let him be getting wet through at this time of the day. You might have done the wading yourself."

"So I did, of course, only he would come in too, to see the nest. We left six eggs in; they'll be hatched in a day or two."

"Hang the eggs!" said Tom; "a fellow can't turn his back for a moment but all his work's undone. He'll be laid up for a week for this precious lark, I'll be bound."

"Indeed, Tom, now," pleaded Arthur, "my feet ain't wet, for Martin made me take off my shoes and stockings and trousers."

"But they are wet, and dirty too—can't I see?" answered Tom; "and you'll be called up and floored when the master sees what a state you're in. You haven't looked at second lesson, you know." Oh, Tom, you old humbug! you to be upbraiding anyone with not learning their lessons. If you hadn't been floored yourself now at first lesson, do you mean to say you wouldn't have been with them? and you've taken away all poor little Arthur's joy and pride in his first birds'-eggs, and he goes and puts them down in the study, and takes down his books with a sigh, thinking he has done something horribly wrong, whereas he has learnt on in advance much more than will be done at second lesson.

But the old Madman hasn't, and gets called up and makes some frightful shots, losing about ten places, and all but getting floored. This somewhat appeases Tom's wrath, and by the end of the lesson he has regained his temper. And afterwards in their study he begins to get right again, as he watches Arthur's intense joy at seeing Martin blowing the eggs and glueing them carefully on to bits of card-board, and notes the anxious loving looks which the little fellow casts sidelong at him. And then he thinks, "What an ill-tempered beast I am! Here's just what I was wishing for last night come about, and I'm spoiling it all," and in another five minutes has swallowed the last mouthful of his bile, and is repaid by seeing his little sensitive plant expand again and sun itself in his smiles.

After dinner the Madman is busy with the preparations for their expedition, fitting new straps on to his climbing-irons, filling large pill-boxes with cotton-wool, and sharpening East's small axe. They carry all their munitions into calling-over, and directly afterwards, having dodged such præpostors as are on the look-out for fags at cricket, the four set off at a smart trot down the Lawford footpath straight for Caldecott's Spinney and the hawk's nest.

They advanced as noiselessly as possible, lest keepers or other

enemies should be about, and stopped at the foot of a tall fir, at the top of which Martin pointed out with pride the kestrel's nest, the object of their quest.

"Oh, where! which is it?" asks Arthur, gaping up in the air, and having the most vague idea of what it would be like.

"There, don't you see?" said East, pointing to a lump of mistletoe in the next tree, which was a beech: he saw that Martin and Tom were busy with the climbing irons, and couldn't resist the temptation of hoaxing. Arthur stared and wondered more than ever.

"Well, how curious! it doesn't look a bit like what I expected," said he.

"Very odd birds, kestrels," said East, looking waggishly at his victim, who was still star-gazing.

"But I thought it was a fir-tree?" objected Arthur.

"Ah, don't you know? that's a new sort of fir which old Caldecott brought from the Himalayas."

"Really!" said Arthur; "I'm glad to know that—how unlike our firs they are! They do very well too here, don't they? the Spinney's full of them."

"What's that humbug he's telling you?" cried Tom, looking up, having caught the word Himalayas, and suspecting what East was after.

"Only about this fir," said Arthur, putting his hand on the stem of the beech.

"Fir!" shouted Tom, "why, you don't mean to say, young 'un, you don't know a beech when you see one?"

Poor little Arthur looked terribly ashamed, and East exploded in laughter which made the wood ring.

"I've hardly ever seen any trees," faltered Arthur.

"What a shame to hoax him, Scud!" cried Martin. "Never mind, Arthur, you shall know more about trees than he does in a week or two."

"And isn't that the kestrel's nest then?" asked Arthur.

"That! why that's a piece of mistletoe. There's the nest, that lump of sticks up this fir."

"Don't believe him, Arthur," struck in the incorrigible East;

"I just saw an old magpie go out of it."

Martin did not deign to reply to this sally, except by a grunt, as

he buckled the last buckle of his climbing-irons; and Arthur looked reproachfully at East without speaking.

But now came the tug of war. It was a very difficult tree to climb until the branches were reached, the first of which was fourteen feet up, for the trunk was too large at the bottom to be swarmed; in fact, neither of the boys could reach more than half round it with their arms.

"We must try a pyramid," said Tom at last. "Now, Scud, you lazy rascal, stick yourself against the tree!"

"I dare say! and have you standing on my shoulders with the



Martin scrambled up on to Tom's shoulders.

irons on: what do you think my skin's made of?" However, up he got, and leant against the tree, putting his head down and clasping it with his arms as far as he could.

"Now then, Madman," said Tom, "you next."

"No, I'm lighter than you; you go next." So Tom got on East's shoulders, and grasped the tree above, and then Martin scrambled up on to Tom's shoulder, amidst the totterings and groanings of the pyramid, and, with a spring which sent his supporters howling to the ground, clasped the stem some ten feet up, and remained clinging. For a moment or two they thought he couldn't get up, but then holding on with arms and teeth, he worked first one iron, then the other, firmly into the bark, got another grip with his arms, and in another minute had hold of the lowest branch.

"All up with the old magpie now," said East; and, after a minute's rest, up went Martin, hand over hand, watched by Arthur with fearful eagerness.

"Isn't it very dangerous?" said he.

"Not a bit," answered Tom; "you can't hurt if you only get good hand-hold. Try every branch with a good pull before you trust it, and then up you go."

Martin was now amongst the small branches close to the nest, and away dashed the old bird, and soared up above the trees, watching the intruder.

"All right—four eggs!" shouted he.

"Take 'em all!" shouted East; "that'll be one a-piece."

"No, no! leave one, and then she won't care," said Tom.

We boys had an idea that birds couldn't count, and were quite content as long as you left one egg. I hope it is so.

Martin carefully put one egg into each of his boxes and the third into his mouth, the only other place of safety, and came down like a lamplighter. All went well till he was within ten feet of the ground, when, as the trunk enlarged, his hold got less and less firm, and at last down he came with a run, tumbling on to his back on the turf, spluttering and spitting out the remains of the great egg, which had broken by the jar of his fall.

"Ugh, ugh! something to drink—ugh! it was addled," spluttered he, while the wood rang again with the merry laughter of East and Tom.

Then they examined the prizes, gathered up their things, and went off to the brook, where Martin swallowed huge draughts of water to get rid of the taste; and they visited the sedge-bird's nest, and from thence struck across the country in high glee, beating the hedges and brakes as they went along; and Arthur at last, to his intense delight, was allowed to climb a small hedgerow oak for a magpie's nest with Tom, who kept all round him like a mother, and showed him where to hold and how to throw his weight; and though he was in great fright, didn't show it; and was applauded by all for his lissomness.

They crossed a road soon afterwards, and there close to them lay a great heap of charming pebbles.

"Look here," shouted East, "here's luck! I've been longing for

some good honest pecking this half-hour. Let's fill the bags, and have no more of this foozling birds'-nesting."

No one objected, so each boy filled the fustian bag he carried full of stones: they crossed into the next field, Tom and East taking one side of the hedges, and the other two the other side. Noise enough they made certainly, but it was too early in the season for the young birds, and the old birds were too strong on the wing for our young marksmen, and flew out of shot after the first discharge. But it was great fun, rushing along the hedgerows, and discharging stone after stone at blackbirds and chaffinches, though no result in the shape of slaughtered birds was obtained; and Arthur soon entered into it, and rushed to head the birds back, and shouted, and threw, and tumbled into ditches, and over and through hedges, as wild as the Madman himself.

Presently the party, in full cry after an old blackbird (who was evidently used to the thing and enjoyed the fun, for he would wait till they came close to him and then fly on for forty yards or so, and, with an impudent flicker of his tail, dart into the depths of the quickset), came beating down a high double hedge, two on each side.

"There he is again," "Head him," "Let drive," "I had him there," "Take care what you're throwing, Madman," the shouts might have been heard a quarter of a mile off. They were heard some two hundred yards off by a farmer and two of his shepherds, who were doctoring sheep in a fold in the next field.

Now, the farmer in question rented a house and yard situate at the end of the field in which the young bird-fanciers had arrived, which house and yard he didn't occupy or keep anyone else in. Nevertheless, like a brainless and unreasoning Briton, he persisted in maintaining on the premises a large stock of cocks, hens, and other poultry. Of course, all sorts of depredators visited the place from time to time: foxes and gipsies wrought havoc in the night; while in the daytime, I regret to have to confess that visits from the Rugby boys, and consequent disappearances of ancient and respectable fowls, were not unfrequent. Tom and East had visited the barn in question for felonious purposes, and on one occasion had conquered and slain a duck there, and borne away the carcase triumphantly, hidden in their handkerchiefs. However, they were sickened of the practice by the trouble and anxiety which the wretched duck's

body caused them. They carried it to Sally Harrowell's, in hopes of a good supper; but she, after examining it, made a long face, and refused to dress or have anything to do with it. Then they took it into their study, and began plucking it themselves; but what to do with the feathers, where to hide them?

"Good gracious, Tom, what a lot of feathers a duck has!" groaned East, holding a bagful in his hand, and looking disconsolately at the carcase, not yet half plucked.

"And I do think he's getting high too, already," said Tom, smelling at him cautiously, "so we must finish him up soon."

"Yes, all very well, but how are we to cook him? I'm sure I ain't going to try it on in the Hall or passages; we can't afford to be roasting ducks about, our character's too bad."

"I wish we were rid of the brute," said Tom, throwing him on the table in disgust. And after a day or two more it became clear that got rid of he must be; so they packed him and sealed him up in brown paper, and put him in the cupboard of an unoccupied study, where he was found in the holidays by the matron, a gruesome body.

They had never been duck-hunting there since, but others had, and the bold yeoman was very sore on the subject, and bent on making an example of the first boys he could catch. So he and his shepherds crouched behind the hurdles, and watched the party, who were approaching all unconscious.

Why should that old guinea-fowl be lying out in the hedge just at this particular moment of all the year? Who can say? Guinea-fowls always are—so are all other things, animals, and persons, requisite for getting one into scrapes, always ready when any mischief can come of them. At any rate, just under East's nose popped out the old guinea-hen, scuttling along and shrieking, "Come back, come back," at the top of her voice. Either of the other three might perhaps have withstood the temptation, but East first lets drive the stone he had in his hand at her, and then rushes to turn her into the hedge again. He succeeds, and then they are all at it for dear life, up and down the hedge in full cry, the "Come back, come back," getting shriller and fainter every minute.

Meantime, the farmer and his men steal over the hurdles and creep down the hedge towards the scene of action. They are almost

within a stone's throw of Martin, who is pressing the unlucky chase hard, when Tom catches sight of them, and sings out, "Louts, 'ware louts, your side! Madman, look ahead!" and then catching hold of Arthur, hurries him away across the field towards Rugby as hard as they can tear.

The next hedge is a stiff one; the pursuers gain horribly on them, and they only just pull Arthur through, with two great rents in his trousers, as the foremost shepherd comes up on the other side. As they start into the next field, they are aware of two figures walking down the footpath in the middle of it, and recognize Holmes and Diggs taking a constitutional. Those good-natured fellows immediately shout, "On." "Let's go to them and surrender," pants Tom. —Agreed.—And in another minute the four boys, to the great astonishment of those worthies, rush breathless up to Holmes and Diggs, who pull up to see what is the matter; and then the whole is explained by the appearance of the farmer and his men, who unite their forces and bear down on the knot of boys.

There is no time to explain, and Tom's heart beats frightfully quick, as he ponders, "Will they stand by us?"

The farmer makes a rush at East and collars him; and that young gentleman, with unusual discretion, instead of kicking his shins, looks appealingly at Holmes, and stands still.

"Hullo there, not so fast," says Holmes, who is bound to stand up for them till they are proved in the wrong. "Now what's all this about?"

"I've got the young varmint at last, have I," pants the farmer; "why, they've been a-skulking about my yard and stealing my fowls, that's where 'tis; and if I doan't have they flogged for it, every one of 'em, my name ain't Thompson."

Holmes looks grave and Digg's face falls. They are quite ready to fight, no boys in the school more so; but they are præpostors, and understand their office, and can't uphold unrighteous causes.

"I haven't been near his old barn this half," cries East. "Nor I," "Nor I," chime in Tom and Martin.

"Now, Willum, didn't you see 'em there last week?"

"Ees, I seen 'em sure enough," said Willum, grasping a prong he carried, and preparing for action.

The boys deny stoutly, and Willum is driven to admit that, "if

it worn't they 'twas chaps as like 'em as two peas'n;" and "leastways he'll swear he see'd them two in the yard last Martinmas," indicating East and Tom.

Holmes had had time to meditate. "Now, sir," says he to Willum, "you see you can't remember what you have seen, and I believe the boys."

"I doan't care," blusters the farmer; "they was arter my fowls to-day, that's enough for I."

"Farmer Thompson," said Holmes, warning off Willum and the prong with his stick, while Diggs faced the other shepherd, cracking his fingers like pistol shots, "now listen to reason—the boys haven't been after your fowls that's plain."

The farmer began to take Holmes for a master; besides, he wanted to get back to his flock. Corporal punishment was out of the question, the odds were too great; so he began to hint at paying for the damage. Arthur jumped at this, offering to pay anything, and the farmer immediately valued the guinea-hen at half a sovereign.

"Half a sovereign!" cried East, now released from the farmer's grip; "well, that is a good one! the old hen ain't hurt a bit, and she's seven years old, I know, and as tough as whipcord; she couldn't lay another egg to save her life."

It was at last settled that they should pay the farmer two shillings, and his man one shilling, and so the matter ended, to the unspeakable relief of Tom; and now the whole party of boys marched off down the footpath towards Rugby. Holmes, who was one of the best boys in the School, began to improve the occasion. "Now, you youngsters," said he, as he marched along in the middle of them, "mind this; you're very well out of this scrape. Don't you go near Thompson's barn again, do you hear?"

The kestrel's eggs had not been broken, strange to say, and formed the nucleus of Arthur's collection, at which Martin worked heart and soul; and introduced Arthur to Howlett the bird-fancier, and instructed him in the rudiments of the art of stuffing. In token of his gratitude, Arthur allowed Martin to tattoo a small anchor on one of his wrists, which decoration, however, he carefully concealed from Tom. Before the end of the half-year he had trained him into a bold climber and good runner, and, as Martin had foretold, knew twice as much about trees, birds, flowers, and many other things, as our good-hearted and facetious young friend Harry East.

THE LIONS IN THE WAY

By JOHN BUNYAN

Christian, journeying from the City of Destruction to the City of Zion, discovers that he must pass a trial of faith. In his way are two savage lions. Sight of these beasts has already turned some pilgrims back on their road. But Christian hears the voice of Watchful and takes heart. This story is taken from "The Pilgrim's Progress," an allegorical dream telling of Christian's journey and the dangers which beset him on all sides.

NOW I saw in my dream that the highway, up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed off from his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.

Now, as he stood looking, behold, three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with "Peace be to thee." So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee"; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate: so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust: to whom Christian said, Sirs, what's the matter?

you run the wrong way. Timorous answered, That they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place: but, said he, the farther we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore, we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would pull us in pieces.

CHRISTIAN. Then said Christian, You make me afraid; but whither shall I flee to be safe? If I go back to my own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there; if I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there: I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it: I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the harbour that is on the side of the hill; and, falling down upon his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that his foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart? Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment from his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll. He went thus till he came again within sight of the harbour where he sat and slept.

Now, by this time he was come to the harbour again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last (as Providence would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll; the which he, with trembling and haste, caught up and put into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again? For this roll was the assurance of his life, and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore, he laid it up in his

bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh, how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian. Now, he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him, of how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway-side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and, looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him; but the porter at the lodge, whose name was Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith; and for the discovery of those that have none: keep in the midst of the paths and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions; but taking good heed to the directions of the porter, he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and He built it for the relief and security of pilgrims. The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going?

CHRISTIAN. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but, because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

PORTER. What is your name?

CHRISTIAN. My name is now Christian, but my name at first was Graceless; I came of the race of Japheth, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem.

PORTER. But how doth it happen that you come so late?

CHRISTIAN. I had been here sooner, but that, wretched man that I am, I slept in the arbour that stands on the hillside! Nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that in my sleep I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then, feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced, with sorrow of heart, to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it; and now I am come.

PORTER. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out of the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, This man is on a journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion; but, being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night: so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house.

Thence she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also, how he got into the way; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with on the way; and he told her. And at last she asked his name. So he said, It is Christian; and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and, after a little pause, she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with, had him into the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was built by the Lord of the hill, on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in. Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house.

ROZINANTE SETS OUT

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

The horse on which Don Quixote set out on his extraordinary travels is one of the most celebrated in fiction. So much so that to-day Rozinante is an accepted name for any broken-kneed, spavined, and generally poor-looking hack. Yet the Spanish gentleman whose wits were befuddled by his reading of the exploits of renowned knights of olden time named his steed with pride. This story is taken from "The Adventures of Don Quixote."

ONCE upon a time there lived in a certain village in a province of Spain called La Mancha a gentleman named Quixada or Queseda—for indeed historians differ about this—whose house was full of old lances, halberds, and such other armours and weapons. He was, besides, the owner of an ancient target or shield, a raw-boned steed, and a swift greyhound. His pot consisted daily of common meats, some lentils on Fridays, and perhaps a roast pigeon for Sunday's dinner. His dress was a black suit with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same colour, which he kept for holidays, and a suit of homespun which he wore on week-days.

On the purchase of these few things he spent the small rents that came to him every year. He had in his house a woman-servant of about some forty years old, a niece not yet twenty, and a lad that served him both in field and at home, and could saddle his horse or manage a pruning-hook.

The master himself was about fifty years old, a strong, hard-featured man with a withered face. He was an early riser, and had once been very fond of hunting. But now for a great portion of the year he applied himself wholly to reading the old books of knight-hood, and this with such keen delight that he forgot all about the pleasures of the chase, and neglected all household matters. His mania and folly grew to such a pitch that he sold many acres of his

lands to buy books of the exploits and adventures of the knights of old. These he took for true and correct histories, and when his friends the curate of the village, or Mr. Nicholas the worthy barber of the town, came to see him, he would dispute with them as to which of the knights of romance had done the greatest deeds.

So eagerly did he plunge into the reading of these books that he many times spent whole days and nights poring over them; and in the end, through little sleep and much reading, his brain became tired, and he fairly lost his wits. His fancy was filled with those things that he read, of enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies, and those romantic tales so firmly took hold of him that he believed no history to be so certain and sincere as they were.

Finally, his wit being extinguished, he was seized with one of the strangest whims that ever madman stumbled on in this world, for it seemed to him right and necessary that he himself should become a knight errant, and ride through the world in arms to seek adventures and practise in person all that he had read about the knights of old. Therefore he resolved that he would make a name for himself by revenging the injuries of others, and courting all manner of dangers and difficulties, until in the end he should be rewarded for his valour in arms by the crown of some mighty empire. And first of all he caused certain old rusty arms that belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain for many years neglected and forgotten in a corner of his house, to be brought out and well scoured. He trimmed them and dressed them as well as he could, and then saw that they had something wanting, for instead of a proper helmet they had only a morion or headpiece, like a steel bonnet without any visor. This his industry supplied, for he made a visor for his helmet by patching and pasting certain papers together, and this paste-board fitted to the morion gave it all the appearance of a real helmet. Then, to make sure that it was strong enough, he out with his sword and gave it a blow or two, and with the very first did quite undo that which had cost him a week to make. He did not at all approve the ease with which it was destroyed, and to make things better he placed certain iron bars within it, in such a manner that made him feel sure it was now sound and strong, without putting it to a second trial.

He next visited his horse, who though he had more corners than a Spanish *real*, or shilling, which in those days was anything but round, and had nothing on him but skin and bone, yet he seemed to him a better steed than Bucephalus, the noble animal that carried Alexander the Great when he went to battle. He spent four days inventing a name for his horse, saying to himself that it was not fit that so famous a knight's horse, and so good a beast, should want a known name. Therefore he tried to find a name that should both give people some notion of what he had been before he was the steed of a knight errant, and also what he now was; for, seeing that his lord and master was going to change his calling, it was only right that his horse should have a new name, famous and high-sounding, and worthy of his new position in life. And after having chosen, made up, put aside, and thrown over any number of names as not coming up to his idea, he finally hit upon Rozinante, a name in his opinion sublime and well-sounding, expressing in a word what he had been when he was a simple carriage horse, and what was expected of him in his new dignity.

The name being thus given to his horse, he made up his mind to give himself a name also, and in that thought laboured another eight days. Finally he determined to call himself Don Quixote, which has made people think that his name was Quixada and not Queseda, as others have said; and remembering that the great knights of olden time were not satisfied with a mere dry name, but added to it the name of their kingdom or country, so he like a good knight added to his own that also of his province, and called himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby he declared his birthplace and did honour to his country by taking it for his surname.

His armour being scoured, his morion transformed into a helmet, his horse named, and himself furnished with a new name, he considered that now he wanted nothing but a lady on whom he might bestow his service and affection.

"For," he said to himself, remembering what he had read in the books of knightly adventures, "if I should by good hap encounter with some giant, as knights errant ordinarily do, and if I should overthrow him with one blow to the ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome and make him yield to me, it would be only right and proper that I should have some lady to whom I

might present him. Then would he, entering my sweet lady's presence, say unto her with a humble and submissive voice: 'Madam, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, Lord of the Island called Malindrania, whom the never-too-much-praised knight Don Quixote of La Mancha hath overcome in single combat. He hath commanded me to present myself to your greatness, that it may please your highness to dispose of me according to your liking'."

You may believe that the heart of the knight danced for joy when he made that grand speech, and he was even more pleased when he had found out one whom he might call his lady. For, they say, there lived in the next village to his own a hale, buxom country wench with whom he was sometime in love, though for the matter of that she had never known of it or taken any notice of him whatever. She was called Aldonca Lorenzo, and her he thought fittest to honour as the lady of his fancy. Then he began to search about in his mind for a name that should not vary too much from her own, but should at the same time show people that she was a princess or lady of quality. Thus it was that he called her Dulcinea of Toboso, a name sufficiently strange, romantic, and musical for the lady of so brave a knight. And now, having taken to himself armour, horse, and lady fair, he was ready to go forth and seek adventures.

All his preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of carrying out his plans, his head being full of the wrongs he intended to put right, the errors he wished to amend, and the evil deeds he felt himself called upon to punish. And, therefore, without telling any living creature, and unseen of anybody, somewhat before daybreak—it being one of the warmest days in July—he armed himself from head to foot, mounted on Rozinante, laced on his strange helmet, gathered up his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard sallied forth into the fields, marvellously cheerful and content to see how easily he had started on his new career.

He journeyed all that day long, and at night both he and his horse were tired and marvellously pressed by hunger, and, looking about him on every side to see whether he could discover any castle to which he might retire for the night, he saw an inn near unto the highway on which he travelled, which was as welcome a sight to him as if he had seen a guiding star. Then spurring his horse he rode to wards

it as fast as he might, and arrived there much about nightfall.

There stood by chance at the inn door two jolly peasant women who were travelling towards Seville with some carriers, who happened to take up their lodging in that inn the same evening. And as our knight errant believed all that he saw or heard to take place in the same manner as he had read in his books, he no sooner saw the inn than he fancied it to be a castle with four turrets and pinnacles of



Don Quixote on Rozinante arrives at the inn.

shining silver, with a drawbridge, a deep moat, and all such things as belong to grand castles. Drawing slowly towards it, he checked Rozinante with the bridle when he was close to the inn, and rested awhile to see if any dwarf would mount on the battlements to give warning with the sound of a trumpet how some knight did approach the castle; but seeing they stayed so long, and Rozinante was eager to get up to his stable, he went to the inn door, and there beheld the two wenches that stood at it, whom he supposed to be two beautiful damsels or lovely ladies that did solace themselves before the castle gates. At that moment it happened that a certain swineherd, as he gathered together his hogs, blew the horn which was wont to bring

them together, and at once Don Quixote imagined it was some dwarf who gave notice of his arrival; and he rode up to the inn door with marvellous delight. The ladies, when they beheld one armed in that manner with lance and target, made haste to run into the inn; but Don Quixote, seeing their fear by their flight, lifted up his paste-board visor, showed his withered and dusky face, and spoke to them thus: "Let not your ladyships fly nor fear any harm, for it does not belong to the order of knighthood which I profess to wrong anybody, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance shows you to be."

The wenches looked at him very earnestly, and sought with their eyes for his face, which the ill-fashioned helmet concealed; but when they heard themselves called high-born damsels they could not contain their laughter, which was so loud that Don Quixote was quite ashamed of them and rebuked them, saying: "Modesty is a comely ornament of the beautiful, and too much laughter springing from trifles is great folly; but I do not tell you this to make you the more ashamed, for my desire is none other than to do you all the honour and service I may."

This speech merely increased their laughter, and with it his anger, which would have passed all bounds if the innkeeper had not come out at this instant. Now this innkeeper was a man of exceeding fatness, and therefore, as some think, of a very peaceable disposition; and when he saw that strange figure, armed in such fantastic armour, he was very nearly keeping the two women company in their merriment and laughter. But being afraid of the owner of such a lance and target, he resolved to behave civilly for fear of what might happen, and thus addressed him: "Sir Knight, if your worship do seek for lodging, we have no bed at liberty, but you shall find all other things in abundance."

To which Don Quixote, noting the humility of the constable of the castle—for such he took him to be—replied: "Anything, Sir Constable, may serve me, for my arms are my dress, and the battle-field is my bed."

While he was speaking the innkeeper laid hand on Don Quixote's stirrup and helped him to alight. This he did with great difficulty and pain, for he had not eaten a crumb all that day. He then bade the innkeeper have special care of his horse, saying he was one of the best animals that ever ate bread.

The innkeeper looked at Rozinante again and again, but he did not seem to him half so good as Don Quixote valued him. However, he led him civilly to the stable, and returned to find his guest in the hands of the high-born damsels, who were helping him off with his armour. They had taken off his back- and breast-plates, but they could in no way get his head and neck out of the strange, ill-fashioned helmet which he had fastened on with green ribands.

Now these knots were so impossible to untie that the wenches would have cut them, but this Don Quixote would not agree to. Therefore he remained all the night with his helmet on, and looked the drollest and strangest figure you could imagine. And he was now so pleased with the women, whom he still took to be ladies and dames of the castle, that he said to them: "Never was knight so well attended on and served by ladies as was Don Quixote. When he departed from his village, damsels attended on him and princesses on his horse. O ladies, Rozinante is the name of my steed, and I am called Don Quixote, and the time shall come when your ladyships may command me and I obey, and then the valour of mine arm shall discover the desire I have to do you service."

The women could make nothing of his talk, but asked him if he would eat, and, Don Quixote replying that such was his desire, there was straightaway laid a table at the inn door. The host brought out a portion of badly boiled haddocks, and a black, greasy loaf, which was all the inn could supply. But the manner of Don Quixote's eating was the best sport in the world, for with his helmet on he could put nothing into his mouth himself if others did not help him to find his way, and therefore one of the wenches served his turn at that, and helped to feed him. But they could not give him drink after that manner, and he would have remained dry for ever if the innkeeper had not bored a cane, and, putting one end in his mouth, poured the wine down the other. And all this he suffered rather than cut the ribands of his helmet.

And as he sat at supper the swineherd again sounded his horn, and Don Quixote was still firm in the belief that he was in some famous castle where he was served with music, and that the stale haddock was fresh trout, the bread of the finest flour, the two wenches high-born damsels, and the innkeeper the constable of the castle. Thus he thought his career of knight errant was well begun.

ON ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

By RICHARD WALTER

The author of this account of the "Centurion's" arrival at Juan Fernandez was the chaplain of that ship, which was the flagship of the squadron under Anson's command. Alexander Selkirk, to whom he refers, was the original castaway from whose adventures and experiences Defoe created the story of Robinson Crusoe. The "Centurion" arrived at the lonely island in 1740. The enormous treasure which Anson brought back to England from this voyage was paraded in procession through London's streets. It filled thirty-two wagons, and the ship's company marched ahead with the band playing and colours flying. However, as the narrative reveals, not all returned. This account is taken from "Anson's Voyage Round the World."

SOON after our passing Straits Le Maire, the scurvy began to make its appearance amongst us; and our long continuance at sea, the fatigue we underwent, and the various disappointments we met with, had occasioned its spreading to such a degree, that, at the latter end of April there were but few on board who were not in some degree afflicted with it; and, in that month, no less than forty-three died of it on board the *Centurion*. But, though we thought that the distemper had then risen to an extraordinary height, and were willing to hope that, as we advanced to the northward, its malignity would abate; yet we found, on the contrary, that in the month of May we lost near double that number; and, as we did not get to land till the middle of June, the mortality went on increasing, and the disease extended itself so prodigiously, that, after the loss of above two hundred men, we could not, at last, muster more than six fore-mast men in a watch capable of duty.

With this terrible disease we struggled the greatest part of the time of our beating round Cape Horn; and, though it did not then

rage with this utmost violence, yet we buried no less than forty-three men on board the *Centurion*, in the month of April. However, we still entertained hopes that when we should have once secured our passage round the Cape, we should put a period to this, and all the other evils which had so constantly pursued us. But it was our misfortune to find that the Pacific Ocean was to us less hospitable than the turbulent neighbourhood of Tierra del Fuego and Cape Horn. In some places, indeed, we discerned several deep bays running into the land, but the entrance into them was generally blocked up by numbers of little islands; and though it was not improbable that there might be convenient shelter in some of those bays, and proper channels leading thereto, yet, as we were utterly ignorant of the coast, had we been driven ashore by the western winds which blew almost constantly there, we did not expect to have avoided the loss of our ship and of our lives.

This continued peril, which lasted for above a fortnight, was greatly aggravated by the difficulties we found in working the ship; as the scurvy had by this time destroyed so great a part of our hands, and had, in some degree, affected almost the whole crew. Nor did we, as we hoped, find the winds less violent as we advanced to the northward; for we had often prodigious squalls which split our sails, greatly damaged our rigging, and endangered our masts. Indeed, during the greatest part of the time we were upon this coast, the wind blew so hard, that in another situation, where we had sufficient sea-room, we should certainly have lain to; but, in the present exigency, we were necessitated to carry both our courses and top-sails, in order to keep clear of this lee-shore. In one of these squalls, which was attended by several violent claps of thunder, a sudden flash of fire darted along our decks, and, dividing, exploded with a report like that of several pistols, and wounded many of our men and officers as it passed, marking them in different parts of the body: this flame was attended with a strong sulphurous stench, and was doubtless of the same nature with the larger and more violent blasts of lightning which then filled the air.

And now, having cruised in vain, for more than a fortnight, in quest of the other ships of the squadron, it was resolved to make the best of our way for the island of Juan Fernandez.

Our deplorable situation, then, allowing no room for deliberation,

we stood for the island of Juan Fernandez; and to save time, which was now extremely precious (our men dying four, five, and six in a day), and likewise to avoid being engaged again with a lee-shore, we resolved, if possible, to hit the island upon a meridian. And, on the 28th of May, being nearly in the parallel upon which it is laid down, we had great expectations of seeing it; but not finding it in the position in which the charts had taught us to expect it, we began to fear that we had gone too far to the westward; and therefore it was, on a consultation, resolved to stand to the eastward, in the parallel of the island; as it was certain that by this course we should either fall in with the island, if we were already to the westward of it, or should at least make the mainland of Chili, from whence we might take a new departure, and assure ourselves, by running to the westward afterwards, of not missing the island a second time.

On the 30th of May we had a view of the continent of Chili, distant about twelve or thirteen leagues. Though by this view of the land we ascertained our position, yet it gave us great uneasiness to find that we had so needlessly altered our course, when we were, in all probability, just upon the point of making the island; for the mortality amongst us was now increased to a most dreadful degree, and those who remained alive were utterly dispirited by this new disappointment, and the prospect of their longer continuance at sea. In this desponding condition, with a crazy ship, a great scarcity of fresh water, and a crew so universally diseased that there were not above ten fore-mast men in a watch capable of doing duty, and even some of these lame and unable to go aloft, we stood to the westward, and on the 9th of June, at daybreak, we at last discovered the long-wished-for island of Juan Fernandez.

We coasted the shore, fully employed in the contemplation of this enchanting landscape, which still improved upon us the farther we advanced. But at last the night closed upon us before we had satisfied ourselves which was the proper bay to anchor in, and therefore we resolved to keep in soundings all night (we having then from sixty-four to seventy fathoms), and to send our boat next morning to discover the road; however, the current shifted in the night, and set us so near the land, that we were obliged to let go the best bower in fifty-six fathom, not half a mile from the shore. At four in the morning the cutter was despatched with our third lieutenant to find

out the bay we were in search of, who returned again at noon with the boat laden with seals and grass, for though the island abounded with better vegetables, yet the boat's crew, in their short stay, had not met with them; and they well knew that even grass would prove a dainty, as, indeed, it was all soon and eagerly devoured. The seals, too, were considered as fresh provision, but as yet were not much admired, though they grew afterwards into more repute; for what rendered them less valuable at this juncture was the prodigious quantity of excellent fish which the people on board had taken during the absence of the boat.

We were now extremely occupied in sending on shore materials to raise tents for the reception of the sick, who died apace on board: and doubtless the distemper was considerably augmented by the stench and filthiness in which they lay, for the number of the diseased was so great, and so few could be spared from the necessary duty of the sails to look after them, that it was impossible to avoid a great relaxation in the article of cleanliness, which had rendered the ship extremely loathsome between decks. Notwithstanding our desire of freeing the sick from their hateful situation, and their own extreme impatience to get on shore, we had not hands enough to prepare the tents for their reception before the 16th; but on that and the two following days we sent them all on shore, amounting to a hundred and sixty-seven persons, besides twelve or fourteen who died in the boats on their being exposed to fresh air. The greatest part of our sick were so infirm that we were obliged to carry them out of the ship in their hammocks, and to convey them afterwards in the same manner from the waterside to their tents, over a stony beach. This was a work of considerable fatigue to the few who were healthy, and therefore the Commodore, according to his accustomed humanity, not only assisted herein with his own labour, but obliged his officers, without distinction, to give their helping hand. The extreme weakness of our sick may in some measure be collected from the numbers who died after they had got on shore; for it had generally been found that the land, and the refreshments it produces, very soon recover most stages of the sea-scurvy, and we flattered ourselves that those who had not perished on this first exposure to the open air, but had lived to be placed in their tents, would have been speedily restored to their health and vigour; yet, to our great

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mortification, it was near twenty days after their landing before the mortality was tolerably ceased; and for the first ten or twelve days we buried rarely less than six each day, and many of those who survived, recovered by very slow and insensible degrees.

The island of Juan Fernandez is said to have received its name from a Spaniard, who formerly procured a grant of it and resided there some time with a view of settling on it, but afterwards abandoned it.

Former writers have related that this island abounded with vast numbers of goats; and their accounts are not to be questioned, this place being the usual haunt of the buccaneers and privateers, who formerly frequented these seas. And there are two instances: one of a Mosquito Indian, and the other of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who were left here by their respective ships, and lived alone upon this island for some years, and, consequently, were no strangers to its produce. Selkirk, who was the last, after a stay of between four and five years, was taken off the place by the *Duke* and *Duchess* privateers of Bristol, as may be seen at large in the journal of their voyage: his manner of life during his solitude, was in most particulars very remarkable; but there is one circumstance he relates, which was so strangely verified by our own observation, that I cannot help reciting it. He tells us, amongst other things, that as he often caught more goats than he wanted, he sometimes marked their ears and let them go. This was about thirty-two years before our arrival at the island. Now it happened, that the first goat that was killed by our people, at their landing, had his ears slit, whence we concluded that he had doubtless been formerly under the power of Selkirk. This was, indeed, an animal of a most venerable aspect, dignified with an exceeding majestic beard, and with many other symptoms of antiquity.

But the great number of goats, which former writers describe to have been found upon this island, are at present very much diminished; as the Spaniards, being informed of the advantages which the buccaneers and privateers drew from the provisions which goats' flesh here furnished them with, have endeavoured to extirpate the breed, thereby to deprive their enemies of this relief. For this purpose they have put on shore great numbers of large dogs, who have increased apace, and have destroyed all the goats in the

accessible part of the country; so that there now remain only a few amongst the crags and the precipices, where the dogs cannot follow them. These are divided into separate herds of twenty or thirty each, which inhabit distinct fastnesses, and never mingle with each other: by this means, we found it extremely difficult to kill them; and yet we were so desirous of their flesh, which we all agreed much resembled venison, that we got knowledge, I believe, of all their herds; and it was conceived, by comparing their numbers together, that they scarcely exceeded two hundred upon the whole island. I remember we had once an opportunity of observing a remarkable dispute betwixt a herd of these animals and a number of dogs; for going in our boat into the eastern bay, we perceived some dogs running very eagerly upon the foot, and being willing to discover what game they were after, we lay upon our oars some time to view them, and at last saw them take to a hill, where, looking a little further, we observed upon the ridge of it a herd of goats, which seemed drawn up for their reception. There was a very narrow path, skirted on each side by precipices, on which the master of the herd posted himself, fronting the enemy, the rest of the goats being all behind him, where the ground was more open; as this spot was inaccessible by any other path, excepting where this champion had placed himself, the dogs, though they run up the hill with great alacrity, yet, when they came within about twenty yards of him, they found they durst not encounter him, but gave over the chase, and quietly laid themselves down, panting at a great rate.

Goats' flesh being scarce, we rarely being able to kill above one a day, and our people growing tired of fish, they at last condescended to eat seals, which by degrees they came to relish, and called it lamb. The seal, numbers of which haunt this island, hath been so often mentioned by former writers, that it is unnecessary to say anything particular about it in this place. But there is another amphibious creature to be met with here, called a sea-lion, that bears some resemblance to a seal, though it is much larger. This, too, we ate, under the denomination of beef; and as it is so extraordinary an animal, I conceive it well merits a particular description. They are in size, when arrived at their full growth, from twelve to twenty feet in length, and from eight to fifteen in circumference: they are extremely fat, so that having cut through the skin, which is about

an inch in thickness, there is at least a foot of fat before you come at either lean or bones; and we experienced, more than once, that the fat of some of the largest afforded us a butt of oil.

Their skins are covered with short hair of light-dun colour; but their tails and their fins, which serve them for feet on shore, are almost black; their fins, or feet, are divided at the ends like fingers, the web which joins them not reaching to the extremities, and each of these fingers is furnished with a nail. They have a distant resemblance to an overgrown seal, though, in some particulars, there is a manifest difference between them, especially in the males. These have a large snout, or trunk, hanging down five or six inches below the end of the upper jaw; which the females have not, and this renders the countenance of the male and female easy to be distinguished from each other, and, besides, the males are of a much larger size. These animals divide their time equally between the land and the sea, continuing at sea all the summer, and coming on shore at the setting in of the winter, where they reside during that whole season. In this interval they bring forth their young, and have generally two at a birth; which they suckle with their milk, they being at first about the size of a full-grown seal. During the time these sea-lions continue on shore, they feed on the grass and verdure which grow near the banks of the fresh-water streams; and when not employed in feeding, sleep in herds in the most miry places they can find.

They often, especially the males, have furious battles with each other, principally about their females; and we were one day extremely surprised by the sight of two animals, which at first, appeared different from all we had ever observed, but on a nearer approach they proved to be two sea-lions, who had been goring each other with their teeth, and were covered over with blood; and one, whom our men styled Bashaw, generally lay surrounded with a seraglio of females, which no other male dared to approach, but had not acquired that envied pre-eminence without many bloody contests, of which the marks still remained in the numerous scars which were visible in every part of his body. We killed many of them for food, particularly for their hearts and tongues, which we esteemed exceeding good eating, and preferable even to those of bullocks. In general there was no difficulty in killing them, for they were incapable

either of escaping or resisting; as their motion is the most unwieldy that can be conceived, their blubber, all the time they are moving, being agitated in large waves under their skins. However, a sailor one day being carelessly employed in skinning a young sea-lion, the female, from whence he had taken it, came upon him unperceived, and getting his head in her mouth, she with her teeth scored his skull in notches in many places, and thereby wounded him so desperately that though all possible care was taken of him he died.

These are the principal animals which are found upon the island; for we saw but few birds, and those chiefly hawks, blackbirds, owls, and humming-birds. We saw not the Pardela, which burrows in the ground, and which former writers have mentioned to be found here, but, as we often met with their holes, we supposed that the dogs had destroyed them; as they have almost done the cats, for these were very numerous in Selkirk's time, but we saw not above one or two during our whole stay. However, the rats still keep their ground, continue here in great numbers, and were very troublesome to us, by infesting our tents nightly.

We found here cod of a prodigious size, and, by the report of some of our crew, who had been formerly employed in the Newfoundland fishery, not in less plenty than is to be met with on the banks of that island. We caught also, cavallies, gropers, large breams, maids, silver fish, congers of a peculiar kind, and, above all, a black fish which we most esteemed, called by some a chimney-sweeper, in shape resembling a carp. The beach, indeed, is everywhere so full of rocks and loose stones, that there is no possibility of hauling the seine; but with hooks and lines we caught what numbers we pleased; so that a boat with two or three lines would return loaded with fish in about two or three hours' time. The only interruption we ever met with, arose from great quantities of dog-fish and large sharks, which sometimes attended our boats, and prevented our sport. Besides the fish we have already mentioned, we found here one delicacy in greater perfection, both as to size, flavour, and quantity, than is perhaps to be met with in any other part of the world—this was sea cray-fish; they generally weighed eight or nine pounds a-piece, were of a most excellent taste, and lay in such abundance near the water's edge, that the boat-hooks often struck into them, in putting the boat to and from the shore.

A BOY AND A BIRD

By CHARLES DICKENS

Poor Barnaby Rudge, a youth of simple and wandering wits, who lived with his mother in the eighteenth century, told most of his boyish secrets to two persons—Gabriel Varden the locksmith, and Grip, the boy's pet raven. But even Gabriel suspected Grip of being a bird of ill-omen, and, as the sequel shows, perhaps he was not altogether mistaken, for Barnaby and Grip had to share considerable peril and misfortune. This story is taken from "Barnaby Rudge."

GABRIEL stood staring at the door. "Is that Barnaby outside there?"

"Ay!" he cried, looking in and nodding. "Sure enough it's Barnaby—how did you guess?"

"By your shadow," said the locksmith.

"Oho!" cried Barnaby, glancing over his shoulder. "He's a merry fellow, that shadow, and keeps close to me, though I *am* silly. We have such pranks, such walks, such runs, such gambols on the grass! Sometimes he'll be half as tall as a church steeple, and sometimes no bigger than a dwarf. Now he goes on before, and now behind, and anon he'll be stealing slyly on, on this side, or on that, stopping whenever I stop, and thinking I can't see him though I have my eye on him sharp enough. Oh! he's a merry fellow. Tell me—is he silly too? I think he is."

As he spoke, he caught up the light, and waved it with a wild laugh above his head.

"Softly—gently," said the locksmith, exerting all his influence to keep him calm and quiet. "I thought you had been asleep."

"So I *have* been asleep," he rejoined, with widely opened eyes. "There have been great faces coming and going—close to my face, and then a mile away—low places to creep through, whether I

would or no—high churches to fall down from—strange creatures crowded up together to sit upon the bed—that's sleep, eh?"

"Dreams, Barnaby, dreams," said the locksmith.

"Dreams!" he echoed softly, drawing closer to him. "Those are not dreams."

"What are," replied the locksmith, "if they are not?"

"I dreamed," said Barnaby, passing his arm through Varden's, and peering close into his face, as he answered in a whisper, "I dreamed just now that something—it was the shape of a man—followed me—came softly after me—wouldn't let me be—but was always hiding and crouching, like a cat in dark corners, waiting till I should pass; when it crept out and came softly after me.—Did ever you see me run?"

"Many a time, you know."

"You never saw me run as I did in this dream. Still it came creeping on to worry me. Nearer, nearer, nearer—I ran faster, leaped, sprang out of bed, and to the window—and there, in the street below——"

"What in the street below, dear Barnaby?" said Varden.

Barnaby looked into his face, muttered incoherently, waved the light above his head again, laughed, and, drawing the locksmith's arm more tightly through his own, led him up the stairs in silence.

They entered a homely bedchamber, garnished in a scanty way with chairs, whose spindle-shanks bespoke their age, and other furniture of very little worth; but clean and neatly kept. Reclining in an easy-chair before the fire, pale and weak from waste of blood, was Edward Chester, the young gentleman who had been the first to quit the Maypole on the previous night, and who, extending his hand to the locksmith, welcomed him as his preserver and friend.

"Say no more, sir, say no more," said Gabriel. "I hope I would have done as least as much for any man in such a strait."

"Halloa!" cried a hoarse voice in his ear. "Halloa—halloa—halloa! Bow-wow-wow! What's the matter here? Hal-loa!"

The speaker—who made the locksmith start as if he had seen some supernatural agent—was a large raven, who had perched upon the top of the easy-chair, unseen by him and Edward, and listened with a polite attention and a most extraordinary appearance of comprehending every word, to all they had said up to this point;

turning his head from one to the other, as if his office were to judge between them, and it were of the very last importance that he should not lose a word.

"Look at him!" said Varden, divided between admiration for the bird and a kind of fear of him. "Was there ever such a knowing imp as that? Oh, he's a dreadful fellow!"

The raven, with his head very much on one side, and his bright eye shining like a diamond, preserved a thoughtful silence for a few seconds, and then replied in a voice so hoarse and distant that it seemed to come through his thick feathers rather than out of his mouth.

"Halloa, halloa, halloa! What's the matter here? Keep up your spirits! Never say die! Bow-wow-wow! I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil. Hurrah!" And then, as if exulting in his infernal character, he began to whistle.

"I more than half believe he speaks the truth. Upon my word, I do," said Varden. "Do you see how he looks at me, as if he knew what I was saying?"

To which the bird, balancing himself on tiptoe, as it were, and moving his body up and down in a sort of grave dance, rejoined, "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a devil!" and flapped his wings against his sides as if he were bursting with laughter. Barnaby clapped his hands, and fairly rolled upon the ground in an ecstasy of delight.

"Strange companions, sir," said the locksmith, shaking his head, and looking from one to the other. "The bird has all the wit."

"Strange, indeed!" said Edward, holding out his forefinger to the raven, who, in acknowledgment of the attention, made a dive at it immediately with his iron bill. "Is he old?"

"A mere boy, sir," replied the locksmith. "A hundred and twenty, or thereabouts. Call him down, Barnaby, my man."

"Call him!" echoed Barnaby, sitting upright upon the floor, and staring vacantly at Gabriel, as he thrust his hair back from his face. "But who can make him come? He calls me, and makes me go where he will. He goes on before, and I follow. He's the master, and I'm the man. Is that the truth, Grip?"

The raven gave a short, comfortable, confidential kind of croak—a most expressive croak, which seemed to say, "You needn't let these fellows into our secrets. We understand each other. It's all right."

"I make *him* come!" cried Barnaby, pointing to the bird. "Him,

who never goes to sleep, or so much as winks!—Why, any time of night you may see his eyes in my dark room, shining like two sparks. And every night, and all night too, he's broad awake, talking to himself, thinking what he shall do to-morrow; where we shall go, and what he shall steal, and hide, and bury. *I make him come! Ha, ha, ha!*"

On second thoughts, the bird appeared disposed to come of himself. After a short survey of the ground, and a few sidelong looks at the ceiling and at everybody present in turn, he fluttered to the floor, and went to Barnaby—not in a hop, or a walk, or run, but in a pace like that of a very particular gentleman with exceedingly tight boots on, trying to walk fast over loose pebbles. Then stepping into his extended hand, and condescending to be held out at arm's length, he gave vent to a succession of sounds, not unlike the drawing of some eight or ten dozen long corks, and again asserted his brimstone birth and parentage with great distinctness.

The locksmith shook his head—perhaps in some doubt of the creature's being really nothing but a bird—perhaps in pity for Barnaby, who by this time had him in his arms, and was rolling about with him on the ground. As he raised his eyes from the poor fellow he encountered those of his mother, who had entered the room, and was looking on in silence.

As the locksmith said "Good night," and Barnaby caught up the candle to light him down the stairs, she took it from him, and charged him—with more haste than earnestness than so slight an occasion appeared to warrant—not to stir. The raven followed them to satisfy himself that all was right below, and when they reached the street-door, stood on the bottom stair drawing corks out of number.

With a trembling hand she unfastened the chain and bolts, and turned the key.

As the locksmith stood upon the step, it was chained and locked behind him, and the raven, in furtherance of these precautions, barked like a lusty house-dog.

There was indeed a great deal of "wickedness going on," as Gabriel Varden termed it, and eventually Barnaby found himself guarding a stable door during the Gordon Riots in London. Before long he was arrested as a rioter, and, accompanied by Grip, went to prison.

Barnaby continued to pace up and down before the stable-door; glad to be alone again, and heartily rejoicing in the unaccustomed silence and tranquillity. After the whirl of noise and riot in which the last two days had been passed, the pleasures of solitude and peace were enhanced a thousandfold. He felt quite happy; and as he leaned upon his staff and mused, a bright smile overspread his face, and none but cheerful visions floated into his brain.

His comrade Grip, the partner of his watch, though fond of basking in the sunshine, preferred to-day to walk about the stable; having a great deal to do in the way of scattering the straw, hiding under it such small articles as had been casually left about. Sometimes Barnaby looked in and called him, and then he came hopping out; but he merely did this as a concession to his master's weakness, and soon returned again to his own grave pursuits; peering into the straw with his bill, and rapidly covering up the place, as if, Midas-like, he were whispering secrets to the earth and burying them; constantly busying himself upon the sly; and affecting whenever Barnaby came past, to look up in the clouds and have nothing whatever on his mind: in short, conducting himself in many respects, in a more than usually thoughtful, deep, and mysterious manner.

As the day crept on, Barnaby, who had no directions forbidding him to eat and drink upon his post, but had been, on the contrary, supplied with a bottle of beer and a basket of provisions, determined to break his fast, which he had not done since morning. To this end, he sat down on the ground before the door, and putting his staff across his knees in case of alarm or surprise, summoned Grip to dinner.

This call, the bird obeyed with great alacrity; crying, as he sidled up to his master. "I'm a devil, I'm a Polly, I'm a kettle, I'm a Protestant, No Popery!" Having learned this latter sentiment from the gentry among whom he had lived of late, he delivered it with uncommon emphasis.

"Well said, Grip!" cried his master, as he fed him with the daintiest bits. "Well said, old boy!"

"Never say die; bow, wow, wow; keep up your spirits, Grip, Grip, Grip! Halloa! We'll all have tea. I'm a Protestant kettle. No Popery!" cried the raven.

"Gordon for ever, Grip!" cried Barnaby.

The raven, placing his head upon the ground, looked at his master sideways, as though he would have said, "Say that again!" Perfectly understanding his desire, Barnaby repeated the phrase a great many times. The bird listened with profound attention; sometimes repeating the popular cry in a low voice, as if to compare the two, and try if it would at all help him to this new accomplishment; sometimes flapping his wings, or barking; and sometimes in a kind of desperation drawing a multitude of corks, with extraordinary viciousness.

Barnaby was so intent upon his favourite, that he was not at first aware of the approach of two persons on horseback, who were riding at foot-pace, and coming straight towards his post. When he perceived them, however, which he did when they were within some fifty yards of him, he jumped hastily up, and ordering Grip within doors, stood with both hands on his staff, waiting until he should know whether they were friends or foes.

He had hardly done so, when he observed that those who advanced were a gentleman and his servant; almost at the same moment he recognised Lord George Gordon, before whom he stood uncovered, with his eyes turned towards the ground.

"Good day!" said Lord George, not reining in his horse until he was close beside him. "Well!"

"All quiet, sir, all safe!" cried Barnaby. "The rest are away—they went by that path—that one. A grand party!"

"Ay?" said Lord George, looking thoughtfully at him. "And you?"

"Oh! They left me here to watch—to mount guard—to keep everything secure till they came back. I'll do it, sir, for your sake. You're a good gentleman; a kind gentleman—ay, you are. There are many against you; but we'll be a match for them, never fear!"

"What's that?" said Lord George, pointing to the raven, who was peeping out of the stable-door, but still looking thoughtfully, and in some perplexity, it seemed, at Barnaby.

"Why, don't you know!" retorted Barnaby, with a wondering laugh. "Not know what *he* is! A bird, to be sure. My bird—my friend—Grip."

"A devil, a kettle, a Grip, a Polly, a Protestant, No Popery!" cried the raven.

"Though, indeed," added Barnaby, laying his hand upon the neck of Lord George's horse, and speaking softly, "you had good reason to ask me what he is, for sometimes it puzzles me—and I am used to him—to think he's only a bird. Ha, ha, ha! He's my brother. Grip is—always with me—always talking—always merry—eh, Grip?"

The raven answered by an affectionate croak, and hopping on his master's arm, which he held downward for that purpose, submitted with an air of perfect indifference to be fondled, and turned his restless, curious eye, now upon Lord George, and now upon his man.

Lord George, biting his nails in a discomfited manner, regarded Barnaby for some time in silence; then beckoning to his servant, said—

"Come hither, John."

John Grueby touched his hat, and came.

"Have you ever seen this young man before?" his master asked in a low voice.

"Twice, my lord," said John. "I see him in the crowd last night and Saturday."

"Did—did it seem to you that his manner was at all wild or strange?" Lord George demanded, faltering.

"Mad," said John, with emphatic brevity.

"And why do you think him mad, sir?" said his master, speaking in a peevish tone. "Don't use that word too freely. Why do you think him mad?"

"My lord," John Grueby answered, "look at his dress, look at his eyes, look at his restless way, hear him cry, 'No Popery!' Mad, my lord."

"So because one man dresses unlike another," returned his angry master, glancing at himself, "and happens to differ from other men in his carriage and manner, and to advocate a great cause which the corrupt and irreligious desert, he is to be accounted mad, is he?"

"Stark, staring, raving, roaring mad, my lord," returned the unmoved John.

"Do you say this to my face?" cried his master, turning sharply upon him.

"If you'll let me have another word, my lord," returned John Grueby, "I'd give this silly fellow a caution not to stay here by himself. The proclamation is in a good many hands already, and it's well known that he was concerned in the business it relates to. He had better get to a place of safety if he can, poor creature."

"You hear what this man says?" cried Lord George, addressing Barnaby, who had looked on and wondered while this dialogue passed. "He thinks you may be afraid to remain upon your post, and are kept here perhaps against your will. What do you say?"

"I think, young man," said John, in explanation, "that the soldiers may turn out and take you; and that if they do, you will certainly be hung by the neck till you're dead—dead—dead. And I think you had better go from here, as fast as you can. That's what *I* think."

"He's a coward, Grip—a coward!" cried Barnaby, putting the raven on the ground, and shouldering his staff. "Let them come! Gordon for ever! Let them come!"

"Ay!" said Lord George, "let them! Let us see who will venture to attack a power like ours; the solemn league of a whole people. *This* a madman! You have said well, very well. I am proud to be the leader of such men as you."

Barnaby's heart swelled within his bosom as he heard these words. He took Lord George's hand and carried it to his lips; patted his horse's crest, as if the affection and admiration he had conceived for the man extended to the animal he rode; then, unfurling his flag, and proudly waving it, resumed his pacing up and down.

Lord George, with a kindling eye and glowing cheek, took off his hat, and flourishing it above his head, bade him exulting Farewell!—then cantered off at a brisk pace, after glancing angrily round to see that his servant followed.

Left to himself again with a still higher sense of the importance of his post, and stimulated to enthusiasm by the special notice and encouragement of his leader, Barnaby walked to and fro in a delicious trance rather than as a waking man.

The day wore on; its heat was gently giving place to the cool of evening; a light wind sprang up, fanning his long hair, and making the banner rustle pleasantly above his head. There was a freedom and freshness in the sound and in the time, which chimed exactly with his mood. He was happier than ever.

He was leaning on his staff, looking towards the declining sun, and reflecting with a smile that he stood sentinel at that moment over buried gold, when two or three figures appeared in the distance, making towards the house at a rapid pace, and motioning with their hands as though they urged its inmates to retreat from some approaching danger. As they drew nearer, they became more earnest in their gestures; and they were no sooner within hearing, than the foremost amongst them cried that the soldiers were coming up.

At these words, Barnaby furled his flag, and tied it round the pole. His heart beat high while he did so, but he had no more fear or thought of retreating than the pole itself. The friendly stragglers hurried past him, after giving him notice of his danger, and quickly passed into the house, where the utmost confusion immediately prevailed. As those within hastily closed the windows, and the doors, they urged him by looks and signs to fly without loss of time, and called to him many times to do so; but he only shook his head indignantly in answer, and stood the firmer on his post. Finding that he was not to be persuaded, they took care of themselves; and leaving the place with only one old woman in it, speedily withdrew.

As yet there had been no symptom of the news having any better foundation than in the fears of those who brought it, but the Boot had not been deserted five minutes, when there appeared, coming across the fields, a body of men who, it was easy to see, by the glitter of their arms and armaments in the sun, and by their orderly and regular mode of advancing—for they came as one man—were soldiers. In a very little time, Barnaby knew that they were a strong detachment of the Foot Guards, having along with them two gentlemen in private clothes, and a small party of Horse; the latter brought up the rear, and were not in number more than six or eight.

They advanced steadily; neither quickening their pace as they came nearer, nor raising any cry, nor showing the least emotion or anxiety. Though this was a matter of course in the case of regular troops, even to Barnaby, there was something particularly impressive and disconcerting in it to one accustomed to the noise and tumult of an undisciplined mob. For all that, he stood his ground not a whit the less resolutely, and looked on undismayed.

Presently they marched into the yard, and halted. The commanding officer dispatched a messenger to the horseman, one of whom came

riding back. Some words passed between them, and they glanced at Barnaby.

The officer then gave the word to prime and load. The heavy ringing of the musket-stocks upon the ground, and the sharp and rapid rattling of the ramrods in their barrels, were a kind of relief to Barnaby, deadly though he knew the purport of such sounds to be. When this was done, other commands were given, and the soldiers instantaneously formed in single file all round the house and stables, completely encircling them in every part, at a distance, perhaps, of some half-dozen yards; at least that seemed in Barnaby's eyes to be about the space left between himself and those who confronted him. The horsemen remained drawn up by themselves as before.

The two gentlemen in private clothes who had kept aloof, now rode forward, one on either side the officer. The proclamation having been produced and read by one of them, the officer called on Barnaby to surrender.

He made no answer, but stepping within the door, before which he had kept guard, held his pole crosswise to protect it. In the midst of a profound silence, he was again called upon to yield.

Still he offered no reply. Indeed he had enough to do, to run his eye backward and forward along the half-dozen men who immediately fronted him, and settle hurriedly within himself at which of them he would strike first, when they pressed on him. He caught the eye of one in the centre, and resolved to hew that fellow down, though he died for it.

Again there was a dead silence, and again the same voice called upon him to deliver himself up.

Next moment he was back in the stable, dealing blows about him like a madman. Two of the men lay stretched at his feet: the one he had marked, dropped first—he had a thought for that, even in the hot blood and hurry of the struggle. Another blow—another! Down, mastered, wounded in the breast by a heavy blow from the butt-end of a gun (he saw the weapon in the act of falling)—breathless—and a prisoner.

An exclamation of surprise from the officer recalled him, in some degree, to himself. He looked round. Grip, after working in secret all the afternoon, and with redoubled vigour while everybody's attention was distracted, had turned up the loose ground with his

iron bill. The hole had been recklessly filled to the brim, and was merely sprinkled with earth. Golden cups, spoons, candlesticks, coined guineas—all the riches were revealed.

They brought spades and a sack, dug up everything that was hidden there, and carried away more than two men could lift. They handcuffed him and bound his arms, searched him, and took away all he had. Nobody questioned or reproached him, or seemed to have much curiosity about him. The two men he had stunned were carried off by their companions in the same business-like way in which everything else was done. Finally, he was left under a guard of four soldiers with fixed bayonets, while the officer directed in person the search of the house and the other buildings connected with it.

This was soon completed. The soldiers formed again in the yard; he was marched out, with his guard about him, and ordered to fall in, where a space was left. The others closed up all round, and so they moved away, with the prisoner in the centre.

When they came into the streets, he felt he was a sight; and looking up as they passed quickly along, could see people running to the windows a little too late, and throwing up the sashes to look after him. Sometimes he met a staring face beyond the heads about him, or under the arms of his conductors, or peering down upon him from a wagon-top or coach-box; but this was all he saw, being surrounded by so many men. The very noises of the streets seemed muffled and subdued; and the air came stale and hot upon him, like the sickly breath of an oven.

Tramp, tramp. Tramp, tramp. Heads erect, shoulders square, every man stepping in exact time—all so orderly and regular—nobody looking at him—nobody seeming conscious of his presence—he could hardly believe he was a prisoner. But at the word, though only thought, not spoken, he felt the handcuffs galling his wrists, the cord pressing his arms to his sides, the loaded guns levelled at his head, and those cold, bright, sharp, shining points turned towards him, the mere looking down at which, now that he was bound and helpless, made the warm current of his life run cold.

They were not long in reaching the barracks, for the officer who commanded the party was desirous to avoid rousing the people by the display of military force in the streets, and was humanely anxious to give as little opportunity as possible for any attempt at rescue;

knowing that it must lead to bloodshed and loss of life, and that if the civil authorities by whom he was accompanied, empowered him to order his men to fire, many innocent persons would probably fall, whom curiosity or idleness had attracted to the spot. He therefore led the party briskly on, avoiding with a merciful prudence the more public and crowded thoroughfares, and pursuing those which he deemed least likely to be infested by disorderly persons. This wise proceeding not only enabled them to gain their quarters without any interruption, but completely baffled a body of rioters who had assembled in one of the main streets, through which it was considered certain they would pass, and who remained gathered together for the purpose of releasing the prisoner from their hands, long after they had deposited him in a place of security, closed the barrack-gates, and set a double guard at every entrance for its better protection.

Arrived at this place, poor Barnaby was marched into a stone-floored room, where there was a very powerful smell of tobacco, a strong thorough draught of air, and a great wooden bedstead, large enough for a score of men. Several soldiers in undress were lounging about, or eating from tin cans; military accoutrements dangled on rows of pegs along the whitewashed wall; and some half-dozen men lay fast asleep upon their backs, snoring in concert. After remaining here just long enough to note these things, he was marched out again, and conveyed across the parade-ground to another portion of the building.

Perhaps a man never sees so much at a glance as when he is in a situation of extremity. The chances are a hundred to one that if Barnaby had lounged in at the gate to look about him, he would have lounged out again with a very imperfect idea of the place, and would have remembered very little about it. But as he was taken handcuffed across the gravelled area, nothing escaped his notice. The dry, arid look of the dusty square, and of the bare brick building; the clothes hanging at some of the windows; and the men in their shirt-sleeves and braces, lolling with half their bodies out of the others; the green sun-blinds at the officers' quarters, and the little scanty trees in front; the drummer-boys practising in a distant courtyard; the men at drill on the parade; the two soldiers carrying a basket between them, who winked to each other as he went by,

and slyly pointed to their throats; the spruce sergeant who hurried past with a cane in his hand, and under his arm a clasped book with a vellum cover; the fellows in the ground-floor rooms furbishing and brushing up their different articles of dress, who stopped to look at him, and whose voices as they spoke together echoed loudly through the empty galleries and passages;—everything, down to the stand of muskets before the guard-house, and the drum with a pipe-clayed belt attached, in one corner, impressed itself upon his observation, as though he had noticed them in the same place a hundred times, or had been a whole day among them, in place of one brief hurried minute.

He was taken into a small paved backyard, and there they opened a great door, plated with iron, and pierced some five feet above the ground with a few holes to let in air and light. Into this dungeon he was walked straightway; and having locked him up there, and placed a sentry over him, they left him to his meditations.

The cell, or black hole, for it had those words painted on the door, was very dark, and, having recently accommodated a drunken deserter, by no means clean. Barnaby felt his way to some straw at the farther end, and looking towards the door, tried to accustom himself to the gloom, which, coming from the bright sunshine out of doors, was not an easy task.

There was a kind of portico or colonnade outside, and this obstructed even the little light that at the best could have found its way through the small aperture in the door. The footsteps of the sentinel echoed monotonously as he paced its stone pavement to and fro (reminding Barnaby of the watch he had so lately kept himself); and as he passed and repassed the door, he made the cell for an instant so black by the interposition of his body, that his going away again seemed like the appearance of a new ray of light, and was quite a circumstance to look for.

When the prisoner had sat some time upon the ground, gazing at the chinks, and listening to the advancing and receding footsteps of his guard, the man stood still upon his post. Barnaby, quite unable to think, or to speculate on what would be done with him, had been lulled into a kind of doze by his regular pace; but his stopping roused him; and then he became aware that two men were in conversation under the colonnade, very near the door of his cell.

The first words that reached his ears were these:

"Why is he brought here then, if he has to be taken away again so soon?"

"Why, where would you have him go! Damme, he's not as safe anywhere as among the king's troops, is he? What *would* you do with him? Would you hand him over to a pack of cowardly civilians, that shake in their shoes till they wear the soles out, with trembling at the threats of the ragamuffins he belongs to?"

"That's true enough."

One was a sergeant—engaged just then, as the streaming ribands in his cap announced, on the recruiting service. He stood leaning sideways against a pillar nearly opposite the door, and as he growled to himself, drew figures on the pavement with his cane. The other man had his back towards the dungeon, and Barnaby could only see his form. To judge from that, he was a gallant, manly, handsome fellow, but he had lost his left arm. It had been taken off between the elbow and the shoulder, and his empty coat-sleeve hung across his breast.

It was probably this circumstance which gave him an interest beyond any that his companion could boast of and attracted Barnaby's attention. There was something soldierly in his bearing, and he wore a jaunty cap and jacket. Perhaps he had been in the service at one time or other. If he had, it could not have been very long ago, for he was but a young fellow now.

"Well, well," he said thoughtfully; "let the fault be where it may, it makes a man sorrowful to come back to old England, and see her in this condition."

"I suppose the pigs will join 'em next," said the sergeant, with an imprecation on the rioters, "now that the birds have set 'em the example."

"The birds!"

"Ah—birds," said the sergeant testily; "that's English, ain't it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Go to the guard-house, and see. You'll find a bird there, that's got their cry as pat as any of 'em, and bawls 'No Popery,' like a man—or like a devil, as he says he is. I shouldn't wonder. The devil's loose in London somewhere. Damme if I wouldn't twist his neck round, on the chance, if I had *my* way."

The young man had taken two or three steps away, as if to go and see this creature, when he was arrested by the voice of Barnaby.

"It's mine," he called out, half laughing and half weeping—"my pet, my friend Grip. Ha, ha, ha! Don't hurt him, he has done no harm. I taught him; it's my fault. Let me have him, if you please. He's the only friend I have left now. He'll not dance, or talk, or whistle for you, I know; but he will for me, because he knows me and loves me—though you wouldn't think it—very well. You wouldn't hurt a bird, I'm sure. You're a brave soldier, sir, and wouldn't harm a woman or a child—no, no, nor a poor bird, I'm certain."

This latter abjuration was addressed to the sergeant, whom Barnaby judged from his red coat to be high in office, and able to seal Grip's destiny by a word. But that gentleman, in reply, surlily damned him for a thief and rebel as he was, and with many disinterested imprecations on his own eyes, liver, blood, and body, assured him that if it rested with him to decide, he would put a final stopper on the bird, and his master too.

"You talk boldly to a caged man," said Barnaby, in anger. "If I was on the other side of the door and there were none to part us, you'd change your note—ay, you may toss your head—you would! Kill the bird—do. Kill anything you can, and so revenge yourself on those who with their bare hands untied could do as much to you!"

Having vented his defiance, he flung himself into the farthest corner of his prison, and muttering, "Good-bye, Grip—good-bye, dear old Grip!" shed tears for the first time since he had been taken captive, and hid his face in the straw.

He had had some fancy at first that the one-armed man would help him, or would give him a kind word in answer. He hardly knew why, but he hoped and thought so. The young fellow had stopped when he called out, and checking himself in the very act of turning round, stood listening to every word he said. Perhaps he built his feeble trust on this; perhaps on his being young, and having a frank and honest manner. However that might be, he built on sand. The other went away directly he had finished speaking, and neither answered him, nor returned. No matter. They were all against him here; he might have known as much. Good-bye, old Grip, good-bye!

After some time, they came and unlocked the door, and called to

him to come out. He rose directly, and complied, for he would not have *them* think he was subdued or frightened. He walked out like a man, and looked haughtily from face to face.

None of them returned his gaze or seemed to notice it. They marched him back to the parade by the way they had brought him, and there they halted, among a body of soldiers, at least twice as numerous as that which had taken him prisoner in the afternoon. The officer he had seen before bade him in a few brief words take notice that if he attempted to escape, no matter how favourable a chance he might suppose he had, certain of the men had orders to fire upon him that moment. They then closed round him as before, and marched him off again.

In the same unbroken order they arrived at Bow Street, followed and beset on all sides by a crowd which was continually increasing. Here he was placed before a blind gentleman, and asked if he wished to say anything. Not he. What had he got to tell them? After a very little talking, which he was careless of and quite indifferent to, they told him he was to go to Newgate, and took him away.

He went out into the street, so surrounded and hemmed in on every side by soldiers that he could see nothing; but he knew there was a great crowd of people, by the murmur; and that they were not friendly to the soldiers was soon rendered evident by their yells and hisses.

As they came nearer and nearer to the prison, the hootings of the people grew more violent; stones were thrown; and every now and then a rush was made against the soldiers, which they staggered under. One of them, close before him, smarting under a blow upon the temple, levelled his musket, but the officer struck it upwards with his sword, and ordered him on peril of his life to desist. This was the last thing he saw with any distinctness, for directly afterwards he was tossed about, and beaten to and fro, as though in a tempestuous sea. But go where he would, there were the same guards about him. Twice or thrice he was thrown down, and so were they; but even then he could not elude their vigilance for a moment. They were up again, and had closed about him, before he, with his wrists so tightly bound, could scramble to his feet. Fenced in thus, he felt himself hoisted to the top of a low flight of steps, and then for a moment he caught a glimpse of the fighting in the crowd, and of a few red coats

sprinkled together, here and there, struggling to rejoin their fellows. Next moment, everything was dark and gloomy, and he was standing in the prison lobby, the centre of a group of men.

A smith was speedily in attendance, who riveted upon him a set of heavy irons. Stumbling on as well as he could, beneath the unusual burden of these fetters, he was conducted to a strong stone cell, where, fastening the door with locks, and bolts, and chains, they left him, well secured; having first, unseen by him, thrust in Grip, who with his head drooping and his deep black plumes rough and ruffled, appeared to comprehend and to partake his master's fallen fortunes.

The collapse of Lord George Gordon's riotous supporters left Barnaby in prison, and he was duly sentenced to pay with his young life for the part he had taken in the ill-starred riot. But friends such as Gabriel Varden the locksmith, who had known him as a boy, and a kindly Mr. Haredale worked for his pardon, and were eventually successful in their efforts. Barnaby and Grip come to the Golden Key, where a truly warm welcome awaits them.

It was a loud shouting, mingled with boisterous acclamations, that rent the very air. It drew nearer and nearer every moment, and approached so rapidly, that, even while they listened, it burst into a deafening confusion of sounds at the street corner.

"This must be stopped—quieted," said Mr. Haredale hastily. "We should have foreseen this, and provided against it. I will go out to them at once."

They ran to the window, drew up the sash, and looked into the crowded street. Among a dense mob of persons, of whom not one was for an instant still, the locksmith's ruddy face and burly form could be descried, beating about as though he was struggling with a rough sea. Now, he was carried back a score of yards, now onward nearly to the door, now back again, now forced against the opposite houses, now against those adjoining his own, now carried up a flight of steps, and greeted by the outstretched hands of half a hundred men, while the whole tumultuous concourse stretched their throats, and cheered with all their might. Though he was really in a fair way to be torn to pieces in the general enthusiasm, the locksmith, nothing

discomposed, echoed their shouts till he was as hoarse as they, and in a glow of joy and right good-humour, waved his hat until the daylight shone between its brim and crown.

But in all the bandyings from hand to hand, and strivings to and fro, and sweepings here and there, which—saving that he looked more jolly and more radiant after every struggle—troubled his peace of mind no more than if he had been a straw upon the water's surface, he never once released his firm grasp of an arm, drawn tight through his. He sometimes turned to clap this friend upon the back, or whisper in his ear a word of staunch encouragement, or cheer him with a smile; but his great care was to shield him from the pressure, and force a passage for him to the Golden Key. Passive and timid, scared, pale, and wondering, and gazing at the throng as if he were newly risen from the dead, and felt himself a ghost among the living, Barnaby—not Barnaby in the spirit, but in flesh and blood, with pulses, sinews, nerves, and beating heart, and strong affections—clung to his stout old friend, and followed where he led.

And thus, in course of time, they reached the door, held ready for their entrance by no unwilling hands. Barnaby, rushing up the stairs, fell upon his knees beside his mother's bed.

"Such is the blessed end, sir," cried the panting locksmith, to Mr. Haredale, "of the best day's work we ever did. The rogues! it's been hard fighting to get away from 'em. I almost thought, once or twice, they'd have been too much for us with their kindness!"

They had striven, all the previous day, to rescue Barnaby from his impending fate. Failing in their attempts, in the first quarter to which they addressed themselves, they renewed them in another. Failing there, likewise, they began afresh at midnight; and made their way, not only to the judge and jury who had tried him, but to men of influence at Court, to the young Prince of Wales, and even to the ante-chamber of the King himself. Successful, at last, in awakening an interest in his favour, and an inclination to inquire more dispassionately into his case, they had had an interview with the Minister, in his bed, so late as eight o'clock that morning. The result of a searching inquiry (in which they, who had known the poor fellow from his childhood, did other good service, besides bringing it about) was, that between eleven and twelve o'clock, a free pardon to Barnaby Rudge was made out and signed, and in-

trusted to a horse-soldier for instant conveyance to the place of execution. This courier reached the spot just as the cart appeared in sight; and Barnaby being carried back to jail, Mr. Haredale, assured that all was safe, had gone straight from Bloomsbury Square to the Golden Key, leaving to Gabriel the grateful task of bringing him home in triumph.

"I needn't say," observed the locksmith, when he had shaken hands with all the males in the house, and hugged all the females, five-and-forty times, at least, "that, except among ourselves, I didn't want to make a triumph of it. But, directly we got into the street we were known, and this hubbub began. Of the two," he added, as he wiped his crimson face, "and after experience of both, I think I'd rather be taken out of my house by a crowd of enemies, than escorted home by a mob of friends!"

It was plain enough, however, that this was mere talk on Gabriel's part, and that the whole proceeding afforded him the keenest delight; for the people continuing to make a great noise without, and to cheer as if their voices were in the freshest order, and good for a fortnight, he sent upstairs for Grip (who had come home at his master's back, and had acknowledged the favour of the multitude by drawing blood from every finger that came within his reach), and with the bird upon his arm presented himself at the first-floor window, and waved his hat again until it dangled by a shred, between his finger and thumb. This demonstration having been received with appropriate shouts, and silence being in some degree restored, he thanked them for their sympathy; and taking the liberty to inform them that there was a sick person in the house, proposed that they should give three cheers for King George, three more for Old England, and three more for nothing particular, as a closing ceremony. The crowd assenting, substituted Gabriel Varden for the nothing particular; and giving him one over, for good measure, dispersed in high good humour.

What congratulations were exchanged among the inmates at the Golden Key, when they were left alone; what an overflowing of joy and happiness there was among them; how incapable it was of expression in Barnaby's own person; and how he went wildly from one to another, until he became so far tranquillised, as to stretch himself on the ground beside his mother's couch, and fall into a

deep sleep, are matters that need not be told. And it is well they happened to be of this class, for they would be very hard to tell, were their narration ever so indispensable.

Some time elapsed before Barnaby got the better of the shock he had sustained, or regained his old health and gaiety. But he recovered by degrees: and although he could never separate his condemnation and escape from the idea of a terrific dream, he became, in other respects, more rational. Dating from the time of his recovery, he had a better memory and greater steadiness of purpose; but a dark cloud overhung his whole previous existence, and never cleared away.

He was not the less happy for this; for his love of freedom and interest in all that moved or grew, or had its being in the elements, remained to him unimpaired. He lived with his mother, tending the poultry and the cattle, working in a garden of his own, and helping everywhere. He was known to every bird and beast about the place, and had a name for every one. Never was there a lighter-hearted husbandman, a creature more popular with young and old, a blither or more happy soul than Barnaby.

Grip soon recovered his looks, and became as glossy and sleek as ever. But he was profoundly silent. Whether he had forgotten the art of Polite Conversation in Newgate, or had made a vow in those troubled times to forego, for a period, the display of his accomplishments, is matter of uncertainty; but certain it is that for a whole year he never indulged in any other sound than a grave, decorous croak. At the expiration of that term, the morning being very bright and sunny, he was heard to address himself to the horses in the stable; and before the witness who overheard him could run into the house with the intelligence, and add to it upon his solemn affirmation the statement that he had heard him laugh, the bird himself advanced with fantastic steps to the door and there cried "I'm a devil, I'm a devil, *I'm* a devil!" with extraordinary rapture.

From that period he constantly practised and improved himself in the vulgar tongue; and, as he was a mere infant for a raven when Barnaby was grey, he has very probably gone on talking to the present time.

A ROYAL ADVENTURE

By SIR WALTER SCOTT

Young Quentin Durward, a newly recruited Scottish member of the Royal Guard of King Louis XI of France, is surprised to find in the person of the King someone he has recently met in very different circumstances. However, on this particular morning a boar-hunt has been planned, and after exchanging sallies with the members of his Court Louis rides off to enjoy his day's sport, which includes baiting a cardinal. An intrepid hunter, he rushes into danger, and it is the spear of his young Scots guard that saves the monarch. This story is taken from "Quentin Durward."

KING LOUIS entered the presence-chamber. Quentin, like all others, turned his eyes upon him; and started so suddenly that he almost dropt his weapon, when he recognised in the King of France the companion of his morning walk. Singular suspicions respecting the real rank of this person had at different times crossed his thoughts; but this, the proved reality, was wilder than his wildest conjecture.

The stern look of his uncle, offended at this breach of the decorum of his office, recalled him to himself; but not a little was he astonished when the King, whose quick eye had at once discovered him, walked straight to the place where he was posted, without taking notice of any one else. "So," he said, "young man, I am told you have been brawling on your first arrival in Touraine; but I pardon you, as it was chiefly the fault of a foolish old merchant, who thought your Caledonian blood required to be heated in the morning with *vin de Beaulne*. If I can find him, I will make him an example to those who debauch my Guards. Balafre," he added, speaking to Lesly, "your kinsman is a fair youth, though a fiery. We love to cherish such spirits, and mean to make more than ever we did of the brave men who are around us. Let the year, day, hour, and minute of your nephew's birth be written down and given to Oliver Dain."

Le Balafre bowed to the ground and resumed his erect military position, as one who would show by his demeanour his promptitude to act in the King's quarrel or defence. Quentin, in the meantime, recovered from his first surprise, studied the King's appearance more attentively, and was surprised to find how differently he now construed his deportment and features than he had done at their first interview.

These were not much exchanged in exterior, for Louis, always a scorner of outward show, wore, on the present occasion, an old dark-blue hunting-dress, not much better than the plain burgher-suit of the preceding day, and garnished with a huge rosary of ebony, which had been sent to him by no less a personage than the Grand Seignior, with an attestation that it had been used by a Coptic hermit on Mount Lebanon, a personage of profound sanctity. And instead of his cap with a single image, he now wore a hat the band of which was garnished with at least a dozen of little paltry figures of saints stamped in lead. But those eyes which, according to Quentin's former impression, only twinkled with the love of gain, had, now that they were known to be the property of an able and powerful monarch, a piercing and majestic glance; and those wrinkles on the brow, which he had supposed were formed during a long series of petty schemes of commerce, seemed now the furrows which sagacity had worn while toiling in meditation upon the fate of nations.

Presently after the King's appearance, the Princesses of France, with the ladies of their suite, entered the apartment. The eldest, known in French history by the name of the Lady of Beaujeau, was tall, and rather handsome, possessed eloquence, talent, and much of her father's sagacity, who reposed great confidence in her, and loved her as well perhaps as he loved any one.

The younger sister, Joan, advanced timidly by the side of her sister, conscious of a total want of those external qualities which women are most desirous of possessing, or being thought to possess. She was pale, thin, and sickly in her complexion; her shape visibly bent to one side, and her gait so unequal that she might be called lame. The King, who loved her not, stepped hastily to her as she entered. "How now!" he said, "our world-contemning daughter. Are you robed for a hunting-party or for the convent this morning? Speak—answer."

"For which your Highness pleases, sire," said the Princess, scarce raising her voice above her breath.

"Ay, doubtless you would persuade me it is your desire to quit the court, Joan, and renounce the world and its vanities. Ha! maiden, wouldst thou have it thought that we, the first-born of holy church, would refuse our daughter to Heaven? Our Lady and St. Martin forbid we should refuse the offering, were it worthy of the altar, or were thy vocation in truth thitherward!"

So saying, the King crossed himself devoutly, looking, in the meantime, as appeared to Quentin, very like a cunning vassal, who was depreciating the merit of something which he was desirous to keep to himself, in order that he might stand excused for not offering it to his chief or superior. "Dares he thus play the hypocrite with Heaven," thought Durward, "and sport with God and the saints, as he may safely do with men, who dare not search his nature too closely?"

"And now to horse, gentlemen and ladies. We will ourselves lead forth our daughter of Beaujeau," said the King; "and God's blessing and St. Hubert's be on our morning sport! And now for your boarspears, gentlemen; for All-gre, my pricker, hath harboured one that will try both dog and man. Dunois, lend me your spear; take mine, it is too weighty for me; but when did *you* complain of such a fault in your lance? To horse—to horse, gentlemen."

And all the chase rode on.

All the experience which the cardinal had been able to collect of his master's disposition did not, upon the present occasion, prevent his falling into a great error of policy. He pressed nearer to the King's person than he was wont to do, and endeavoured to engage him in conversation on the events of the morning.

At length Louis, who had listened to him with attention, yet without having returned any answer which could tend to prolong the conversation, signed to Dunois, who rode at no great distance, to come up on the other side of his horse.

"We came hither for sport and exercise," said he, "but the reverend father here would have us hold a council of state."

"I hope your Highness will excuse my assistance," said Dunois; "I am born to fight the battles of France, and have heart and hand for that, but I have no head for her councils."

"My lord cardinal hath a head turned for nothing else, Dunois," answered Louis. And the King's horn rung merrily through the woods as he pushed forward on the chase, followed by two or three of his guards, amongst whom was Quentin Durward. And here it was remarkable that, even in the keen prosecution of his favourite sport, the King, in indulgence of his caustic disposition, found leisure to amuse himself by tormenting Cardinal Balue.

It was one of that able statesman's weaknesses to suppose himself, though of low rank and limited education, qualified to play the courtier and the man of gallantry. He did not, indeed, actually enter the lists of chivalrous combat, like Becket, or levy soldiers like Wolsey. But gallantry, in which they also were proficient, was his professed pursuit; and he likewise affected great fondness for the martial amusement of the chase. Yet, however well he might succeed with certain ladies, to whom his power, his wealth, and his influence as a statesman might atone for deficiencies in appearance and manners, the gallant horses, which he purchased at almost any price, were totally insensible to the dignity of carrying a cardinal, and paid no more respect to him than they would have done to his father, the carter, miller, or tailor, whom he rivalled in horsemanship. The King knew this, and, by alternately exciting and checking his own horse, he brought that of the cardinal, whom he kept close by his side, into such a state of mutiny against his rider that it became apparent they must soon part company; and then, in the midst of its starting, bolting, rearing, and lashing out alternately, the royal tormentor rendered the rider miserable, by questioning him upon many affairs of importance, and hinting his purpose to take that opportunity of communicating to him some of those secrets of state which the cardinal had but a little while before seemed so anxious to learn.

A more awkward situation could hardly be imagined than that of a privy-councillor forced to listen to and reply to his sovereign while each fresh gambade of his unmanageable horse placed him in a new and more precarious attitude—his violet robe flying loose in every direction, and nothing securing him from an instant and perilous fall save the depth of the saddle, and its height before and behind. Dunois laughed without restraint; while the King, who had a private mode of enjoying his jest inwardly, without laughing aloud,

mildly rebuked his minister on his eager passion for the chase, which would not permit him to dedicate a few moments to business. "I will no longer be your hindrance to a course," continued he, addressing the terrified cardinal, and giving his own horse the rein at the same time.

Before Balue could utter a word by way of answer or apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrollable gallop, soon leaving behind the King and Dunois, who followed at a more regulated pace, enjoying the statesman's distressed predicament. If any of our readers has chanced to be run away with in his time, as we ourselves have in ours, he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. Those four limbs of the quadruped, which, no way under the rider's control, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindmost meant to overtake the foremost; those clinging legs of the biped which we so often wish safely planted on the greensward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal's sides; the hands which have forsaken the bridle for the mane; the body which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, as old Angelo used to recommend, or stooping forward like a jockey's at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched upon the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn—combine to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibitor. But add to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier—a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume—and let the scene of action be a racecourse, a review, a procession, or any other place of concourse and public display, and if the poor wight would escape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite anything like serious sympathy. On the present occasion, the short violet-coloured gown of the cardinal, which he used as a riding-dress, his scarlet stockings and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship.

The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hand, flew

rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeomen-prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear, having ridden down several dogs, and greatly confused the chase, animated by the clamorous expostulations and threats of the huntsman, carried the terrified cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. Balue, on beholding himself so near the boar, set up a dreadful cry for help, which, or perhaps the sight of the boar, produced such an effect on his horse, that the animal interrupted its headlong career by suddenly springing to one side; so that the cardinal, who had long kept his seat only because the motion was straightforward, now fell heavily to the ground. The conclusion of Balue's chase took place so near the boar that, had not the animal been at that moment too much engaged about his own affairs, the vicinity might have proved as fatal to the cardinal as it is said to have done to Favila, king of the Visigoths, of Spain. The powerful churchman got off, however, for the fright, and, crawling as hastily as he could out of the way of hounds and huntsmen, saw the whole chase sweep by him without affording him assistance; for hunters in those days were as little moved by sympathy for such misfortunes as they are in our own.

The King, as he passed, said to Dunois, "Yonder lies his Eminence low enough; he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher, when a secret is to be caught, he may match St. Peter himself. He has, however, for once, I think, met with his match."

The cardinal did not hear the words, but the scornful look with which they were spoken led him to suspect their general import. The devil is said to seize such opportunities of temptation as was now afforded by the passions of Balue, bitterly moved as they had been by the scorn of the King. The momentary fright was over so soon as he had assured himself that his fall was harmless; but mortified vanity, and resentment against his sovereign had a much longer influence on his feelings.

After all the chase had passed him, a single cavalier, who seemed rather to be a spectator than a partaker of the sport, rode up with one or two attendants, and expressed no small surprise to find the cardinal upon the ground, without a horse or attendants, and in

such a plight as plainly showed the nature of the accident which had placed him there. To dismount and offer his assistance in this predicament, to cause one of his attendants resign a staid and quiet palfrey for the cardinal's use, to express his surprise at the customs of the French Court, which thus permitted them to abandon to the dangers of the chase, and forsake in his need, their wisest statesman, were the natural modes of assistance and consolation which so strange a rencontre supplied to the Burgundian ambassador who came to the assistance of the fallen cardinal.

In the meanwhile, Louis, who, though the most politic prince of his time, upon this, as on other occasions, had suffered his passions to interfere with his prudence, followed contentedly the chase of the wild boar, which was now come to an interesting point. It had so happened that a sounder—i.e., in the language of the period, a boar of only two years old—had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in pursuit of him all the dogs, except two or three couple of old staunch hounds, and the greater part of the huntsmen. The King saw, with internal glee, Dunois, as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight in the art of venerie, which was then thought almost as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed close on the hounds; so that, when the original boar turned to bay in a marshy piece of ground, there was no one near him but the King himself.

Louis showed all the bravery and expertness of an experienced huntsman; for, unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear; yet, as the horse shied from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort could prevail on the horse to charge a second time; so that the King, dismounting, advanced on foot against the furious animal, holding naked in his hand one of those short, sharp, straight, and pointed swords which huntsmen used for such encounters. The boar instantly quitted the dogs to rush on his human enemy, while the King, taking his station, and posting himself firmly, presented the sword, with the purpose of aiming it at the boar's throat, or rather chest, within the collar-bone; in which case, the weight of the beast, and the impetuosity of its career, would have served to

accelerate its own destruction. But, owing to the wetness of the ground, the King's foot slipped, just as this delicate and perilous manœuvre ought to have been accomplished, so that the point of the sword encountering the cuirass of bristles on the outside of the creature's shoulder, glanced off without making any impression, and Louis fell flat on the ground. This was so far fortunate for the monarch, because the animal, owing to the King's fall, missed his blow in his turn, and in passing only rent with his tusk the King's short hunting-cloak, instead of ripping up his thigh. But when, after running a little ahead in the fury of his course, the boar turned to repeat his attack on the King at the moment when he was rising, the life of Louis was in imminent danger. At this critical moment, Quentin Durward, who had been thrown out in the chase by the slowness of his horse, but who, nevertheless, had luckily distinguished and followed the blast of the King's horn, rode up and transfixed the animal with his spear.

The King, who had by this time recovered his feet, came in turn to Durward's assistance, and cut the animal's throat with his sword. Before speaking a word to Quentin, he measured the huge creature not only by paces, but even by feet; then wiped the sweat from his brow and the blood from his hands; then took off his hunting-cap, hung it on a bush, and devoutly made his orisons to the little leaden images which it contained; and at length, looking upon Durward, said to him, "Is it thou, my young Scot? Thou hast begun thy woodcraft well. Why dost thou not speak? Thou hast lost thy forwardness and fire, methinks, at the court, where others find both."

Quentin, as shrewd a youth as ever Scottish breeze breathed caution into, had imbibed more awe than confidence towards his dangerous master, and was far too wise to embrace the perilous permission of familiarity which he seemed thus invited to use. He answered in very few and well-chosen words, that if he ventured to address his Majesty at all, it could be but to crave pardon for the rustic boldness with which he had conducted himself when ignorant of his high rank.

"Tush! man," said the King; "I forgive thy sauciness for thy spirit and shrewdness. Help me to my horse. I like thee, and will do thee good. Build on no man's favour but mine—not even on thine uncle's or Lord Crawford's; and say nothing of thy timely aid in
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this matter of the boar, for if a man makes boast that he has served a king in such a pinch, he must make the braggart humour for its own recompense."

The King then winded his horn, which brought up Dunois and several attendants, whose compliments he received on the slaughter of such a noble animal, without scrupling to appropriate a much greater share of merit than actually belonged to him; for he mentioned Durward's assistance as slightly as a sportsman of rank, who, in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the gamekeeper. He then ordered Dunois to see that the boar's carcass was sent to the brotherhood of St. Martin, at Tours, to mend their fare on holydays, and that they might remember the King in their private devotions.

"And," said Louis, "who hath seen his Eminence my lord cardinal? Methinks it were but poor courtesy, and cold regard to holy church, to leave him afoot here in the forest."

"May it please you, sire," said Quentin, when he saw that all were silent, "I saw his lordship the cardinal accommodated with a horse, on which he left the forest."

"Heaven cares for its own," replied the King. "Set forward to the castle, my lords; we'll hunt no more this morning. You, sir squire," addressing Quentin, "reach me my wood-knife; it has dropped from the sheath beside the quarry there. Ride on, Dunois; I follow instantly."

Louis, whose lightest motions were often conducted like stratagems, thus gained an opportunity to ask Quentin privately, "My bonny Scot, thou hast an eye, I see. Canst thou tell me who helped the cardinal to a palfrey? Some stranger, I should suppose; for, as I passed without stopping, the courtiers would likely be in no hurry to do him such a timely good turn."

"I saw those who aided his Eminence but an instant, sire," said Quentin; "it was only a hasty glance, for I had been unluckily thrown out, and was riding fast, to be in my place; but I think it was the ambassador of Burgundy and his people."

"Ha!" said Louis. "Well, be it so; France will match them yet."

There was nothing more remarkable happened, and the King, with his retinue, returned to the castle.

THE ENCHANTED HORSE

This is one of the romantic stories from "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." It tells of a magician who had a mechanical flying horse and of an impetuous prince who could not wait to ride the clouds. He mounted the enchanted horse, rode into the clouds and on to a strange meeting with a princess in a distant land.

THE Nooroze, or the new day, which is the first day of the year and spring, is observed as a solemn festival throughout all Persia.

On one of these festival days, just as the Sultan of Shiraz was concluding his public audience, which had been conducted with unusual splendour, a Hindu appeared at the foot of the throne, with an artificial horse richly caparisoned, and so spiritedly modelled, that at first sight he was taken for a living animal.

The Hindu prostrated himself before the throne, and, pointing to the horse, said to the sultan, "This horse is a great wonder: whenever I mount him, be it where it may, if I wish him to transport myself through the air to the most distant part of the world, I can do it in a very short time. This is a wonder which nobody ever heard speak of, and which I offer to show your majesty if you command me."

The Emperor of Persia, who was fond of everything that was curious, and who, notwithstanding the many prodigies of art he had seen, had never beheld or heard of anything that came up to this, told the Hindu that he was ready to see him perform what he had promised.

The Hindu instantly put his foot into the stirrup, mounted his horse with admirable agility, and when he had fixed himself in the saddle asked the emperor whither he pleased to command him.

"Do you see that mountain?" said the emperor, pointing to it. "Ride your horse there, and bring me a branch of a palm-tree that grows at the bottom of the hill."

The Emperor of Persia had no sooner declared his will than the Hindu turned a peg, which was in the hollow of the horse's neck, just by the pommel of the saddle; and in an instant the horse rose off the ground and carried his rider into the air with the rapidity of lightning to a great height, to the admiration of the emperor and all the spectators. Within less than a quarter of an hour they saw him returning with the palm-branch in his hand; but before he descended he took two or three turns in the air over the spot, amid the acclamations of all the people, then alighted on the spot whence he had set off. He dismounted, and, going up to the throne, prostrated himself, and laid the branch of the palm-tree at the feet of the emperor.

The emperor, who had viewed with no less admiration than astonishment this unheard-of sight which the Hindu had exhibited, conceived a great desire to have the horse, and said to the Hindu, "I will purchase him of you, if he is to be sold."

"Sire," replied the Hindu, "there is only one condition on which I can part with my horse, and that is the gift of the hand of the princess your daughter as my wife; this is the only bargain I can make."

The courtiers about the Emperor of Persia could not forbear laughing aloud at this extravagant proposal of the Hindu; but the Prince Feroze-shah, the eldest son of the emperor and presumptive-heir to the crown, could not hear it without indignation. "Sire," he said, "I hope you will not hesitate to refuse so insolent a demand, or allow this insignificant juggler to flatter himself for a moment with the idea of being allied to one of the most powerful monarchs in the world. I beg of you to consider what you owe to yourself, to your own blood, and the high rank of your ancestors."

"Son," replied the Emperor of Persia, "I will not grant him what he asked—and perhaps he does not seriously make the proposal; and, putting my daughter the princess out of the question, I may make another agreement with him. But before I bargain with him, I should be glad that you would examine the horse, try him yourself, and give me your opinion." On hearing this, the Hindu expressed much joy, and ran before the prince, to help him to mount, and showed him how to guide and manage the horse.

The prince mounted without the Hindu's assisting him; and, as

soon as he had got his feet in the stirrups, without staying for the artist's advice, he turned the peg he had seen him use, when instantly the horse darted into the air, quick as an arrow shot out of a bow by the most adroit archer; and in a few moments neither horse nor prince were to be seen. The Hindu, alarmed at what had happened, prostrated himself before the throne. The sultan replied to him, "Your head shall answer for my son's life if he does not return safe in three days' time, or I should hear that he is alive." He then ordered his officers to secure the Hindu, and keep him close prisoner; after which he retired to his palace, in affliction that the festival of Nooroze should have proved so inauspicious.

In the meantime the prince was carried through the air with prodigious velocity. In less than an hour's time he ascended so high that he could not distinguish anything on the earth. Mountains and plains seemed confounded together. It was then he began to think of returning, and conceived he might do this by turning the same peg the contrary way, and pulling the bridle at the same time. But when he found that the horse still continued to ascend his alarm was great. He turned the peg several times in different ways, but all in vain. It was then he saw his fault, and apprehended the great danger he was in from not having learnt the necessary precautions to guide the horse before he mounted. He examined the horse's head and neck with attention, and perceived behind the right ear another peg, smaller than the other. He turned that peg and presently perceived that he descended in the same oblique manner as he had mounted, but not so swiftly.

Night had overshadowed that part of the earth over which the prince was when he found out and turned the small peg; and as the horse descended he by degrees lost sight of the sun, till it grew quite dark; insomuch that, instead of choosing what place he would go to, he was forced to let the bridle lie upon the horse's neck, and wait patiently until he alighted, though not without dread lest it should be in the desert, a river, or the sea.

At last the horse stopped upon some solid substance about midnight, and the prince dismounted very faint and hungry, having eaten nothing since the morning, when he came out of the palace with his father to assist at the festival. He found himself to be on the terrace of a magnificent palace, surrounded with a balustrade of

white marble, breast high; and groping about reached a staircase, which led down into an apartment, the door of which was half open.

The prince stopped at the door, and, listening, heard no other noise than the breathing of some people who were fast asleep. He advanced a little into the room, and by the light of a lamp saw that those persons were black mutes, with naked sabres laid by them; which was enough to inform him that this was the guard-chamber of some sultan or princess. Prince Feroze-shah advanced on tiptoe, without waking the attendants. He drew aside the curtain, went in, and saw a magnificent chamber containing many beds, one alone being on a raised dais, and the others on the floor. The princess slept in the first and her women in the others. He crept softly towards the dais without waking either the princess or her women, and beheld a beauty so extraordinary that he was charmed at the first sight. He fell on his knees, and twitching gently the princess's sleeve, kneeling beside her, pulled it towards him. The princess opened her eyes, and, seeing a handsome young man, was in great surprise, yet showed no sign of fear.

The prince availed himself of this favourable moment, bowed his head to the ground, and rising, said, "Beautiful princess, by the most extraordinary and wonderful adventure, you see at your feet a suppliant prince, son of the Emperor of Persia. Pray afford him your assistance and protection."

The personage to whom Prince Feroze-shah so happily addressed himself was the Princess of Bengal, eldest daughter of the rajah of that kingdom, who had built this palace at a small distance from his capital, for the sake of the country air. She replied: "Prince, you are not in a barbarous country—take courage; hospitality, humanity, and politeness are to be met with in the kingdom of Bengal, as well as in that of Persia. I grant you the protection you ask—you may depend on what I say."

The next day the princess prepared to give the prince another interview.

The Prince of Persia, who by the night's rest had recovered the fatigue he had undergone the day before, had just dressed himself when he received notice of the intention of the princess, and expressed himself to be fully sensible of the honour conferred on him. After mutual compliments, the prince related to her the wonders of the

magic horse, of his journey through the air; and then having thanked her for her kind reception, expressed a wish to return and relieve the anxiety of the sultan his father. When the prince had finished, the princess replied, "I cannot approve, prince, of your going so soon; grant me at least the favour I ask of a little longer acquaintance."

Nothing went forward for several days but concerts of music, accompanied with magnificent feasts and collations in the gardens, or hunting parties in the vicinity of the palace, which abounded with all sorts of game, stags, hinds, and fallow deer, and other beasts peculiar to the kingdom of Bengal, which the princess could pursue without danger. After the chase, the prince and princess met in some beautiful spot, where a carpet was spread and cushions laid for their accommodation. There resting themselves, they conversed on various subjects.

Two whole months the Prince of Persia abandoned himself entirely to the will of the Princess of Bengal, yielding to all the amusements she contrived for him. But he now declared seriously he could not stay longer, and begged of her to give him leave to return to his father.

"And, princess," observed the Prince of Persia, "that you may not doubt the truth of my affection, I would presume, were I not afraid you would be offended at my request, to ask the favour of taking you along with me."

The princess returned no answer to this address of the Prince of Persia; but her silence, and eyes cast down, were sufficient to inform him that she had no reluctance to accompany him into Persia. The only difficulty she felt was that the prince knew not well enough how to govern the horse, and she was apprehensive of being involved with him in the same difficulty as when he first made the experiment. But the prince soon removed her fear, by assuring her she might trust herself with him, for that after the experience he had acquired he defied the Hindu himself to manage him better.

The next morning, a little before daybreak, when all the attendants were asleep, they went upon the terrace of the palace. The prince turned the horse towards Persia, and placed him where the princess could easily get up behind him, which she had no sooner done, and was well settled with her arms about his waist, for her better security, than he turned the peg, when the horse mounted into the air, and

making his usual haste, under the guidance of the prince, in two hours' time the prince discovered the capital of Persia.

The prince would not alight in the palace of his father, but directed his course towards a kiosk at a little distance from the capital. He led the princess into a handsome apartment, where he told her that, to do her all the honour that was due to her, he would go and inform his father of their arrival, and return to her immediately. He ordered the attendants of the palace, whom he summoned, to provide the princess with whatever she had occasion for.

After the prince had taken his leave of the princess he ordered a horse to be brought, which he mounted, and set out for the palace. As he passed through the streets he was received with acclamations by the people, who were overjoyed to see him again. The emperor his father received him with tears of joy and tenderness, and asked him what was become of the Hindu's horse.

This question gave the prince an opportunity of describing the embarrassment and danger he was in when the horse ascended into the air, and how he had arrived at last at the Princess of Bengal's palace, the kind reception he had met with there, and that the motive which had induced him to stay so long with her was the mutual affection they entertained for each other; also that, after promising to marry her, he had persuaded her to accompany him into Persia. "But, sire," added the prince, "I felt assured that you would not refuse your consent, and have brought her with me on the enchanted horse to your summer palace; and have left her there till I could return and assure her that my promise was not in vain."

After these words the prince prostrated himself before the emperor to obtain his consent, when his father raised him up, embraced him a second time, and said to him, "Son, I not only consent to your marriage with the Princess of Bengal, but will go myself and bring her to my palace, and celebrate your nuptials this day."

The emperor now ordered that the Hindu should be fetched out of prison and brought before him. When the Hindu was admitted to his presence he said to him, "I secured thy person, that thy life might answer for that of the prince my son. Thanks be to God, he is returned again: go, take your horse, and never let me see your face more."

As the Hindu had learned of those who brought him out of prison

that Prince Feroze-shah was returned with a princess, and was also informed of the place where he had alighted and left her, and that the emperor was making preparations to go and bring her to his palace, as soon as he got out of the presence he bethought himself of being revenged upon the emperor and the prince. He mounted his horse, went directly to the palace, and, addressing himself to the captain of the guard, told him he came from the Prince of Persia for the Princess of Bengal, and to conduct her behind him through the air to the emperor, who waited in the great square of his palace to gratify the whole court and city of Shiraz with that wonderful sight.

The captain of the guard, who knew the Hindu, and that the emperor had imprisoned him, gave the more credit to what he said because he saw that he was at liberty. He presented him to the Princess of Bengal; who no sooner understood that he came from the Prince of Persia than he consented to what the prince, as she thought, had desired of her.

The Hindu, overjoyed at his success and the ease with which he had accomplished his villainy, mounted his horse, took the princess behind him, with the assistance of the captain of the guard, turned the peg, and instantly the horse mounted into the air.

The Emperor of Persia, attended by his court, was on the road to the palace where the Princess of Bengal had been left, when the Hindu, to revenge himself for the ill-treatment he had received, appeared over their heads with his prize.

When the Emperor of Persia saw the Hindu he stopped. His surprise and affliction were the more sensible because it was not in his power to punish so high an affront. He loaded him with a thousand imprecations, as did also all the courtiers, who were witnesses of so signal a piece of insolence and unparalleled artifice and treachery.

The Hindu, little moved with their imprecations, which just reached his ears, continued his way, while the emperor, extremely mortified at so great an insult, but more so that he could not punish the author, returned to his palace in rage and vexation.

But what was Prince Feroze-shah's grief at beholding the Hindu hurrying away with the Princess of Bengal, whom he loved! He returned to the summer palace, where he had last seen the princess, melancholy and broken-hearted.

When he arrived the captain of the guard threw himself at his

feet with tears in his eyes. "Rise," said the prince to him. "I do not impute the loss of my princess to thee, but to my own want of precaution. But not to lose time, fetch me a dervise's habit, and take care you do not give the least hint that it is for me."

Not far from this palace there stood a convent of dervises, the superior of which was the captain of the guard's particular friend. From this he readily obtained a complete dervise's habit, and carried it to Prince Feroze-shah. The prince immediately pulled off his own dress, put it on, and, being so disguised, and provided with a box of jewels which he had brought as a present for the princess, left the palace, uncertain which way to go, but resolved not to return till he had found out his princess and brought her back again, or perished in the attempt.

In the meanwhile the Hindu, mounted on his enchanted horse, with the princess behind him, arrived early next morning at the capital of the kingdom of Cashmere. He did not enter the city, but alighted in a wood. As the princess cried out for help the Sultan of Cashmere and his court passed through the wood on their return from hunting, and, hearing a woman's voice calling, went to her rescue.

The sultan, addressing himself to the Hindu, demanded who he was, and wherefore he ill-treated the lady. The Hindu, with great impudence, replied that she was his wife, and what had any one to do with his quarrel with her?

The princess, who neither knew the rank nor quality of the person who came so seasonably to her relief, exclaimed, "My lord, whoever you are whom Heaven has sent to my assistance, have compassion on me. I am a princess. This Hindu is a wicked magician, who has forced me away from the Prince of Persia, to whom I was going to be married, and has brought me hither on the enchanted horse you behold there."

The Princess of Bengal had no occasion to say more. Her beauty, majestic air, and tears declared that she spoke the truth. Justly enraged at the insolence of the Hindu, the Sultan ordered his guards to surround him, and strike off his head, which sentence was immediately executed.

The sultan then conducted the princess to his palace, where he lodged her in the most magnificent apartment, next his own, and commanded a great number of women slaves to attend her.

The Princess of Bengal's joy was inexpressible at finding herself delivered from the Hindu, of whom she could not think without horror. She flattered herself that the Sultan of Cashmere would complete his generosity by sending her back to the Prince of Persia when she would have told him her story, and asked that favour of him; but she was much deceived in these hopes; for her deliverer had resolved to marry her himself the next day; and for that end had issued a proclamation, commanding the general rejoicing of the inhabitants of the capital. At the break of day the drums were beaten, the trumpets sounded, and sounds of joy echoed throughout the whole palace.

The Princess of Bengal was awakened by these tumultuous concerts, but attributed them to a very different cause from the true one. When the Sultan of Cashmere came to wait upon her, after he had inquired after her health, he desired her to assent to the union. This declaration put her into such a state of agitation that she fainted away.

The women slaves who were present ran to her assistance, though it was a long time before they succeeded in bringing her to herself. But when she recovered, rather than break the promise she had made to Prince Feroze-shah, by consenting to marry the Sultan of Cashmere, she resolved to feign madness. She began to utter the most extravagant expressions before the sultan, and even rose off her seat as if to attack him, insomuch that he was greatly alarmed.

When he found that her frenzy rather increased than abated, he left her with her women, charging them never to leave her alone, but to take great care of her. He sent often that day to inquire how she did, but received no other answer than that she was rather worse than better.

The Princess of Bengal continued to talk wildly, and showed other marks of a disordered mind next day and the following, so that the sultan was induced to send for all the physicians belonging to his court, to consult them upon her disease, and to ask if they could cure her.

When the Sultan of Cashmere saw that his court physicians could not cure her, he called in the most celebrated and experienced of the city, who had no better success. He then sent for the most famous in the kingdom, who prescribed without effect. Afterwards he

despatched to the courts of neighbouring sultans, with promises of munificent rewards to any who should devise a cure for her malady.

Various physicians arrived from all parts, and tried their skill; but none could boast of success.

During this interval, Feroze-shah, disguised in the habit of a dervise, travelled through many provinces and towns. At last, passing through a city of Hindustan, he heard the people talk much of a Princess of Bengal, who had become mad. At the name of the Princess of Bengal he hastened towards the kingdom of Cashmere, and, upon his arrival at the capital, took up his lodging at a khan, where, the same day, he was informed of the story of the princess and the fate of the Hindu magician.

He provided himself with a physician's habit, and, his beard having grown long during his travels, he passed the more easily for the character he assumed. He went boldly to the palace, and announced his wish to be allowed to undertake the cure of the princess to the chief of the officers.

Some time had elapsed since any physician had offered himself; and the Sultan of Cashmere with great grief had begun to lose all hope of ever seeing the princess restored to health, though he still wished to marry her. He at once ordered the officer to introduce the physician he had announced.

The sultan ordered the princess's door to be opened, and Feroze-shah went in. As soon as the princess saw him (taking him by his habit to be a physician), she resorted to her old practice of meeting her physicians with threats and indications of attacking them. He made directly towards her, and when he was nigh enough for her to hear him, and no one else, said to her in a low voice, "Princess, I am not a physician, but the Prince of Persia, and am come to procure you your liberty."

The princess, who knew the sound of the voice, and recognised his face, notwithstanding he had let his beard grow so long, grew calm at once, and felt a secret joy in seeing so unexpectedly the prince she loved. Feroze-shah told her as briefly as possible his own travels and adventures, and his determination to find her at all risks. He then desired the princess to inform him of all that happened to her, from the time she was taken away till that happy moment.

The Prince of Persia then asked her if she knew what became of

the horse after the death of the Hindu magician. To which she answered the sultan would take care of it as a curiosity. As Feroze-shah never doubted but that the sultan had the horse, he communicated to the princess his design of making use of it to convey them both into Persia; and after they had consulted together on the measures they should take, they agreed that the princess should next day receive the sultan. The Sultan of Cashmere was overjoyed when the Prince of Persia stated to him what effect his first visit had had towards the cure of the princess. On the following day, when the princess received him in such a manner as persuaded him her cure was far advanced, he regarded the prince as the greatest physician in the world, and exhorted the princess carefully to follow the directions of so skilled a physician, and then retired. The Prince of Persia, who attended the Sultan of Cashmere on his visit to the princess, inquired of him how the Princess of Bengal came into the dominions of Cashmere thus alone, since her own country was far distant.

The sultan at once informed him that he had ordered the enchanted horse to be kept safe in his treasury as a great curiosity, though he knew not the use of it.

"Sire," replied the pretended physician, "the information which your majesty has given your devoted slave affords me a means of curing the princess. As she was brought hither on this horse, and the horse is enchanted, she hath contracted something of the enchantment, which can be dissipated only by a certain incense which I am acquainted with. If your majesty would entertain yourself, your court, and the people of your capital, with the most surprising sight that ever was beheld, let the horse be brought to-morrow into the great square before the palace, and leave the rest to me. I promise to show you, and all that assembly, in a few moment's time, the Princess of Bengal completely restored in body and mind. But the better to effect what I propose, it will be requisite that the princess should be dressed as magnificently as possible, and adorned with the most valuable jewels in your treasury." The sultan would have undertaken much more difficult things to have secured his marriage with the princess, which he expected soon to accomplish.

The next day the enchanted horse was, by his order, taken out of the treasury, and placed early in the great square before the palace.

A report was spread through the town that there was something extraordinary to be seen, and crowds of people flocked thither from all parts, insomuch that the sultan's guards were placed to prevent disorder, and to keep space enough round the horse.

The Sultan of Cashmere, surrounded by all his nobles and ministers of state, was placed in a gallery erected on purpose. The Princess of Bengal, attended by a number of ladies whom the sultan had assigned her, went up to the enchanted horse, and the women helped her to mount. When she was fixed in the saddle, and had the bridle in her hand, the pretended physician placed round the horse at a proper distance many vessels full of lighted charcoal, which he had ordered to be brought, and going round them with a solemn pace, cast in handfuls of incense, then, with downcast eyes, and his hands upon his breast, he ran three times about the horse, making as if he pronounced some mystical words. The moment the pots sent forth a dark cloud of smoke—accompanied with a pleasant smell which so surrounded the princess that neither she nor the horse could be discerned—watching his opportunity, the prince jumped nimbly up behind her, and, reaching his hand to the peg, turned it: and just as the horse rose with them into the air he pronounced these words, which the sultan heard distinctly, "Sultan of Cashmere, when you would marry princesses who implore your protection, learn first to obtain their consent."

Thus the Prince delivered the Princess of Bengal, and carried her the same day to the capital of Persia, where he alighted in the square of the palace, before the emperor his father's apartment, who deferred the solemnisation of the marriage no longer than till he could make the preparations necessary to render the ceremony pompous and magnificent, and evince the interest he took in it.

After the days appointed for the rejoicings were over, the Emperor of Persia's first care was to name and appoint an ambassador to go to the Rajah of Bengal with an account of what had passed, and to demand his approbation and ratification of the alliance contracted by this marriage; which the Rajah of Bengal took as an honour, and granted with great pleasure and satisfaction.

THREE SPORTSMEN

By IZAAK WALTON

Three keen sportsmen, an angler (Piscator), a falconer (Auceps), and a huntsman (Venator), meet one bright May morning, and, such being the habit of sportsmen in all ages, discuss where they are going and how each proposes to pass his day. The day might be any May morning in the first half of the seventeenth century, but one can be sure the sun shone. Each sportsman has a deal of information to offer his fellows. The narrative is taken from the most famous book on fishing ever written, "The Compleat Angler," first published in 1653, in days when the Roundheads were emerging in triumph from the bloodshed of civil war.

PISCATOR. You are well overtaken, gentlemen! A good morning to you both! I have stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill to overtake you, hoping your business may occasion you towards Ware, whither I am going this fine May morning.

VENATOR. Sir, I, for my part, shall almost answer your hopes; for my purpose is to drink my morning's draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesden; and I think not to rest till I come thither, where I have appointed a friend or two to meet me; but for this gentleman that you see with me, I know not how far he intends his journey; he came so lately into my company that I have scarce had time to ask him the question.

AUCEPS. Sir, I shall by your favour bear you company as far as Theobalds, and there leave you; for then I turn up to a friend's house, who mews a hawk for me, which I now long to see.

VENATOR. Sir, we are all so happy as to have a fine, fresh, cool morning; and I hope we shall each be the happier in the others' company. And, gentlemen, that I may not lose yours, I shall either abate or amend my pace to enjoy it, knowing that, as the Italians say, "Good company in a journey makes the way to seem the shorter."

AUCEPS. It may do so, Sir, with the help of good discourse, which, methinks, we may promise from you, that both look and speak so cheerfully: and for my part, I promise you, as an invitation to it, that I will be as free and open-hearted as discretion will allow me to be with strangers.

VENATOR. And, Sir, I promise the like.

PISCATOR. I am right glad to hear your answers; I am, sir, a Brother of the Angle.

VENATOR. And I am a lover of hounds; I have followed many a pack of dogs many a mile, and heard many merry huntsmen make sport and scoff at anglers.

AUCEPS. And I profess myself a falconer, and have heard many grave, serious men pity them, it is such a heavy, contemptible, dull recreation.

PISCATOR. You know, gentlemen, it is an easy thing to scoff at any art or recreation; a little wit mixed with ill nature, confidence, and malice, will do it.

And for you that have heard many grave, serious men pity anglers; let me tell you, sir, there be many men that are by others taken to be serious and grave men, whom we contemn and pity. Men that are taken to be grave, because nature hath made them of a sour complexion; money-getting men, men that spend all their time, first in getting, and, next, in anxious care to keep it; men that are condemned to be rich, and then always busy or discontented: for these poor rich men, we anglers pity them perfectly, and stand in no need to borrow their thoughts to think ourselves so happy. No, no, sir, we enjoy a contentedness above the reach of such dispositions, and as the learned and ingenuous Montaigne says, like himself, freely, "When my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse, to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language, for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another, that we agree no better: and who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly, for making sport for her, when we two play together?"

Thus freely speaks Montaigne concerning cats; and I hope I may

take as great a liberty to blame any man, and laugh at him too, let him be never so grave, that hath not heard what anglers can say in the justification of their art and recreation; which I may again tell you is so full of pleasure that we need not borrow their thoughts to think ourselves happy.

VENATOR. Sir, you have almost amazed me; for though I am no scoffer, yet I have—I pray let me speak it without offence—always looked upon anglers as more patient and more simple men than I fear I shall find you to be.

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, you two having declared yourselves the one to be a lover of hawks, the other of hounds, I shall be most glad to hear what you can say in the commendation of that recreation which each of you love and practise; and having heard what you can say, I shall be glad to exercise your attention with what I can say concerning my own recreation and art of angling, and by this means we shall make the way to seem the shorter: and if you like my motion, I would have Mr. Falconer to begin.

AUCEPS. Your motion is consented to with all my heart; and to testify it, I will begin as you have desired me.

And first, for the Element that I use to trade in, which is the air. It stops not the high soaring of my noble, generous falcon; in it she ascends to such a height, as the dull eyes of beasts and fish are not able to reach to; their bodies are too gross for such high elevations; in the air my troops of hawk soar up on high, and when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods. The very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind that I must not let them pass without some observations. They both feed and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices: I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art.

As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute, and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the laverock, the tit-lark, the little linnet, and the honest robin that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud musick out of her little instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth.

There is also a little contemptible winged creature, an inhabitant of my aerial element, namely the laborious bee, of whose prudence, policy, and regular government of their own commonwealth I might say much, as also of their several kinds, and how useful their honey and wax are both for meat and medicines to mankind; but I will leave them to their sweet labour, without the least disturbance, believing them to be all very busy at this very time amongst the herbs and flowers that we see nature puts forth this May morning.

VENATOR. Well, sir, and I will now take my turn, and will first begin with a commendation of the earth, being that element upon which I drive my pleasant, wholesome, hungry trade. The earth is a solid, settled element; an element most universally beneficial both to man and beast; to men who have their several recreations upon it, as horse-races, hunting, sweet smells, pleasant walks: the earth feeds man, and all those several beasts that both feed him and afford him recreation. What pleasure doth man take in hunting the stately stag, the generous buck, the wild boar, the cunning otter, the crafty fox, and the fearful hare! And if I may descend to a lower game, what pleasure it is sometimes with gins to betray the very vermin of the earth; as namely the fichat, the fulimart, the ferret, the pole-cat, the mouldwarp, and the like creatures that live upon the face, and within the bowels of, the earth. But to pass by the mighty elephant, which the earth breeds and nourisheth, and descend to the least of creatures, how doth the earth afford us a doctrinal example in the little pismire, who in the summer provides and lays up her winter provision, and

teaches man to do the like! The earth feeds and carries those horses that carry us. If I would be prodigal of my time and your patience, what might not I say in commendations of the earth? That puts limits to the proud and raging sea, and by that means preserves both man and beast, that it destroys them not, as we see it daily doth those that venture upon the sea, and are there shipwrecked, drowned, and left to feed haddocks; when we that are so wise as to keep ourselves



The three sportsmen talked together.

on earth walk, and talk, and live, and eat, and drink, and go a-hunting: of which recreation I will say a little, and then leave Mr. Piscator to the commendation of angling.

Hunting is a game for princes and noble persons; it hath been highly prized in all ages; it was one of the qualifications that Xenophon bestowed on his Cyrus, that he was a hunter of wild beasts. Hunting trains up the younger nobility to the use of manly exercises in their riper age. What more manly exercise than hunting the wild boar, the stag, the buck, the fox, or the hare? How doth it preserve health, and increase strength and activity!

And for the dogs that we use, who can commend their excellency to that height which they deserve? How perfect is the hound at smelling, who never leaves or forsakes his first scent, but follows it through so many changes and varieties of other scents, even over, and in, the water, and into the earth! What music doth a pack of dogs then make to any man, whose heart and ears are so happy as to be set to the tune of such instruments! How will a right greyhound fix his eye on the best buck in a herd, single him out, and follow him, and him only, through a whole herd of rascal game, and still know and then kill him! For my hounds, I know the language of them, and they know the language and meaning of one another, as perfectly as we know the voices of those with whom we discourse daily.

I will not be so uncivil to Mr. Piscator as not to allow him a time for the commendation of angling, which he calls an art; but doubtless it is an easy one: and, Mr. Auceps, I doubt we shall hear a watery discourse of it, but I hope it will not be a long one.

AUCEPS. And I hope so too, though I fear it will.

PISCATOR. Gentlemen, let not prejudice prepossess you. I confess my discourse is like to prove suitable to my recreation, calm and quiet.

But, pray remember, I accuse nobody; for as I would not make a "watery discourse," so I would not put too much vinegar into it; nor would I raise the reputation of my own art, by the diminution or ruin of another's.

And now for the water, the element that I trade in. The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the Spirit of God did first move, the element which God commanded to bring forth living creatures abundantly; and without which those that inhabit the land, even all creatures that have breath in their nostrils, must suddenly return to putrefaction.

The water is more productive than the earth. Nay, the earth hath no fruitfulness without showers or dews; for all the herbs, and flowers, and fruit are produced and thrive by the water; and the very minerals are fed by streams that run underground.

Nay, the increase of those creatures that are bred and fed in the water are not only more and more miraculous but more advantageous to man, not only for the lengthening of his life, but for the preventing of sickness.

And it is observable, not only that there are fish, as namely the whale, three times as big as the mighty elephant, that is so fierce in battle, but that the mightiest feasts have been of fish. The Romans, in the height of their glory, have made fish the mistress of all their entertainments; they have had musick to usher in their sturgeons, lampreys, and mullets, which they would purchase at rates rather to be wondered at than believed. He that shall view the writings of Macrobius or Varro may be confirmed and informed of this, and of the incredible value of their fish and fish-ponds.

But I must not yet forsake the waters, by whose help we have so many known advantages.

And first, to pass by the miraculous cures of our known baths, how advantageous is the sea for our daily traffick, without which we could not now subsist. How does it not only furnish us with food and physick for the bodies, but with such observations for the mind as ingenious persons would not want!

Gentlemen, I might both enlarge and lose myself in such like arguments. I might tell you that Almighty God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast; that he hath made a whale a ship, to carry and set his prophet, Jonah, safe on the appointed shore. Of these I might speak, but I must in manners break off, for I see Theobald's House. I cry you mercy for being so long, and thank you for your patience.

AUCEPS. Sir, my pardon is easily granted you: I except against nothing that you have said; nevertheless, I must part with you at this park wall, for which I am very sorry; but I assure you, Mr. Piscator, I now part with you full of good thoughts, not only of yourself, but your recreation. And so, gentlemen, God keep you both.

PISCATOR. Well, now, Mr. Venator, you shall neither want time nor my attention to hear you enlarge your discourse concerning hunting.

VENATOR. Not I, sir: I remember you said that Angling itself was of great antiquity, and a perfect art, and an art not easily attained to; and you have so won upon me in your former discourse that I am very desirous to hear what you can say further concerning those particulars.

PISCATOR. Sir, I did say so: and I doubt not but if you and I did converse together but a few hours to leave you possessed with the

same high and happy thoughts that now possess me of it; not only of the antiquity of angling, but that it deserves commendations; and that it is an art, and an art worthy the knowledge and practice of a wise man.

VENATOR. Pray, sir, speak of them what you think fit.

PISCATOR. O, sir, doubt not but that angling is an art; is it not an art to deceive a trout with an artificial fly? A Trout! that is more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled merlin is bold? And yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not therefore, sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning.

I know we islanders are averse to the belief of wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tradescant, and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the hog-fish, the dog-fish, the dolphin, the cony-fish, the parrot-fish, the shark, the poison-fish, sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the salamander, several sorts of barnacles, of solan-geese, the bird of paradise, such sorts of snakes, and such birds'-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder.

I will take a little liberty to tell, or rather to remember you what is said of turtle-doves; first, that they silently plight their troth, and marry; and that then the survivor scorns, as the Thracian women are said to do, to outlive his or her mate; and this is taken for a truth; and if the survivor shall ever couple with another, then, not only the living, but the dead, be it either the he or the she, is denied the name and honour of a true turtle-dove.

On the contrary, what shall I say of the house-cock, which, contrary to the swan, the partridge, and pigeon, takes no care to hatch, to feed, or cherish his own brood, but is senseless, though they perish.

And to parallel this cock, there be divers fishes that cast their spawn on flags or stones, and then leave it uncovered, and exposed to become a prey and be devoured by vermin or other fishes. But other

fishes, as namely the barbel, take such care for the preservation of their seed that, unlike to the cock, or the cuckoo, they mutually labour, both the spawner and the melter, to cover their spawn with sand, or watch it, or hide it in some secret place, unfrequented by vermin or by any fish but themselves.

And for the lawfulness of fishing: it may very well be maintained by our Saviour's bidding St. Peter cast his hook into the water and catch a fish, for money to pay tribute to Cæsar. And let me tell you that angling is of high esteem, and of much use in other nations. He that reads the voyages of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto shall find that there he declares to have found a king and several priests a-fishing. And he that reads Plutarch shall find that angling was not contemptible in the days of Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and that they, in the midst of their wonderful glory, used angling as a principal recreation. And let me tell you that in the Scripture angling is always taken in the best sense; and that though hunting may be sometimes so taken, yet it is but seldom to be so understood.

Sir, I am glad your patience hath held out so long as to have brought us within sight of the Thatched House. And I must be your debtor, if you think it worth your attention, for the rest of my promised discourse, till some other opportunity, and a like time of leisure.

VENATOR. Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House; and I now find your words true, "that good company makes the way seem short." But now we are at it we'll turn into it, and refresh ourselves with a cup of drink, and a little rest.

PISCATOR. Most gladly, sir, and we'll drink a civil cup to all the otter-hunters that are to meet you to-morrow.

VENATOR. That we will, sir, and to all the lovers of angling too, of which number I am now willing to be one myself; for, by the help of your good discourse and company, I have put on new thoughts both of the art of angling and of all that profess it; and if you will but meet me to-morrow at the time and place appointed, and bestow one day with me and my friends, in hunting the otter, I will dedicate the next two days to wait upon you; and we too will, for that time, do nothing but angle, and talk of fish and fishing.

PISCATOR. It is a match, sir, I will not fail you, God willing, to be at Amwell Hill to-morrow morning before sun-rising.

A NAMELESS KITTEN

By MARIA S. CUMMINS

This story of an unfortunate orphan girl and the grey-and-white kitten which for a brief month was her constant companion and her only source of pleasure and affection is one that has been read by numberless children during the past century. The author was an American whose name to-day is best known for the first book she wrote, "The Lamplighter," from which this story is taken.

IT was growing dark in the city. Upon the wooden doorstep of a dark and unwholesome-looking house sat a little girl, who was gazing up the street with much earnestness. The house door, which was open behind her, was close to the sidewalk; and the step on which she sat was so low that her little unshod feet rested on the cold bricks. It was a chilly evening in November, and a light fall of snow had only served to render the narrow streets and dark lanes dirtier and more cheerless than ever.

The little girl was scantily clad, in garments of the poorest description. Her hair was long and very thick, but uncombed and unbecoming, her features thin and sharp, her whole appearance unhealthy.

She had, to be sure, fine dark eyes; but so unnaturally large did they seem, in contrast to her thin, puny face, that they only increased the peculiarity of it, without enhancing its beauty. Had anyone felt any interest in her (which nobody did), had she had a mother (which, alas! she had not), those friendly and partial eyes would perhaps have found something in her to praise. As it was, however, she was told, a dozen times a day, that she was the worst-looking child in the world; and, what was more, the worst behaved. No one loved her, and she loved no one. She was but eight years old, and alone in the world.

There was one thing, and only one, which she found pleasure in. She loved to watch for the coming of the old man who lighted the street-lamp in front of the house where she lived; to see the bright torch he carried flicker in the wind; to see him run up his ladder, and light the lamp so quickly and easily.

"Gerty," exclaimed a harsh voice within, "have you been for the milk?"

The child made no answer, but ran quickly round the corner of the house, and hid a little out of sight.

"What's become of that child?" said the woman from whom the voice proceeded, and who now showed herself at the door.

A boy who was passing, and had seen Gerty run, laughed aloud, and pointed to the corner which concealed her. In a moment more Gerty was dragged from her hiding-place, and with one blow for her ugliness and another for her impudence (for she was making faces at Nan Grant with all her might), was despatched down a neighbouring alley for the milk.

She ran fast, and was rejoiced, on her return, to catch sight of the lamplighter, as she drew near the house, just going up his ladder. She stationed herself at the foot of it, and was so engaged in watching the bright flame, that she did not observe when the man began to descend and, as she was directly in his way, he struck against her as he sprang to the ground, and she fell upon the pavement. "Hallo, my little one!" exclaimed he, "how's this?" as he stooped to pick her up.

She was upon her feet in an instant: for she was used to hard knocks, and did not much mind a few bruises. But the milk, it was all spilt.

"Well! now, I declare!" said the man, "that's too bad!—what'll Mammy say?" and, for the first time looking full in Gerty's face, he here interrupted himself with, "My! what an odd-faced child!—looks like a witch!" Then, seeing that she looked apprehensively at the spilt milk, he added kindly, "She won't be hard on such a mite of a thing as you are, will she? Cheer up, my ducky! never mind if she does scold you a little. I'll bring you something to-morrow that I think you'll like, maybe; you're such a lonesome-looking thing."

At this moment Nan Grant came to the door, saw what had happened, and commenced pulling the child into the house, amidst

blows, threats, and brutal language. The lamplighter tried to appease her; but she shut the door in his face. Gerty was scolded, beaten, deprived of the crust which she usually got for supper, and shut up in her dark attic for the night. Poor little child! Her mother had died in Nan Grant's house five years before; and she had been tolerated there since, not so much because when Ben Grant went to sea he bade his wife be sure and keep the child until his return—he had been gone so long that no one thought he would ever come back—but because Nan had reasons of her own for doing so; and, though she considered Gerty a dead weight upon her hands, she did not care to excite inquiries by trying to dispose of her elsewhere.

When Gerty first found herself locked up for the night in the dark garret she stood for a minute perfectly still; then suddenly began to stamp and scream, tried to beat open the door, and shouted, "I hate you, Nan Grant! Old Nan Grant, I hate you!" After a while she grew more quiet, threw herself down on her miserable bed and wept until she was utterly exhausted. By and by she took away her hands from her face, and looked up at a little glazed window by the side of the bed. It was but three panes of glass unevenly stuck together, and was the only chance of light the room had. As Gerty looked up, she saw through the window shining down upon her *one* bright star. She thought she had never seen anything half so beautiful; it seemed to say, "Gerty! Gerty! *poor* little Gerty!" Suddenly it flashed through her mind, "Who lighted it? Somebody lighted it! Oh! how could he get up so high?" And Gerty fell asleep, wondering who lighted the star.

When she awoke the next morning she heard harsh voices below, and knew, from the sound, that the men who lived at Nan Grant's (her son and two or three boarders) had come in to breakfast, and that her only chance of obtaining any share of the meal was to be on the spot when they had finished, to take that portion of what remained which Nan might chance to throw or shove towards her. So she crept downstairs, and when they had all gone noisily out she slid into the room. She met but a rough greeting from Nan, who told her she had better drop that ugly sour look; eat some breakfast, if she wanted it, but take care and keep out of her way.

Gerty was glad enough of the miserable food left for her on the table, swallowed it eagerly, took her little old hood, threw on a

ragged shawl, which had belonged to her mother, and which had long been her best protection from the cold, and ran out of the house.

Behind the building where Nan Grant lived was a large wood- and coal-yard, and beyond that a wharf and the thick muddy water of a dock. Gerty might have found playmates enough in the neighbourhood of this place, but there was a league against her among the children round about. Poor, ragged, and miserably cared for, as most of them were, they all knew that Gerty was still more neglected and abused. They had often seen her beaten, and daily heard her called an ugly, wicked child; told that she belonged to nobody, and had no business in anyone's house. She seldom had any intercourse with them. Nor did they venture to abuse her, otherwise than in words; for, singly, they dared not cope with her;—spirited, sudden, and violent, she had made herself feared as well as disliked. Once a band of them had united in a plan to tease and vex her; but, Nan Grant coming up at the moment when one of the girls was throwing the shoes, which she had pulled from Gerty's feet, into the dock, had given the girl a sound whipping, and put them all to flight. Gerty had not had a pair of shoes since; but Nan Grant, for once, had done her good service, and the children now left her in peace.

It was a sunshiny, though a cold day when Gerty ran away from the house to seek shelter in the wood-yard. There was an immense pile of timber in one corner of the yard, almost out of sight of any of the houses. Near the top was a little sheltered recess, overhung by some long planks, protected by the wood on all sides but one, and from that looking out upon the water.

This was Gerty's haven of rest, and the only place from which she was never driven away. Here, through the long summer days, the child sat brooding over her griefs and her ugliness; sometimes weeping for hours. Now and then she would get a little more cheerful, and enjoy watching the sailors belonging to a schooner hard by, as they laboured on board their vessel, or occasionally rowed to and fro in a little boat.

But summer had gone; the schooner and the sailors had gone too. The weather was now cold, and for a few days it had been so stormy that Gerty had been obliged to stay in the house. Now, to her joy, the sunshine had reached her hiding-place before her, and dried up the boards, so that they felt warm to her bare feet. Her thoughts

rambled about some time; but at last settled down upon the kind look and voice of the old lamplighter. He had engaged to bring her something the next time he came. She could not believe he would remember it; but still he might—he seemed to be so good-natured and sorry for her fall.

What could he mean to bring? Would it be something to eat? Oh, if it were only some shoes! But he wouldn't think of *that*. Perhaps he did not notice she had none.

The day seemed unusually long, but darkness came at last; and with it came True—or rather Trueman—Flint, for that was the lamplighter's name.

Gerty was on the spot, though she took good care to elude Nan Grant's observation.

True was late about his work that night, and in a great hurry. He had only time to speak a few words in his rough way to Gerty; but they were words coming straight from as good and honest a heart as ever throbbed. He put his great, smutty hand on her head in the kindest way, and told her how sorry he was she got hurt. "But here," added he, diving into one of his huge pockets, "here's the critter I promised you. Take good care on't; don't 'buse it; and I'm thinking, if it's like the mother that I've got at home, 'twon't be a little ye'll be likin' it, 'fore you're done. Good-bye, my little gal"; and he shouldered his ladder and went off, leaving in Gerty's hands a little grey-and-white kitten.

Gerty was so taken by surprise on finding in her arms a live kitten, something so different from what she had anticipated, that she stood for a minute irresolute what to do with it. There were a great many cats, of all sizes and colours, inhabitants of the neighbouring houses and yards; frightened-looking creatures, which, like Gerty herself, crept or scampered about, and often hid themselves among the wood and coal. Gerty had often felt a sympathy for them, but never thought of trying to catch one. But, while she was hesitating, the little animal pleaded for itself in a way she could not resist. Frightened by its long imprisonment and journey in True Flint's pocket, it crept from Gerty's arms up to her neck, clung there tight, and, with its low, feeble cries, seemed to ask her to take care of it. Its eloquence prevailed over all fear of Nan Grant's anger.

How much she came in time to love that kitten no words can tell.

She poured out such wealth of love on the little creature that clung to her for its support as only such a desolate little heart has to spare. She kept it, as much as possible, out among the boards, in her own favourite haunt. She carried it a part of her own scanty meals; she braved for it what she would not have done for herself—for she almost every day abstracted from the can, when she was returning with the milk for Nan Grant, enough for Pussy's supper. So she would play with her kitten for hours among the boards. But, when the days were very cold, she was often puzzled to know how to keep herself warm out of doors, and the risk of bringing the kitten into the house was great. She would then hide it in her bosom, and run with it into the little garret-room where she slept; and, taking care to keep the door shut, usually eluded Nan's eyes and ears.

When Gerty had had her kitten about a month she took a violent cold from being out in the damp and rain. Her cough was fearful; and it would have been a great comfort to sit by the fire all day had it not been for her anxiety lest the kitten should come running into the house in search of her. The whole day passed away, however, and nothing was seen of Pussy. Towards night, the men were heard coming in to supper. Just as they entered the door of the room where Nan and Gerty were, one of them stumbled over the kitten, which had come in with them unperceived.

"Cracky! what's this 'ere?" said the man. "Why, Nan, I thought you hated cats!"

"Well, 'tan't none o' mine; drive it out," said Nan.

Jemmy started to do so; but Puss, suddenly drawing back, and making a circuit round his legs, sprang forward into the arms of Gerty.

"Whose kitten's that, Gerty?" said Nan.

"Mine!" said Gerty bravely.

"Well, how long have you kept cats, I should like to know?" said Nan. "Speak! how came you by this?"

The men were all looking on. Gerty was afraid of the men. They sometimes teased, and were always a source of alarm to her. She was silent, and burst into tears.

"Come," said Jemmy, "give us some supper, Nan, and let the gal alone."

Nan complied, ominously muttering, however.

The supper was just finished, when an organ-grinder struck up a tune outside the door. The men stepped out to join the crowd, who were watching the motions of a monkey that danced in time to the music. Gerty ran to the window to look out, and did not miss the kitten, which in the meantime crept down from her arms, and, springing upon the table, began to devour the remnants of the repast. The organ-grinder was not out of sight when Gerty's eyes fell upon the figure of the old lamplighter coming up the street. She thought she would stay and watch him light his lamp, when she was startled by a sharp and angry exclamation from Nan, and turned just in time to see her snatch her darling kitten from the table. Gerty sprang forward to the rescue, but Nan pushed her back with one hand while with the other she threw the kitten half across the room. Gerty heard a sudden splash and a piercing cry. Nan had flung the kitten into a large vessel of steaming-hot water, which stood ready for some household purpose. The little animal struggled and writhed an instant, then died in torture.

All the fury of Gerty's nature was roused. Without hesitation, she lifted a piece of wood which lay near her, and flung it at Nan with all her strength. It was well-aimed, and struck the woman on the head. The blood started from the wound the blow had given. She sprang upon the child, caught her by the shoulder, and, opening the house-door, thrust her out upon the sidewalk. "Ye'll never darken my doors again, yer imp of wickedness!" said she, as she rushed into the house.

When Gerty was angry or grieved she always cried aloud, uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, until she sometimes quite exhausted her strength. She crouched down against the side of the house, her face hid in her hands, unconscious of the noise she was making, and unaware of the triumph of the girl who had once thrown away her shoes, and who was watching her from the house-door opposite. Suddenly she found herself lifted up and placed on one of the rounds of Trueman Flint's ladder, which still leaned against the lamp-post. True held her firmly, and asked her what was the matter.

But Gerty could only gasp and say, "O, my kitten! my kitten!"

Making every effort to soothe her, and having partially succeeded, he told her she would catch her death o' cold, and she must go into the house.

"O, she won't let me in!" said Gerty, "and I wouldn't go, if she would!"

"Who won't let you in?—your mother?"

"No! Nan Grant."

"Who's Nan Grant?"

"She's a horrid wicked woman that drowned my kitten in bilin' water."

"But where's your mother?"

"I ha'n't got none."

"Who do you belong to, you poor little thing?"

"Nobody."

"But who do you live with, and who takes care of you?"

"O, I lived with Nan Grant; but I hate her. I threw a piece of wood at her head, and I wish I had killed her!"

"Hush! hush! you mustn't say that! I'll go and speak to her."

True moved towards the door, trying to draw Gerty in with him; but she resisted so forcibly that he left her outside, and, walking directly into the room, where Nan was binding up her head with an old handkerchief, told her she had better call her little girl in, for she would freeze to death out there.

"She's no child of mine," said Nan; "she's been here long enough; she's the worst little creature that ever lived; it's a wonder I've kept her so long; and now I hope I'll never lay eyes on her agin. She ought to be hung for breaking my head!"

"But what'll become of her?" said True. "It's a fearful cold night."

"S'posen you take care of her yourself! Yer make a mighty deal o' fuss about the brat. Carry her home, and try how yer like her. Let other folks see to her, I say; I've had more'n my share; and, as to her freezin', or dyin' anyhow, I'll risk her."

True did not wait to hear more.

Gerty had ceased crying when he came out, but another violent coughing spell decided him at once to share with her his shelter, fire, and food. So he took her by the hand, saying, "Come with me"; and Gerty ran along confidently by his side, never asking whither.

True had about a dozen more lamps to light before they reached the end of the street, when his round of duty was finished. After they had walked on for some distance without stopping she inquired where they were going.

"Going home," said True.

"Am I going to your home?" said Gerty.

"Yes," said True, "and here it is."

He opened a little gate close to the sidewalk. It led into a small and very narrow yard, which stretched along the whole length of a decent two-storied house. True lived in the back part of the house; so they went round through the yard to a small door in the rear, opened it, and went in. Gerty was by this time trembling with the cold; her little bare feet were quite blue with walking so far on the pavements. There was a stove in the room into which they had entered, but no fire in it. Bringing in a handful of wood, True lighted a fire. In a few minutes there was a bright blaze. Drawing an old wooden settle up to the fire, he threw his shaggy greatcoat over it, and placed Gerty upon the comfortable seat. He then went to work to get supper; he made tea; then mixing a great mugful for Gerty, with plenty of sugar and all his milk, he produced from a little cupboard a loaf of bread, cut her a large slice, and pressed her to eat and drink as much as she could; and so much satisfaction did he feel in her evident enjoyment of the best meal she had ever had, that he forgot to partake of it himself, but sat watching her.

True was between fifty and sixty years old, a stoutly built man, with features cut in one of nature's rough moulds, but expressive of much good nature. He was naturally silent and reserved, lived much by himself, was known to but few people in the city, and had only one crony, the sexton of a neighbouring church, a very old man named Cooper, and one usually considered very cross-grained and uncompanionable.

Gerty soon finished her supper and was put to bed on the settle, covered up with a blanket, her head resting upon a pillow. True sat beside her, her little thin hand in his great palm. She breathed hard; suddenly she gave a nervous start: "O, don't, don't drown my kitty!" then again, in a voice of fear, "O, she'll catch me! she'll catch me!" and now in plaintive tones, "Dear, dear, good old man, let me stay with you; *do* let me stay!"

Great tears rose in Trueman Flint's eyes. "Catch you, no, she shan't! Poor little birdie all alone in this big world, and so am I. Please God, we'll bide together."

NOAH AND THE ARK

The story of the good man Noah and of his building a large ark in which to house himself and his family and two of every kind of living creature is the most famous of all animal stories. It is a story, too, with a most wonderful ending—no less than the bright rainbow of promise, to be seen by every living creature whenever the sun's rays shine on falling rain. It is also the story of the searching raven and of the gentle dove returning with an olive branch, now the accepted symbol of peace. This story is taken from the Book of Genesis in the Bible.

AND God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them. But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.

And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.

Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch.

And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die. But with thee will I establish my covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee. And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. Of fowls after their kind, and of cattle after their kind, of every

creeping thing of the earth after its kind, two of every sort shall come unto thee, to keep them alive. And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. Thus did Noah; according to all that God commanded him, so did he.

And the Lord said unto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation.

In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. In the self-same day entered Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, and Noah's wife, and the three wives of his sons with them, into the ark; they, and every beast after its kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind, and every fowl after its kind, every bird of every sort. And they went in unto Noah into the ark, two and two of all flesh, wherein is the breath of life. And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as God had commanded him: and the Lord shut him in.

And the flood was forty days upon the earth; and the waters increased, and bare up the ark, and it was lift up above the earth. And the waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters.

And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark. And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the ark: and God made a wind pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged; the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped, and the rain from heaven was restrained; and the waters returned from off the earth continually. And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month: in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen.

And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noah opened the window of the ark which he had made: and he sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. Also he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth: then he put forth



The animals all went into the ark.

his hand, and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.

And he stayed yet another seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came in to him in the evening; and lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf pluckt off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove; which returned not again unto him any more.

And it came to pass in the six hundredth and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth: and Noah removed the covering of the ark, and

looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dry. And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month, was the earth dried.

And God spake unto Noah, saying, Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark.

And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth.

And God spake unto Noah, and to his sons with him, saying, And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; and with every living creature that is with you, of the fowl, of the cattle, and of every beast of the earth with you; from all that go out of the ark, to every beast of the earth. And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood; neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth.

And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud: and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.

THE WILD HERDS

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

Maurice Gerald, an Irishman who captures and tames wild horses on the prairies of Western Texas, has agreed to act as guide to a party of riders who wish to see the wild herds. With his Mexican helpers he brings his party to where a herd of wild mares is being pursued, and soon finds himself chasing Louise Poindexter. Away from the others, the two find themselves in the path of another herd—of wild stallions. By great presence of mind and courage Maurice saves himself and his companion.

This story is taken from "The Headless Horseman."

A TWENTY-MILE ride upon prairie turf is a mere bagatelle—before breakfast an airing. In Texas it is so regarded by man, woman, and horse.

It was accomplished in less than three hours—without further inconvenience than that which arose from performing the last few miles of it with appetites uncomfortably keen.

Fortunately the provision wagon, passed upon the road, came close upon their heels; and, long before the sun had attained the meridian line, the excursionists were in full picnic under the shade of a gigantic pecan-tree that stood near the banks of the Nueces.

No incident had occurred on the way—worth recording. The mustanger, as guide, had ridden habitually in the advance; the company, with one or two exceptions, thinking of him only in his official capacity—unless when startled by some feat of horsemanship—such as leaping clear over a prairie stream, or dry arroyo, which others were fain to ford, or cross by the crooked path.

There may have been a suspicion of bravado in this behaviour—a desire to exhibit. If so, there was also some excuse. Have you ever been in a hunting-field, at home, with riding habits trailing the sward, and plumed hats proudly nodding around you? Be cautious how you condemn the Texan mustanger. Reflect that he too was

under the artillery of bright eyes—a score pair of them. Think the Louise Poindexter's were among the number—think of that, and you will scarce feel surprised at the ambition to “shine.”

There were others equally demonstrative of personal accomplishments—of prowess that might prove manhood.

Had their guide held the prairies in complete control—its denizens subject to his secret will—responsible to time and place—he could not have conducted the excursionists to a spot more likely to furnish the sport that had summoned them forth.

The cry, “*Musteños!*” was heard above the hum of conversation, interrupting the half-spoken sentiment with the peal of merry laughter. It came from a Mexican *vaquero*, who had been stationed as a vidette on an eminence near at hand.

Maurice—at the moment partaking of the hospitality freely extended to him—suddenly quaffed off the cup; and springing to his saddle cried out—

“*Cavallada?*”

“No,” answered the Mexican; “*manada.*”

“What do the fellows mean by their gibberish?” inquired Captain Calhoun.

“*Musteños* is only the Mexican for mustangs,” replied the major; “and by *manada* he means they are wild mares—a drove of them. At this season they herd together, and keep apart from the horses; unless when——”

“When what?” impatiently asked the ex-officer, interrupting the explanation.

“When they are attacked by asses,” innocently answered the major.

A general peal of laughter rendered doubtful the naïveté of the major's response—imparting to it the suspicion of a personality not intended.

For a moment Calhoun writhed under the awkward misconception of the auditory; but only for a moment.

There was but short time for him to reflect upon it; the *manada* was drawing near.

“To the saddle!” was the thought upon every mind, and the cry upon every tongue.

The bit was rudely inserted between the teeth still industriously grinding the yellow corn; the bridle drawn over shoulders yet

smoking after the quick skurry of twenty miles through the close atmosphere of a tropical morn; and, before a hundred could have been deliberately counted, every one, ladies and gentlemen alike, was in the stirrup, ready to ply whip and spur.

By this time the wild mares appeared coming over the crest of the ridge upon which the vidette had been stationed. He, himself a horse-catcher by trade, was already mounted and in their midst—endeavouring to fling his lazo over one of the herd. They were going at a mad gallop, as if fleeing from a pursuer—some dreaded creature that was causing them to “whigher” and snort! With their eyes strained to the rear, they saw neither the sumpter wagon nor the equestrians clustering round it, but were continuing onward to the spot; which chanced to lie directly in the line of their flight.

“They are chased!” remarked Maurice, observing the excited action of the animals. “What is it, Crespino?” he cried out to the Mexican, who, from his position, must have seen any pursuer that might be after them.

There was a momentary pause, as the party awaited the response. In the crowd were countenances that betrayed uneasiness, some even alarm. It might be Indians who were in pursuit of the mustangs!

“*Un asino cimmaron!*” was the phrase that came from the mouth of the Mexican, though by no means terminating the suspense of the picnickers. “*Un macho!*” he added.

“Oh! That’s it! I thought it was!” muttered Maurice. “The rascal must be stopped, or he’ll spoil our sport. So long as he’s after them they’ll not make a halt this side the skyline. Is the *macho* coming on?”

“Close at hand, Don Mauricio. Making straight for myself.”

“Fling your rope over him, if you can. If not, cripple him with a shot—anything to put an end to his capers.”

The character of the pursuer was still a mystery to most, if not all, upon the ground: for only the mustanger knew the exact signification of the phrases—“*un asino cimmaron*,” “*un macho*.”

“Explain, Maurice!” commanded the major.

“Look yonder!”

The two words were sufficient. All eyes became directed towards the crest of the ridge, where an animal, usually regarded as the type of slowness and stupidity, was seen advancing with the swiftness of a bird upon the wing.

But very different is the *asino cimmaron* from the ass of civilisation—the donkey becudgelled into stolidity.

The one now in sight was a male, almost as large as any of the mustangs it was chasing; and if not fleet as the fleetest, still able to keep up with them by the sheer pertinacity of its pursuit!

The tableau of nature, thus presented on the green surface of the prairie, was as promptly produced as it could have been upon the stage of a theatre or the arena of a hippodrome.

Scarce a score of words had passed among the spectators before the wild mares were close up to them; and then, as if for the first time, perceiving the mounted party, they seemed to forget their dreaded pursuer, and shied off in a slanting direction.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" shouted the guide to a score of people endeavouring to restrain their steeds, "keep your places if you can. I know where the herd has its haunt. They are heading towards it now; and we shall find them again, with a better chance of a chase. If you pursue them at this moment they'll scatter into yonder chapparal; and ten to one if we evermore get sight of them. Hola, Señor Crespino! Send your bullet through that brute. He's near enough for your *escopette*, is he not?"

The Mexican, detaching a short gun—*escopeta*—from his saddle-flap, and hastily bringing its butt to his shoulder, fired at the wild ass.

The animal brayed on hearing the report; but only as if in defiance. He was evidently untouched. Crespino's bullet had not been truly aimed.

"I must stop him!" exclaimed Maurice, "or the mares will run on till the end of daylight."

As the mustanger spoke he struck the spur sharply into the flanks of his horse. Like an arrow projected from its bow, Castro shot off in pursuit of the jackass, now galloping regardlessly past.

Half a dozen springs of the blood bay, guided in a diagonal direction, brought his rider within casting distance; and like a flash of lightning, the loop of the lazo was seen descending over the long ears.

On launching it, the mustanger halted, and made a half-wheel—the horse going round as upon a pivot; and with a mechanical obedience to the will of his rider, bracing himself for expected pluck.

There was a short interval of intense expectation, as the wild ass,

careering onward, took up the slack of the rope. Then the animal was seen to rise erect on its hind-legs, and fall heavily backward upon the sward—where it lay motionless, and apparently as dead as if shot through the heart!

The incident caused a postponement of the chase. All awaited the action of the guide; who, after "throwing" the *macho*, had dismounted to recover his lazo.

He had succeeded in releasing the rope from the neck of the prostrate animal, when he was seen to coil it up with a quickness that betokened some new cause of excitement—at the same time that he ran to regain his saddle.

Only a few of the others—most being fully occupied with their own excited steeds—observed this show of haste on the part of the mustanger. Those who did saw it with surprise. He had counselled patience in the pursuit. They could perceive no cause for the eccentric change of tactics, unless it was that Louise Poindexter, mounted on the spotted mustang, had suddenly separated from the company, and was galloping off after the wild mares, as if resolved on being foremost in the field!

But the hunter of wild horses had not construed her conduct in this sense. That uncourteous start could scarce be an intention—except on the part of the spotted mustang? Maurice had recognised the *manada* as the same from which he had himself captured it: and no doubt, with the design of rejoining its old associates, it was running away with its rider!

So believed the guide; and the belief became instantly universal. Stirred by gallantry, half the field spurred off in pursuit.

In twenty minutes the tableau was changed. The same personages were upon the stage—the grand *tapis vert* of the prairie—but the grouping was different, or, at all events, the groups were more widely apart. The *manada* had gained distance upon the spotted mustang; the mustang upon the blood bay; and the blood bay—ah! his competitors were no longer in sight, or could only have been seen by the far-piercing eye of the *caracara*, soaring high in the sapphire heavens.

The wild mares—the mustang and its rider—the red horse and his—had the savannah to themselves!

For another mile the chase continued without much change.

The mares still swept on in full flight, though no longer screaming or in fear. The mustang still uttered an occasional neigh, which its old associates seemed not to notice; while its rider held her seat in the saddle unshaken, and without any apparent alarm.

The blood bay appeared more excited, though not so much as his master; who was beginning to show signs either of despondency or chagrin.

"Come, Castro!" he exclaimed, with a certain spitefulness of tone. "What the deuce is the matter with your heels—to-day of all others?"

Maurice rode on: his eyes now fixed upon the form still flitting away before him; at intervals interrogating, with uneasy glances, the space that separated him from it.

Up to this time he had not thought of hailing the rider of the runaway.

His shouts might have been heard; but no words of warning or instruction. He had refrained: partly on this account; partly because he was in momentary expectation of overtaking her; and partly because he knew that acts, not words, were wanted to bring the mustang to a stand.

All along he had been flattering himself that he would soon be near enough to fling his lazo over the creature's neck, and control it at discretion. He was gradually becoming relieved of this hallucination.

The chase now entered among copses that thickly studded the plain, fast closing into a continuous chapparal. This was a new source of uneasiness to the pursuer. The runaway might take to the thicket, or become lost to his view amid the windings of the wood.

A still more startling peril suggested itself to the mind of the mustanger—so startling as to find expression in excited speech.

"By heavens!" he ejaculated, his brow becoming more clouded than it had been from his first entering upon the chase, "*if the stallions should chance this way!* 'Tis their favourite stamping ground among these mottes. They were here but a week ago; and this—yes—'tis the month of their madness!"

The spur of the mustanger again drew blood, till its rowels were red; and Castro, galloping at his utmost speed, glanced back up-braidingly over his shoulder.

At this crisis the *manada* disappeared from the sight both of the

blood bay and his master; and most probably at the same time from that of the spotted mustang and its rider. There was nothing mysterious in it. The mares had entered between the closing of two copses, where the shrubbery hid them from view.

The effect produced upon the runaway appeared to proceed from some magical influence. As if their disappearance was a signal for discontinuing the chase, it suddenly slackened pace; and the instant after came to a standstill!

Maurice, continuing his gallop, came up with it in the middle of a meadow-like glade—standing motionless as marble—its rider, reins in hand, sitting silent in the saddle, in an attitude of easy elegance, as if waiting for him to ride up!

"Miss Poindexter!" he gasped out, as he spurred his steed within speaking distance: "I am glad that you have recovered command of that wild creature. I was beginning to be alarmed about——"

"About what, sir?" was the question that startled the mustanger.

"Your safety—of course," he replied, somewhat stammeringly.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Gerald; but I was not aware of having been in any danger. Was I really so?"

"Any danger!" echoed the Irishman, with increased astonishment. "On the back of a runaway mustang—in the middle of a pathless prairie!"

"To speak truth," continued the young lady, with an air of charming simplicity, "I was not sorry at being run off with. One sometimes gets tired of too much talk—of the kind called complimentary. I wanted fresh air, and to be alone. So you see, Mr. Gerald, it was rather a bit of good fortune: since it saved explanations and adieus."

She heard a shrill scream, succeeded by another and another, close followed by a loud hammering of hoofs—the conjunction of sounds causing the still atmosphere to vibrate around her.

It was no mystery to the hunter of horses. The words that came quick from his lips were a direct answer to the question she had put.

"*The wild stallions!*" he exclaimed, in a tone that betokened alarm. "I knew they must be among these mottes; and they are!"

"They are only mustangs!"

"True, and at other times there is no cause to fear them. But just now, at this season of the year, they become as savage as tigers

and equally as vindictive. The wild steed in his rage is an enemy more to be dreaded than wolf, panther, or bear."

"What are we to do?" inquired the young lady, now, for the first time, giving proof that she felt fear—by riding close up to the man who had once before rescued her from a situation of peril, and gazing anxiously in his face as she awaited the answer.

"If they should charge upon us," answered Maurice, "there are but two ways of escape. One, by ascending a tree and abandoning our horses to their fury."

"The other?"

"To trust to the fleetness of our horses. Unfortunately," with a glance towards the spotted mare, and then at his own horse, "they've had too much work this morning. Both are badly blown. That will be our greatest source of danger. The wild steeds are sure to be fresh."

"Do you intend us to start now?"

"Not yet. The longer we can breathe our animals the better. The stallions may not come this way; or if so, may not molest us. It will depend on their mood at the moment. If battling among themselves, we may look out for their attack. Then they have lost their reason—if I may so speak—and will recklessly rush upon one of their own kind—even with a man upon his back. Ha! 'tis as I expected: they are in conflict. I can tell by their cries! And driving this way too!"

"But, Mr. Gerald, why should we not ride off at once, in the opposite direction?"

"'Twould be of no use. There's no cover to conceal us on that side—nothing but open plain. They'd be out upon it before we could get a sufficient start, and would soon overtake us. The place we must make for—the only safe one I can think of—lies the other way. They are now upon the direct path to it, if I can judge by what I hear; and, if we start too soon, we may ride into their teeth. We must wait, and try to steal away behind them. If we succeed in getting past, and can keep our distance for a two-mile gallop, I know a spot where we shall be safe."

The two sat expectant in their saddles—she, apparently, with more confidence than he: for she confided in him. Still but imperfectly comprehending it, she knew there must be some great

danger. When such a man showed sign of fear, it could not be otherwise. She had a secret happiness in thinking that a portion of this fear was for her own safety.

"I think we may venture now," said her companion, after a short period spent in listening; "they appear to have passed the opening by which we must make our retreat. Look well to your riding, I entreat you! Keep a firm seat in the saddle, and a sure hold of the rein. Gallop by my side, where the ground will admit of it; but in no case let more than the length of my horse's tail be between us. I must perforce go ahead to guide the way. Hal they are coming direct for the glade. They're already close to its edge. Our time is up!"

The profound stillness that but a short while before pervaded the prairie no longer reigned over it. In its stead had arisen a fracas that resembled the outpouring of some overcrowded asylum; for in the shrill neighing of the steeds might have been fancied the screams of maniacs—only ten times more vociferous. They were mingled with a thunder-like hammering of hoofs—a swishing and crashing of branches—savage snorts, accompanied by the sharp snapping of teeth—the dull thud of heels coming in contact with ribs and rounded hips—squealing that betokened spite or pain—all forming a combination of sounds that jarred harshly upon the ear and caused the earth to quake, as if oscillating upon its orbit!

It told of a terrible conflict carried on by the wild stallions; who, still unseen, were fighting indiscriminately among themselves, as they held their way among the mottes.

Not much longer unseen. As Maurice gave the signal to start, the speckled crowd showed itself in an opening between two copses. In a moment more it filled the gangway-like gap, and commenced disgorging into the glade with the impetus of an avalanche!

It was composed of living forms—the most beautiful known in nature: for in this man must give way to the horse. Not the horse of civilisation, with hunched shoulders, bandied limbs, and bowed frontlet—scarce one in a thousand of true equine shape—but the wild steed of the savannahs, foaled upon the green grass, his form left free to develop as the flowers that shed their fragrance around him.

Eye never beheld a more splendid sight than a *cavallada* of wild stallions, prancing upon a prairie; especially at that season, when,

stirred by strong passions, they seek to destroy one another. The spectacle is more than splendid—it is fearful. Still more when the spectator views it from an exposed position, liable to become the object of their attack.

In such situation were the riders of the blood bay and spotted mustang. The former knew it by past experience—the latter could not fail to perceive it by the evidence before her.

“This way!” cried Maurice, lancing his horse’s flanks with the spur, and bending so as to oblique to the rear of the *cavallada*.

“By heaven—they’ve discovered us! On—on! Miss Poindexter! Remember you are riding for your life!”

The stimulus of speech was not needed. The behaviour of the stallions was of itself sufficient to show that speed alone could save the spotted mustang and its rider.

On coming out into the open ground, and getting sight of the ridden horses, they had suddenly desisted from their internecine strife; and, as if acting under the orders of some skilled leader, come to a halt. In line, too, like cavalry checked up in the middle of a charge!

For a time their mutual hostility seemed to be laid aside—as if they felt called upon to attack a common enemy, or resist some common danger!

The pause may have proceeded from surprise; but, whether or no, it was favourable to the fugitives. During the twenty seconds it continued the latter made good use of their time, and accomplished the circuit required to put them on the path to safety.

Only on the path, however. Their escape was still problematical: for the steeds, perceiving their intention, wheeled suddenly into the line of pursuit, and went galloping after, with snorts and screams that betrayed a spiteful determination to overtake them.

From that moment it became a straight unchanging chase across country—a trial of speed between the horses without riders and the horses that were ridden.

At intervals did Maurice carry his chin to his shoulder; and though still preserving the distance gained at the start, his look was not the less one of apprehension.

Alone he would have laughed to scorn his pursuers. He knew that the blood bay—himself a prairie steed—could surpass any

competitor of his race. But the mare was delaying him. She was galloping slower than he had ever seen her—as if unwilling or not coveting escape—like a horse with his head turned away from home!

“What can it mean?” muttered the mustanger, as he checked his pace to accommodate it to that of his companion. “If there should be any baulk at the crossing we’re lost! A score of seconds will make the difference.”

“We keep our distance, don’t we?” inquired his fellow-fugitive, noticing his troubled look.

“So far, yes. Unfortunately there’s an obstruction ahead. It remains to be seen how we shall get over it. I’m not so sure of the mare. You know her better than I. Do you think she can carry you over——”

“Over what, sir?”

“You’ll see in a second. We should be near the place now.”

The conversation thus carried on was between two individuals riding side by side, and going at a gallop of nearly a mile to the minute!

As the guide had predicted, they soon came within sight of the obstruction; which proved to be an arroyo—a yawning fissure in the plain, full fifteen feet in width, as many in depth, and trending on each side to the verge of vision.

To turn aside, either to the right or left, would be to give the pursuers the advantage of the diagonal; which the fugitives could no longer afford.

The chasm must be crossed, or the stallions would overtake them.

It could only be crossed by a leap—fifteen feet at the least. Maurice knew that his own horse could go over it—he had done it before. But the mare?

Without even waiting for the stimulus of example, the courageous Creole rode recklessly at the arroyo and cleared it.

Cleverly as the chasm was crossed, it did not insure the safety of the fugitives. It would be no obstruction to the steeds. Maurice knew it, and looked back with undiminished apprehension.

Rather was it increased. The delay, short as it was, had given the pursuers an advantage. They were nearer than ever! They would not be likely to make a moment’s pause, but clear the crevasse at a single bound of their sure-footed gallop.

And then—what then?

The mustanger put the question to himself. He grew paler, as the reply puzzled him.

On alighting from the leap, he had not paused for a second, but gone galloping on—as before, close followed by his fugitive companion. His pace, however, was less impetuous. He seemed to ride with irresolution, or as if some half-formed resolve was restraining him.

When about a score lengths from the edge of the arroyo, he reined up and wheeled round—as if he suddenly formed the determination to ride back!

"Miss Poindexter!" he called out to the young lady, at that moment just up with him, "you must ride on alone."

"But why, sir?" asked she, as she jerked the muzzle of the mustang close up to its counter, bringing it almost instantaneously to a stand.

"If we keep together we shall be overtaken. I must do something to stay those savage brutes. Here there is a chance—nowhere else. For heaven's sake don't question me! Ten seconds of lost time, and 'twill be too late. Look ahead yonder. You perceive the sheen of water. 'Tis a prairie pond. Ride straight towards it. You will find yourself between two high fences. They come together at the pond. You'll see a gap with bars. If I'm not up in time, gallop through, dismount, and put the bars up behind you."

"And you, sir? You are going to undergo some great danger!"

"Have no fear for me! Alone I shall run but little risk. 'Tis the mustang—— For mercy's sake, gallop forward! Keep the water under your eyes. Let it guide you like a beacon fire. Remember to close the gap behind you. Away—away!"

For a second or two the young lady appeared irresolute—as if reluctant to part company with the man who was making such efforts to ensure her safety—perhaps at the peril of his own.

By good fortune she was not one of those timid maidens who turn frantic at a crisis, and drag to the bottom the swimmer who would save them. She had faith in the capability of her counsellor—believed that he knew what he was about—and, once more spurring the mare into a gallop, she rode off in a direct line for the prairie pond.

At the same instant Maurice had given the rein to his horse, and was riding in the opposite direction—back to the place where they had leaped the arroyo!

On parting from his companion he had drawn from his saddle holster the finest weapon ever wielded upon the prairies—either for attack or defence against Indian, buffalo, or bear. It was the six-chambered revolver of Colonel Colt—the genuine article from the “land of wooden nutmegs,” with the Hartford brand upon its breech.

“They must get over the narrow place where we crossed,” muttered he, as he faced towards the stallions, still advancing on the other side of the arroyo.

“If I can but fling one of them in his tracks it may hinder the others from attempting to leap; or delay them—long enough for the mustang to make his escape. The big sorrel is leading. He will make the spring first. The pistol’s good for a hundred paces, He’s within range now!”

Simultaneous with the last words came the crack of the six-shooter. The largest of the stallions—a sorrel in colour—rolled headlong upon the sward; his carcass falling transversely across the line that led to the leap.

Half a dozen others, close following, were instantly brought to a stand; and then the whole *cavallada*!

The mustanger stayed not to note their movements. Taking advantage of the confusion caused by the fall of their leader, he reserved the fire of the other five chambers; and, wheeling to the west, spurred on after the spotted mustang, now far on its way towards the glistening pond.

Whether dismayed by the fall of their chief—or whether it was that his dead body had hindered them from approaching the only place where the chasm could have been cleared at a leap—the stallions abandoned the pursuit; and Maurice had the prairie to himself as he swept on after his fellow fugitive.

He overtook her beyond the convergence of the fences on the shore of the pond. She had obeyed him in everything—except as to the closing of the gap. He found it open—the bars lying scattered over the ground. He found her still seated in the saddle, relieved from all apprehension for his safety, and only trembling with a gratitude that longed to find expression in speech.

The peril was passed.

THE BLACK BEAR OF THE HURONS

By J. FENIMORE COOPER

Major Duncan Heyward visits the camp of Magua, the chief of a band of cruel Huron braves. Magua holds captive Uncas, who provides the title for "The Last of the Mohicans," the book from which this story is taken, and also some white women. Heyward pretends to be a doctor, and as such is accepted by Magua, but he is alarmed when a black bear takes an interest in his doings. He has for the moment forgotten that Hawk-eye, a famous scout, is in the district.

MAGUA, raising his arm, shook it at the captive—the light silver ornaments attached to his bracelet rattling with the trembling agitation of the limb, as, in a tone of vengeance, he exclaimed, in English—

"Mohican, you die!"

"The healing waters will never bring the dead Hurons to life," returned Uncas, in the music of the Delawares; "the tumbling river washes their bones; their men are squaws; their women owls. Go—call together the Huron dogs, that they may look upon a warrior. My nostrils are offended; they scent the blood of a coward."

The latter allusion struck deep, and the injury rankled. One warrior in particular, a man of wild and ferocious mien, had been conspicuous for the attention he had given to the words of the speaker. His countenance had changed with each passing emotion, until it settled into a look of deadly malice. He arose, and uttering the yell of a demon, his polished little axe was seen glancing in the torchlight as he whirled it above his head. The motion and the cry were too sudden for words to interrupt his bloody intention. It appeared as if a bright gleam shot from his hand, which was crossed at the same

moment by a dark and powerful line. The former was the tomahawk in its passage; the latter the arm that Magua darted forward to divert its aim. The quick and ready motion of the chief was not entirely too late. The keen weapon cut the war-plume from the scalping tuft of Uncas, and passed through the frail wall of the lodge as though it were hurled from some formidable engine.

Duncan had seen the threatening action, and sprang upon his feet with a heart which, while it leaped into his throat, swelled with the most generous resolution in behalf of his friend. A glance told him that the blow had failed, and terror changed to admiration. Uncas stood still, looking his enemy in the eye with features that seemed superior to emotion. Marble could not be colder, calmer, or steadier than the countenance he put upon this sudden and vindictive attack. Then, as if pitying a want of skill which had proved so fortunate to himself, he smiled, and muttered a few words of contempt.

"No!" said Magua, after satisfying himself of the safety of the captive; "the sun must shine on his shame; the squaws must see his flesh tremble, or our revenge will be like the play of boys. Go—take him where there is silence; let us see if a Delaware can sleep at night, and in the morning die."

The young men whose duty it was to guard the prisoner instantly passed their ligaments of bark across his arms, and led him from the lodge, amid a profound and ominous silence. It was only as the figure of Uncas stood in the opening of the door that his firm step hesitated. There he turned, and, in the sweeping and haughty glance that he threw around the circle of his enemies, Duncan caught a look, which he was glad to construe into an expression that he was not entirely deserted by hope.

Magua was content with his success. Shaking his mantle, and folding it on his bosom, he also quitted the place, without pursuing a subject which might have proved so fatal to the individual at his elbow.

When the chief who had solicited the aid of Duncan finished his pipe, he made a final and successful movement towards departing. A motion of a finger was the intimation he gave the supposed physician to follow; and passing through the clouds of smoke Duncan was glad, on more accounts than one, to be able, at last, to breathe the pure air of a cool and refreshing summer evening.

Instead of pursuing his way among those lodges where Heyward had already made his unsuccessful search, his companion turned aside, and proceeded directly towards the base of an adjacent mountain, which overhung the temporary village. A thicket of brush skirted its foot, and it became necessary to proceed through a crooked and narrow path. The boys had resumed their sports in the clearing, and were enacting a mimic chase to the post among themselves. In order to render their games as like the reality as possible, one of the boldest of their number had conveyed a few brands into some piles of treetops that had hitherto escaped the burning. The blaze of one of these fires lighted the way of the chief and Duncan and gave a character of additional wildness to the rude scenery. At a little distance from a bald rock, and directly in its front, they entered a grassy opening which they prepared to cross. Just then fresh fuel was added to the fire, and a powerful light penetrated even to that distant spot. It fell upon the white surface of the mountain, and was reflected downwards upon a dark and mysterious-looking being that arose, unexpectedly, in their path.

The Indian paused, as if doubtful whether to proceed, and permitted his companion to approach his side. A large black ball, which at first seemed stationary, now began to move in a manner that to the latter was inexplicable. Again the fire brightened, and its glare fell more distinctly on the object. Then even Duncan knew it, by its restless and sideling attitudes, which kept the upper part of its form in constant motion, while the animal itself appeared seated, to be a bear. Though it growled loudly and fiercely, and there were instants when its glistening eyeballs might be seen, it gave no other indications of hostility. The Huron, at least, seemed assured that the intentions of this singular intruder were peaceable, for, after giving it an attentive examination, he quietly pursued his course.

Duncan, who knew that the animal was often domesticated among the Indians, followed the example of his companion, believing that some favourite of the tribe had found its way into the thicket, in search of food. They passed it unmolested. Though obliged to come nearly in contact with the monster, the Huron, who had at first so warily determined the character of his strange visitor, was now content with proceeding without wasting a moment in further examination; but Heyward was unable to prevent his eyes from

looking backward, in salutary watchfulness against attacks in the rear. His uneasiness was in no degree diminished when he perceived the beast rolling along their path, and following their footsteps. He would have spoken, but the Indian at that moment shoved aside a door of bark, and entered a cavern in the bosom of the mountain.

Profiting by so easy a method of retreat, Duncan stepped after him, and was gladly closing the slight cover to the opening when he felt it drawn from his hand by the beast, whose shaggy form immediately darkened the passage. They were now in a straight and long gallery, in a chasm of the rocks, where retreat without encountering the animal was impossible. Making the best of the circumstances, the young man pressed forward, keeping as close as possible to his conductor. The bear growled frequently at his heels, and once or twice its enormous paws were laid on his person, as if disposed to prevent his further passage into the den.

How long the nerves of Heyward would have sustained him in this extraordinary situation it might be difficult to decide; for, happily, he soon found relief. A glimmer of light had constantly been in their front, and they now arrived at the place whence it proceeded.

A large cavity in the rock had been rudely fitted to answer the purposes of many apartments. The subdivisions were simple but ingenious, being composed of stone, sticks, and bark, intermingled. Openings above admitted the light by day, and at night fires and torches supplied the place of the sun. Hither the Hurons had brought most of their valuables, especially those which more particularly pertained to the nation; and hither, as it now appeared, the sick woman, who was believed to be the victim of supernatural power, had been transported also, under an impression that her tormentor would find more difficulty in making his assaults through walls of stone than through the leafy coverings of the lodges. The apartment into which Duncan and his guide first entered, had been exclusively devoted to her accommodation. The latter approached her bedside, which was surrounded by females, in the centre of whom Heyward was surprised to find his missing friend David.

A single look was sufficient to apprise the pretended leech that the invalid was far beyond his powers of healing. She lay in a sort of paralysis, indifferent to the objects which crowded before her sight, and happily unconscious of suffering. Heyward was far from regret-

ting that his mummeries were to be performed on one who was much too ill to take an interest in their failure or success. The slight qualm of conscience which had been excited by the intended deception was instantly appeased, and he began to collect his thoughts, in order to enact his part with suitable spirit, when he found he was about to be anticipated in his skill by an attempt to prove the power of music.

Gamut, who had stood prepared to pour forth his spirit in song, when the visitors entered, after delaying a moment, drew a strain from his pipe, and commenced a hymn that might have worked a miracle, had faith in its efficacy been of much avail. He was allowed to proceed to the close, the Indians respecting his imaginary infirmity, and Duncan too glad of the delay to hazard the slightest interruption. As the dying cadence of his strains was falling on the ears of the latter, he started aside at hearing them repeated behind him, in a voice half human and half sepulchral. Looking around he beheld the shaggy monster seated on end in a shadow of the cavern, where, while his restless body swung in the uneasy manner of the animal, it repeated, in a sort of low growl, sounds, if not words, which bore some slight resemblance to the melody of the singer.

The effect of so strange an echo on David may better be imagined than described. His eyes opened as if he doubted their truth; and his voice became instantly mute in excess of wonder. A deep-laid scheme, of communicating some important intelligence to Heyward, was driven from his recollection by an emotion which very nearly resembled fear, but which he was fain to believe was admiration. Under its influence, he exclaimed aloud—"She expects you, and is at hand," and precipitately left the cavern.

There was a strange blending of the ridiculous with that which was solemn in the scene. The beast still continued its rolling, and, apparently untiring movements, though its ludicrous attempt to imitate the melody of David ceased the instant the latter abandoned the field. The words of Gamut were, as has been seen, in his native tongue; and to Duncan they seemed pregnant with some hidden meaning, though nothing present assisted him in discovering the object of their allusion. A speedy end was, however, put to every conjecture on the subject, by the manner of the chief, who advanced to the bedside of the invalid, and beckoned away the whole group of female attendants that had clustered there to witness the skill of

the stranger. He was implicitly obeyed; and when the low echo which rang along the hollow, natural gallery, from the distant closing door, had ceased, pointing towards his insensible daughter, he said—

“Now let my brother show his power.”

Thus unequivocally called on to exercise the functions of his assumed character, Heyward was apprehensive that the smallest delay might prove dangerous. Endeavouring then to collect his ideas, he prepared to perform that species of incantation, and those uncouth rites under which the Indian conjurors are accustomed to conceal their ignorance and impotency. It is more than probable that, in the disordered state of his thoughts, he would soon have fallen into some suspicious, if not fatal error, had not his incipient attempts been interrupted by a fierce growl from the quadruped. Three several times did he renew his efforts to proceed, and as often was he met by the same unaccountable opposition, each interruption seeming more savage and threatening than the preceding.

“The cunning ones are jealous,” said the Huron; “I go. Brother, the woman is the wife of one of my bravest young men; deal justly by her. Peace,” he added, beckoning to the discontented beast to be quiet; “I go.”

The chief was as good as his word, and Duncan now found himself alone in that wild and desolate abode, with the helpless invalid, and the fierce and dangerous brute. The latter listened to the movements of the Indian with that air of sagacity that a bear is known to possess, until another echo announced that he had also left the cavern, when it turned and came waddling up to Duncan, before whom it seated itself, in its natural attitude, erect like a man. The youth looked anxiously about him for some weapon, with which he might make a resistance against the attack he now seriously expected.

It seemed, however, as if the humour of the animal had suddenly changed. Instead of continuing its discontented growls, or manifesting any further signs of anger, the whole of its shaggy body shook violently, as if agitated by some strange internal convulsion. The huge and unwieldy talons pawed stupidly about the grinning muzzle, and while Heyward kept his eyes riveted on its movements with jealous watchfulness, the grim head fell on one side, and in its place appeared the honest, sturdy countenance of the scout, who was

indulging, from the bottom of his soul, in his own peculiar expression of merriment.

"Hist!" said the wary woodsman, interrupting Heyward's exclamation of surprise; "the varlets are about the place, and any sounds that are not natural to witchcraft would bring them back upon us."

"Tell me the meaning of this masquerade, and why you have attempted so desperate an adventure?"

"Ah! reason and calculation are often outdone by accident," returned the scout. "But as a story should always commence at the beginning, I will tell you the whole in order. After we parted I placed the commandant and the Sagamore in an old beaver lodge, where they are safer from the Hurons than they would be in the garrison of Edward; for your high north-west Indians, not having as yet got the traders among them, continue to venerate the beaver. After which Uncas and I pushed for the other encampment, as was agreed; have you seen the lad?"

"To my great grief!—he is captive, and condemned to die at the rising of the sun."

"I had misgivings that such would be his fate," resumed the scout, in a less confident and joyous tone. But soon regaining his naturally firm voice, he continued—"His bad fortune is the true reason of my being here, for it would never do to abandon such a boy to the Hurons. A rare time the knaves would have of it, could they tie 'The bounding Elk' and 'The long Carabine,' as they call me, to the same stake! Though why they have given me such a name I never knew, there being as little likeness between the gifts of 'Kill-deer' and the performance of one of your real Canada carabynes, as there is between the natur' of a pipe-stone and a flint!"

"Keep to your tale," said the impatient Heyward; "we know not at what moment the Hurons may return."

"No fear of them. A conjuror must have his time, like a straggling priest in the settlements. We are as safe from interruption as a missionary would be at the beginning of a two hours' discourse. Well, Uncas and I fell in with a return party of the varlets; the lad was much too forward for a scout; nay, for that matter, being of hot blood, he was not so much to blame; and, after all, one of the Hurons proved a coward, and in fleeing led him into an ambushment."

"And dearly has he paid for the weakness!"

The scout significantly passed his hand across his own throat, and nodded, as if he said, "I comprehend your meaning." After which he continued, in a more audible though scarcely more intelligible language.

"After the loss of the boy I turned upon the Hurons, as you may judge. There have been skirmishes atween one or two of their outlyers and myself; but that is neither here nor there. So, after I had shot the imps, I got in pretty nigh to the lodges without further commotion. Then what should luck do in my favour, but lead me to the very spot where one of the most famous conjurors of the tribe was dressing himself, as I well knew, for some great battle with Satan—though why should I call that luck, which it now seems was an especial ordering of Providence. So a judgmatical rap over the head stiffened the lying impostor for a time, and leaving him a bit of walnut for his supper to prevent an uproar, and stringing him up atween two saplings, I made free with his finery, and took the part of the bear on myself in order that the operations might proceed."

"And admirably did you enact the character; the animal itself might have been shamed by the representation."

"Lord, major," returned the flattered woodsman, "I should be but a poor scholar for one who has studied so long in the wilderness did I not know how to set forth the movements and natur' of such a beast. Had it been now a catamount or even a full-sized panther, I would have embellished a performance for you worth regarding. But it is no such marvellous feat to exhibit the feats of so dull a beast; though, for that matter, too, a bear may be over-acted. Yes, yes; it is not every imitator that knows natur' may be outdone easier than she is equalled. But all our work is yet before us: where is the gentle one?"

"Heaven knows; I have examined every lodge in the village, without discovering the slightest trace of her presence in the tribe."

"You heard what the singer said as he left us: 'She is at hand and expects you.'"

"I have been compelled to believe he alluded to this unhappy woman."

"The simpleton was frightened and blundered through his message; but he had a deeper meaning. Here are walls enough to separate the whole settlement. A bear ought to climb; therefore will

I take a look above them. There may be honey-pots hid in these rocks, and I am a beast, you know, that has a hankering for the sweets."

The scout looked behind him, laughing at his own conceit, while he clambered up the partition, imitating as he went, the clumsy motions of the beast he represented; but the instant the summit was gained he made a gesture for silence, and slid down with the utmost precipitation.

"She is here," he whispered, "and by that door you will find her. I would have spoken a word of comfort to the afflicted soul; but the sight of such a monster might upset her reason. Though for that matter, major, you are none of the most inviting yourself in your paint."

Duncan, who had already sprung eagerly forward, drew instantly back on hearing these discouraging words.

"Am I, then, so very revolting?" he demanded with an air of chagrin.

"You might not startle a wolf or turn the Royal Americans from a charge; but I have seen the time when you had a better-favoured look; your streaked countenance are not ill-judged of by the squaws, but young women of white blood give the preference to their own colour. See," he added, pointing to a place where the water trickled from a rock, forming a little crystal spring before it found an issue through the adjacent crevices; "you may easily get rid of the Sagamore's daub, and when you come back I will try my hand at a new embellishment. It's as common for a conjuror to alter his paint as for a buck in the settlement to change his finery."

The deliberate woodsman had little occasion to hunt for arguments to enforce his advice. He was yet speaking when Duncan availed himself of the water. In a moment every frightful or offensive mark was obliterated, and the youth appeared again in the lineaments with which he had been gifted by nature. Thus prepared for an interview with his mistress, he took a hasty leave of his companion, and disappeared through the indicated passage. The scout witnessed his departure with complacency, nodding his head after him, and muttering his good wishes; after which he very coolly set about an examination of the state of the larder, among the Hurons—the cavern, among other purposes, being used as a receptacle for the fruits of their hunts.

URSUS AND HOMO

By VICTOR HUGO

Ursus, the wandering conjurer, fair-ground showman, and philosopher, and Homo, the tame wolf who pulled his tiny caravan and was his only companion, were a strangely consorted couple on the roads and lanes of England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. They provide one of the main themes in the great French novelist's story, "The Laughing Man," from which this narrative is taken.

URSUS and Homo were fast friends. Ursus was a man, Homo a wolf. Their dispositions tallied. It was the man who had christened the wolf: probably he had also chosen his own name. Having found *Ursus* fit for himself, he had found *Homo* fit for the beast. Man and wolf turned their partnership to account at fairs, at village fêtes, at the corners of streets where passers-by throng, and out of the need which people seem to feel everywhere to listen to idle gossip and to buy quack medicine. The wolf, gentle and courteously subordinate, diverted the crowd. It is a pleasant thing to behold the tameness of animals. Our greatest delight is to see all the varieties of domestication parade before us. This it is which collects so many folks on the road of royal processions.

Ursus and Homo went from cross-road to cross-road, from the High Street of Aberystwith to the High Street of Jedburgh, from country-side to country-side, from shire to shire, from town to town. One market exhausted, they went on to another. Ursus lived in a small van upon wheels, which Homo was civilized enough to draw by day and guard by night. On bad roads, up hills, and where there were too many ruts, or there was too much mud, the man buckled the trace round his neck and pulled fraternally, side by side with the wolf. They had thus grown old together. They encamped at haphazard on a common, in the glade of a wood, on the waste patch of grass where roads intersect, at the outskirts of villages, at

the gates of towns, in market-places, in public walks, on the borders of parks, before the entrances of churches. When the cart drew up on a fair green, when the gossips ran up open-mouthed and the curious made a circle round the pair, Ursus harangued and Homo approved. Homo, with a bowl in his mouth, politely made a collection among the audience. They gained their livelihood. The wolf was lettered, likewise the man. The wolf had been trained by the man, or had trained himself unassisted, to divers wolfish arts, which swelled the receipts. "Above all things, do not degenerate into a man," his friend would say to him.

Never did the wolf bite: the man did now and then. At least, to bite was the intent of Ursus. He was a misanthrope, and to italicize his misanthropy he had made himself a juggler. To live, also; for the stomach has to be consulted. Moreover, this juggler-misanthrope, whether to add to the complexity of his being or to perfect it, was a doctor. To be a doctor is little: Ursus was a ventriloquist. You heard him speak without moving his lips. He counterfeited, so as to deceive you, anyone's accent or pronunciation. He imitated voices so exactly that you believed you heard the people themselves. All alone he simulated the murmur of a crowd, and this gave him a right to the title of Engastrimythos, which he took. He reproduced all sorts of cries of birds, as of the thrush, the wren, the pipit lark, otherwise called the grey cheeper, and the ring ousel, all travellers like himself: so that at times when the fancy struck him, he made you aware either of a public thoroughfare filled with the uproar of men, or of a meadow loud with the voices of beasts—at one time stormy as a multitude, at another fresh and serene as the dawn. Such gifts, although rare, exist. In the last century a man called Touzel, who imitated the mingled utterances of men and animals, and who counterfeited the cries of beasts, was attached to the person of Buffon—to serve as a menagerie.

Ursus was sagacious, contradictory, odd, and inclined to the singular expositions which we term fables. He had the appearance of believing in them, and this impudence was a part of his humour. He read people's hands, opened books at random and drew conclusions, told fortunes, taught that it is perilous to meet a black mare, still more perilous, as you start for a journey, to hear yourself accosted by one who knows not whither you are going; and he called himself

a dealer in superstitions. He used to say: "There is one difference between me and the Archbishop of Canterbury: I avow what I am." Hence it was that the archbishop, justly indignant, had him one day before him; but Ursus cleverly disarmed his grace by reciting a sermon he had composed upon Christmas Day, which the delighted archbishop learnt by heart, and delivered from the pulpit as his own. In consideration thereof the archbishop pardoned Ursus.

As a doctor, Ursus wrought cures by some means or other. He made use of aromatics; he was versed in simples; he made the most of the immense power which lies in a heap of neglected plants, such as the hazel, the catkin, the white alder, the white bryony, the mealy-tree, the traveller's joy, the buckthorn. He treated phthisis with the sundew; at opportune moments he would use the leaves of the spurge, which plucked at the bottom are a purgative and plucked at the top, an emetic. He cured sore throat by means of the vegetable excrescence called Jew's ear. He knew the rush which cures the ox and the mint which cures the horse. He was well acquainted with the beauties and virtues of the herb mandragora, which, as every one knows, is of both sexes. He had many recipes. He cured burns with the salamander wool, of which, according to Pliny, Nero had a napkin. Ursus possessed a retort and a flask; he effected transmutations; he sold panaceas. It was said of him that he had once been for a short time in Bedlam; they had done him the honour to take him for a madman, but had set him free on discovering that he was only a poet. This story was probably not true; we have all to submit to some such legend about us.

To sum up, Ursus was not one of those persons who live in fear of the police. His van was long enough and wide enough to allow of his lying down in it on a box containing his not very sumptuous apparel. He owned a lantern, several wigs, and some utensils suspended from nails, among which were musical instruments. He possessed, besides, a bearskin with which he covered himself on his days of grand performance. He called this putting on full dress. He used to say, "I have two skins; this is the real one," pointing to the bearskin.

The little house on wheels belonged to himself and to the wolf. Besides his house, his retort, and his wolf, he had a flute and a violoncello on which he played prettily. He concocted his own

elixirs. His wits yielded him enough to sup on sometimes. In the top of his van was a hole, through which passed the pipe of a cast-iron stove; so close to his box as to scorch the wood of it. The stove had two compartments; in one of them Ursus cooked his chemicals, and in the other his potatoes. At night the wolf slept under the van, amicably secured by a chain. Homo's hair was black, that of Ursus grey; Ursus was fifty, unless, indeed, he was sixty. He accepted his destiny, to such an extent that, as we have just seen, he ate potatoes, the trash on which at that time they fed pigs and convicts. He ate them indignant, but resigned. He was not tall—he was long. He was bent and melancholy. The bowed frame of an old man is the settlement in the architecture of life. Nature had formed him for sadness. He found it difficult to smile, and he had never been able to weep, so that he was deprived of the consolation of tears as well as of the palliative of joy. An old man is a thinking ruin; and such a ruin was Ursus. He had the loquacity of a charlatan, the leanness of a prophet, the irascibility of a charged mine: such was Ursus. In his youth he had been a philosopher in the house of a lord.

This was 180 years ago, when men were more like wolves than they are now.

Not so very much though.

Homo was no ordinary wolf. From his appetite for medlars and potatoes he might have been taken for a prairie wolf; from his dark hide, for a lycaon; and from his howl prolonged into a bark, for a dog of Chili. But no one has yet observed the eyeball of a dog of Chili sufficiently to enable us to determine whether he be not a fox, and Homo was a real wolf. He was five feet long, which is a fine length for a wolf, even in Lithuania; he was very strong; he looked at you askance, which was not his fault; he had a soft tongue, with which he occasionally licked Ursus; he had a narrow brush of short bristles on his backbone, and he was lean with the wholesome leanness of a forest life. Before he knew Ursus and had a carriage to draw, he thought nothing of doing his fifty miles a night. Ursus meeting him in a thicket near a stream of running water, had conceived a high opinion of him from seeing the skill and sagacity with which he fished out crayfish, and welcomed him as an honest and genuine Koupara wolf of the kind called crab-eater.

As a beast of burden, Ursus preferred Homo to a donkey. He

would have felt repugnance to having his hut drawn by an ass; he thought too highly of the ass for that. Moreover he had observed that the ass, a four-legged thinker little understood by men, has a habit of cocking his ears uneasily when philosophers talk nonsense. In life the ass is a third person between our thoughts and ourselves, and acts as a restraint. As a friend, Ursus preferred Homo to a dog, considering that the love of a wolf is more rare.

Hence it was that Homo sufficed for Ursus. Homo was for Ursus more than a companion, he was an analogue. Ursus used to pat the wolf's empty ribs, saying: "I have found the second volume of



Ursus, with Homo watching, brews a remedy.

myself!" Again he said, "When I am dead, anyone wishing to know me need only study Homo. I shall leave a true copy behind me."

The English law, not very lenient to beasts of the forest, might have picked a quarrel with the wolf, and have put him to trouble for his assurance in going freely about the towns: but Homo took advantage of the immunity granted by a statute of Edward IV to servants: "Every servant in attendance on his master is free to come and go." Besides, a certain relaxation of the law had resulted with regard to wolves, in consequence of its being the fashion of the ladies of the Court, under the later Stuarts, to have, instead of dogs, little wolves, called adives, about the size of cats, which were brought from Asia at great cost.

Ursus had communicated to Homo a portion of his talents: such as to stand upright, to restrain his rage into sulkiness, to growl instead of howling, etc.; and on his part, the wolf had taught the man what *he* knew—to do without a roof, without bread and fire, to prefer hunger in the woods to slavery in a palace.

The van, hut, and vehicle in one, which traversed so many different roads, without, however, leaving Great Britain, had four wheels, with shafts for the wolf and a splinter-bar for the man. The splinter-bar came into use when the roads were bad. The van was strong, although it was built of light boards like a dove-cot. In front there was a glass door with a little balcony used for orations, which had something of the character of the platform tempered by an air of the pulpit. At the back there was a door with a practicable panel. By lowering the three steps which turned on a hinge below the door, access was gained to the hut, which at night was securely fastened with bolt and lock. Rain and snow had fallen plentifully on it; it had been painted, but of what colour it was difficult to say, change of season being to vans what changes of reign are to courtiers. In front, outside, was a board, a kind of frontispiece, on which the following inscription might once have been deciphered; it was in black letters on a white ground, but by degrees the characters had become confused and blurred:

“By friction gold loses every year a fourteen hundredth part of its bulk. This is what is called the Wear. Hence it follows that on fourteen hundred millions of gold in circulation throughout the world, one million is lost annually. This million dissolves into dust, flies away, floats about, is reduced to atoms, charges, drugs, weighs down consciences, amalgamates with the souls of the rich whom it renders proud, and with those of the poor whom it renders brutish.”

The inscription, rubbed and blotted by the rain and by the kindness of nature, was fortunately illegible, for it is possible that its philosophy concerning the inhalation of gold, at the same time both enigmatical and lucid, might not have been to the taste of the sheriffs, the provost-marshals, and other big-wigs of the law. English legislation did not trifle in those days. It did not take much to make a man a felon. The magistrates were ferocious by tradition, and cruelty was a matter of routine. The judges of assize increased and multiplied. Jeffreys had become a breed.

Ursus admired Homo. One admires one's like. It is a law.

To be always raging inwardly and grumbling outwardly was the normal condition of Ursus. He was the malcontent of creation. By nature he was a man ever in opposition. He took the world unkindly; he gave his satisfecit to no one and to nothing. The bee did not atone, by its honey-making, for its sting; a full-blown rose did not absolve the sun for yellow fever and black vomit. It is probable that in secret Ursus criticized Providence a good deal. "Evidently," he would say, "the devil works by a spring, and the wrong that God does is having to let go the trigger." He approved of none but princes, and he had his own peculiar way of expressing his approbation. One day, when James II made a gift to the Virgin in a Catholic chapel in Ireland of a massive gold lamp, Ursus, passing that way with Homo, who was more indifferent to such things, broke out in admiration before the crowd, and exclaimed, "It is certain that the blessed Virgin wants a lamp much more than these barefooted children there require shoes."

Such proofs of his loyalty, and such evidences of his respect for established powers, probably contributed in no small degree to make the magistrates tolerate his vagabond life and his low alliance with a wolf. Sometimes of an evening, through the weakness of friendship, he allowed Homo to stretch his limbs and wander at liberty about the caravan. The wolf was incapable of an abuse of confidence, and behaved in society, that is to say among men, with the discretion of a poodle. All the same, if bad-tempered officials had to be dealt with, difficulties might have arisen; so Ursus kept the honest wolf chained up as much as possible.

From a political point of view, his writing about gold, not very intelligible in itself, and now become undecipherable, was but a smear, and gave no handle to the enemy. Even after the time of James II, and under the "respectable" reign of William and Mary, his caravan might have been seen peacefully going its rounds of the little English country towns. He travelled freely from one end of Great Britain to the other, selling his philtres and phials, and sustaining, with the assistance of his wolf, his quack mummeries; and he passed with ease through the meshes of the nets which the police at that period had spread all over England in order to sift wandering gangs.

This was right enough. Ursus belonged to no gang. Ursus lived with Ursus, a *tête-à-tête*, into which the wolf gently thrust his nose. If Ursus could have had his way, he would have been a Caribbee; that being impossible, he preferred to be alone. The solitary man is a modified savage, accepted by civilization. He who wanders most is most alone; hence his continual change of place. To remain anywhere long suffocated him with the sense of being tamed. He passed his life in passing on his way. The sight of towns increased his taste for brambles, thickets, thorns, and holes in the rock. His home was the forest. He did not feel himself much out of his element in the murmur of crowded streets, which is like enough to the bluster of trees. The crowd to some extent satisfies our taste for the desert. What he disliked in his van was its having a door and windows, and thus resembling a house. He would have realized his ideal, had he been able to put a cave on four wheels and travel in a den.

He did not smile, as we have already said, but he used to laugh; sometimes, indeed frequently, a bitter laugh. There is consent in a smile, while a laugh is often a refusal.

His great business was to hate the human race. He was implacable in that hate. Having made it clear that human life is a dreadful thing; having observed the superposition of evils, kings on the people, war on kings, the plague on war, famine on the plague, folly on everything; having proved a certain measure of chastisement in the mere fact of existence; having recognized that death is a deliverance—when they brought him a sick man he cured him; he had cordials and beverages to prolong the lives of the old. He put lame cripples on their legs again, and hurled this sarcasm at them. "There, you are on your paws once more; may you walk long in this valley of tears!" When he saw a poor man dying of hunger, he gave him all the pence he had about him, growling out, "Live on, you wretch! eat! last a long time! It is not I who would shorten your penal servitude." After which, he would rub his hands and say, "I do men all the harm I can."

Through the little window at the back, passers-by could read on the ceiling of the van these words, written within, but visible from without, inscribed with charcoal, in big letters,

URSUS, PHILOSOPHER.

THE POINTER AND THE FISH

By RICHARD JEFFERIES

In this story the famous naturalist tells of how a pointer he once owned behaved in a most extraordinary way when some fish were placed in a tub. He watched the dog, and noted how its behaviour really suggested that the animal could develop the power of thinking and acting quite originally for itself. This story is taken from "The Gamekeeper at Home."

EXPERIENCE certainly educates the dog as it does the man. After long acquaintance and practice in the field we learn the habits and ways of game—to know where it will or not be found. A young dog in the same way dashes swiftly up a hedge, and misses the rabbit that, hearing him coming, doubles back behind a tree or stole; an old dog leaves nothing behind him, searching every corner. This is acquired knowledge. Neither does all depend upon hereditary predisposition as exhibited in the various breeds—the setter, the pointer, the spaniel, or greyhound—and their especial drift of brain; their capacity is not wholly confined to one sphere. They possess an initiating power—what in man is called originality, invention, discovery: they make experiments.

I had a pointer that exhibited this faculty in a curious manner. She was weakly when young, and for that reason, together with other circumstances, was never properly trained: a fact that may perhaps have prevented her 'mind' from congealing into the stolidity of routine. She became an outdoor pet, and followed at heel everywhere. One day some ponds were netted, and of the fish taken a few chanced to be placed in a great stone trough from which cattle drank in the yard—a common thing in the country. Some time afterwards, the trough being foul, the fish—they were roach, tench, perch, and one small jack—were removed to a shallow tub while it was being cleansed. In this tub, being scarcely a foot deep though

broad, the fish were of course distinctly visible, and at once became an object of the most intense interest to the pointer. She would not leave it; but stood watching every motion of the fish, with her head now on one side now on the other. There she must have remained some hours, and was found at last in the act of removing them one by one, and laying them softly, quite unhurt, on the grass.

I put them back into the water, and waited to see the result. She took a good look, and then plunged her nose right under the surface and halfway up the neck, completely submerging the head, and in that position groped about on the bottom till a fish came in contact with her mouth and was instantly snatched out. Her head must have been under water each time nearly a minute, feeling for the fish. One by one she drew them out and placed them on the ground, till only the jack remained. He puzzled her, darting away swift as an arrow and seeming to anticipate the enemy. But after a time he, too, was captured.

They were not injured—not the mark of a tooth was to be seen—and swam as freely as ever when restored to the water. So soon as they were put in again the pointer recommenced her fishing, and could hardly be got away by force. The fish were purposely left in the tub. The next day she returned to the amusement, and soon became so dexterous as to pull a fish out almost the instant her nose went under water. The jack was always the most difficult to catch, but she managed to conquer him sooner or later. When returned to the trough, however, she was done—the water was too deep. Scarcely anything could be imagined apparently more opposite to the hereditary intelligence of a pointer than this; and certainly no one attempted to teach her, neither did she do it for food. It was an original motion of her own: to what can it be compared but mind proceeding by experiment? They can also adjust their conduct to circumstances, as when they take to hunting on their own account: they then generally work in couples.

THE SHEPHERDS' TROPHY

By ALFRED OLLIVANT

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On the day when Owd Bob, son of Battle, the most famous sheepdog in the North of England, competes for the chance of winning outright the coveted Shepherds' Trophy he is matched against the best dogs at shepherding in the whole of the British Isles. Owd Bob is getting on in years, but his skill and speed are the same, it seems to many onlookers, as they have ever been. However, there is a dramatic moment when it seems Owd Bob's chance has gone, and the thousands of spectators hold their breath. This story is taken from "Owd Bob."

CUP DAY

IT broke calm and beautiful, no cloud on the horizon, no threat of storm in the air—a fitting day on which the Shepherds' Trophy must be won outright.

And well it was so. For never since the founding of the Dale Trials had such a concourse been gathered together on the north bank of the Silver Lea. From the Highlands they came; from the far Campbell country; from the Peak; from the county of many acres; from all along the silver fringes of the Solway, assembling in that quiet corner of the earth to see the famous Grey Dog of Kenmuir fight his last great battle for the Shepherds' Trophy.

From the break of day the good pike-road from Grammoch-town groaned with traffic. By noon the gaunt Scaur looked down on such a gathering as it had never seen. The paddock at the back of the Dalesman's Daughter was packed with a clammering, chattering multitude; animated groups of farmers; bevvies of stolid rustics; sharp-faced townsmen; loud-voiced bookmakers, thrown together like toys in a sawdust bath; whilst here and there, on the outskirts of the crowd, a lonely man and wise-faced dog, come from afar to wrest his proud title from the best sheep-dog in the North.

At the back of the enclosure was drawn up a formidable array of carts and carriages, varying as much in quality and character as did their owners. There was the Squire's landau, rubbing axle-boxes with Jem Burton's modest moke-cart; and there Viscount Birdsaye's flaring barouche side by side with the red-wheeled wagon of Kenmuir.

In the latter Maggie, sad and sweet in her simple summer garb, leaned over to talk to Lady Eleanour; while golden-haired Wee Anne, delighted with the surging crowd, trotted about the wagon, waving to her friends, and shouting from very joyousness.

Close by was the gathered host of Dalesmen. Long Kirby was there, returned from his retirement; Jim Mason, sallow-faced and dull-eyed; Tammas, cynical and self-contained; Sam'l, prophesying defeat; while old Ned Hoppin, centre of the thickest knot, was telling how, on the Saturday previcus, he had lost a sheep to the Killer, and asseverating his conviction as to the identity of the criminal.

Across the Silver Lea was a little group of judges, inspecting the course.

The line laid out ran thus. The sheep must first be found on the Fells to the right of the starting flag; then up the slope and away from the spectators, round a flag and obliquely down the hill again; through a gap in the wall; along the hillside, parallel to the Silver Lea; abruptly to the left through a pair of flags—the trickiest turn of them all; then down the slope to the pen, which was set up close to the plank-bridge over the stream.

The proceedings began with the Local Stakes, won by Rob Saunderson's veteran Shep. There followed the Open Juveniles', carried off by Ned Hoppin's young dog. It was late in the afternoon when at length the great event of the meeting came on.

In the enclosure behind the Dalesman's Daughter the clamour of the crowd increased tenfold, and the yells of the bookmaker redoubled.

"Here I am, gen'lemen! here I am! ole Jack, the man you know. Liberal odds and you'll get your money . . . Bob! what price Bob? I'll take seven to four Grey—even money Red. Five to one bar two! Any money on some on 'em!"

Across the stream is clustered about the starting-flag the finest array of sheep-dogs ever seen together.

"I've never seen such a field, and I've seen fifty!" is Parson Leggy's verdict.

There, beside his master, stands Owd Bob, observed of all. With curtsying quarters, silver-waving brush, and dark head proudly high, he scans his challengers. Over against him that mean, light-limbed, terrier-like black is the unbeaten Pip, winner of the Cambrian Stakes at Llangollen—as many hold, the best of all the good dogs that have come from sheep-dotted Wales. Beside him, the splendid sable collie, with the tremendous coat and slash of white on throat and face, is the famous MacCallum More, fresh from his victory at the Highland meeting. The grizzled bob-tail with high curt quarters and blue eyes staring through their shaggy veil is the champion of the Southern Downs—Sir Galahad. That wolfish black-and-tan is Jess, on whom the Yorkshiremen are laying as though they loved her: she, they affirm, can catch a hare in a fair course. Besides these, Tupper's big blue Rasper is there, Londesley's Lassie, and many more—too many to mention: big and small, grand and mean, smooth and rough—and not a bad dog amongst them.

And alone, his back to the others, stands a little bowed, conspicuous form—Adam M'Adam; while the great dog beside him, scowling incarnation of defiance, is Red Wull, the 'Terror o' th' Border.

The Tailless Tyke had already run up his fighting colours. For MacCallum More, advancing to examine this forlorn great adversary, had conceived for him a violent antipathy, and straightway had spun at him with all the fury of the Highland cateran, who attacks first and explains afterwards. Red Wull had turned on him with savage, silent gluttony; bob-tailed Rasper was racing up to join the attack, and in another second all three would have been locked inseparably; but just in time M'Adam intervened.

Then one of the judges came hurrying up.

"Mr. M'Adam," he cried angrily, "if that brute of yours gets fighting again, hang me if I don't disqualify him!"

A dull flush of passion swept across the little man's face. "Come here, Wulliel!" he called. "Gin yon Hielant tyke attacks ye agin, ye're to be disqualified."

He was unheeded. The battle for the Cup had begun, little Pip leading the dance.

On the opposite slope the babel had subsided now. Hucksters left their wares, and bookmakers their stools, to watch the struggle. Every eye was intent on the moving figures of man and dog and three sheep across the stream.

One after one the competitors ran their course and penned their sheep: there was no single failure. And all received their just meed of applause save only Adam M'Adam's Red Wull.

Last of all, when Owd Bob trotted out to uphold his title, there went up such a roar as made Maggie's wan cheeks to blush with pleasure, and Wee Anne to scream right lustily.

His was an incomparable exhibition. Sheep should be humoured rather than hurried, coaxed rather than coerced. And that sheep-dog has attained the summit of his art who subdues himself and leads his sheep in pretending to be led. Well might the bosoms of the Dalesmen swell with pride as they watched; well might Tammas pull out that hackneyed phrase—"the brains of a man and the way of a woman"; well might the crowd bawl their enthusiasm, and Long Kirby puff his cheeks, and rattle the money in his trousers' pockets.

But of this part it is enough to say that in the end Pip, Owd Bob, and Red Wull were selected to fight out the struggle afresh.

The course was altered and stiffened. Beyond the stream it remained unchanged: up the slope; round a flag; down the hill again; through a gap in the wall; along the hillside; down through the two flags; turn, and to the stream again. But the pen was now moved from its former position, carried over the bridge, up the near slope, and the hurdles put together at the very foot of the multitude.

A stiff course if ever there was one; and the time allowed, ten short minutes.

The spectators hustled and elbowed in endeavours to obtain posts of vantage. And well they might, for about to begin was the finest exhibition of sheep-handling any man there was ever to behold.

Evan Jones and little Pip led off.

Those two, who had won on many a hard-fought field, worked together as they had never worked before. Smooth and swift, like a yacht in Southampton Water; round the flag; through the gap; down between the two flags—accomplishing right well that awkward turn; and back to the bridge.

There they halted: the sheep would not face that narrow way. Once, twice, and again they broke; and each time the gallant Pip, his tongue and tail quivering, brought them back to the bridge-head.

At length one faced it; then another, and—it was too late. Time was up. The judges signalled; and the Welshman called off his dog and withdrew.

Out of sight of mortal eye, in a dip of the ground, Evan Jones sat down and took the small dark head between his knees; and you may be sure the dog's heart was heavy as the man's. "We did our best, Pip," he cried brokenly, "but we're peat—the first time ever we've been."

No time to dally.

James Moore and Owd Bob were off on their last run.

No applause this time; not a voice was raised: anxious faces; twitching fingers; the whole crowd tense as a stretched wire. A false turn, a wilful sheep, a cantankerous judge, and the grey dog would be beat. And not a man there but knew it.

Yet over the stream master and dog went about their business, never so quiet, never so collected; for all the world as though rounding up a flock on the Muir Pike.

The old dog found his sheep in a twinkling; and from the first it was evident they were a wild, scared trio. Rounding the first flag, one bright-eyed wether made a dash for the open. He was quick; but the grey dog was quicker: a splendid recover, and a sound like a sob from the thousands on the hill.

Down the slope for the gap in the wall. Below the opening James Moore took his stand to stop and turn them. A distance behind loitered Owd Bob, seeming to follow rather than to drive, yet watchful of every movement and anticipating it, one eye on his master, the other on his sheep; never hurrying them, never flurrying them, yet bringing them rapidly along.

No word was spoken; barely a gesture made; yet they worked, master and dog, like one divided.

Through the gap, along the hill parallel to the spectators, playing into one another's hands like men at polo.

A wide sweep for the turn at the flags, and the sheep wheeled as though at the word of command, dropped through them, and travelled rapidly for the bridge.

"Steady!" whispered the crowd.

"Steady, man!" muttered Parson Leggy.

"Hold 'em for God's sake!" croaked Kirby huskily. "Ah-h-h! d—— . . . I knew it. I seed it comin'!"

The pace down the hill had grown quicker—too quick. Close on the bridge the three sheep made an effort to break. A dash, and two were checked; but the third went away like the wind, and after him Owd Bob, a grey streak against the green.

Tammas was cursing silently; Kirby white to the lips; and in the stillness you could plainly hear the Dalesmen's sobbing breath.

"Gallop! they say he's old and slow," muttered the Parson. "Dash! Look at that!" For the grey dog, racing like the Nor' Easter over the sea, had already retrieved the fugitive.

Man and dog were coaxing the three a step at a time towards the bridge.

One ventured; the others followed.

In the middle the leader stopped and tried to turn; and time was flying—flying, and the penning alone must take minutes. Many a man's hand was at his watch, but no one could take his eyes off the group below to look.

"We're beat. I've won bet, Tammas," groaned Sam'l. The two had a long-standing wager on the matter. "I olas knoo hoo 'twud be. I olas telt thee as t'owd tyke"; then breaking into a bellow, his honest face crimson with enthusiasm—"Coom on, Master! Good for thee, Owd 'Un! Yon's t'style!"

For the grey dog had leapt on the back of the hindmost sheep; it had surged forward against the next, and they were over, and making up the slope amidst a thunder of applause.

At the pen it was a sight to see shepherd and dog working together—the Master, his face stern and a little whiter than its wont, casting forward with both hands, herding the sheep in; the grey dog, eyes big and bright, dropping to hand, crawling and creeping, closer and closer.

"They're in!—Nay—ay—dang me! Stop 'er!—good Owd 'Un! Ah-h-h, they're in!" and the last sheep reluctantly passed through on the stroke of time.

A roar went up from the crowd; Maggie's white face turned pink; and the Dalesmen mopped wet brows. The mob surged forward, but the stewards held them back.

"Back, please! Don't encroach! M'Adam's to come."

From the far bank the little man watched the scene. His coat and cap were off; his hair gleamed white in the sun; his sleeves were rolled up; and his face was twitching as he stood ready.

The hubbub over the stream at length subsided. One of the judges nodded to him.

"Noo, Wullie! noo or niver!" and they were off.

"Back, gentlemen! back! He's off; he's coming! M'Adam's coming!"

They might well shout and push; for the great dog was on to his sheep almost before they knew it; and they went away with a rush, and Red Wull right on their backs. Up the slope they swept and round the first flag, already galloping. Down the hill for the gap, and M'Adam was flying ahead to turn them. But they passed him like a hurricane, and Red Wull was in front with a plunge and turned them alone.

"M'Adam wins! Five to four M'Adam! I lay agin Bob!" rang out a clear voice in the silence.

Through the gap they rattled, ears back, feet twinkling like the wings of driven grouse.

"He's lost 'em! They'll break! They're away!" was the cry.

Sam'l was half up the wheel of the Kenmuir wagon; every man was on his toes; ladies standing in their carriages; even Jim Mason's face flushed with momentary excitement.

The sheep were tearing along the hillside, all together, like a white scud. After them, galloping like a Waterloo winner, raced Red Wull. And last of all, leaping over the ground like a demoniac, making not for the two flags but the plank-bridge, the white-haired figure of M'Adam.

"He's beat! The Killer's beat!" roared a strident voice.

"M'Adam wins! Five to four M'Adam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out the clear reply.

Red Wull was now racing parallel to the fugitives and above them. All four were travelling at a terrific rate; and the two flags were barely twenty yards in front. To effect the turn a change of direction must be made through a right angle.

"He's beat! he's beat! M'Adam's beat! Can't make it nohow!" was the roar.

From over the stream a yell—

"Turn 'em, Wullie!"

At that the great dog swerved down on the flying three. They wheeled, still at the gallop, like a troop of cavalry, and dropped, clean and neat, between the flags; and down to the stream they rattled, passing M'Adam on the way as though he were standing.

"Weel done, Wullie!" came a scream from the far bank, and from the crowd an involuntary burst of applause.

"Ma wud!"

"Did ta' see that?"

"By gobl!"

It was a turn, indeed, of which the smartest team in the galloping horse-gunners might have been proud: a shade later and they must have overshot the mark, a shade sooner and a miss.

"He's not been two minutes so far. We're beaten: don't you think so, Uncle Leggy?" asked Muriel Sylvester, looking up piteously into the Parson's face.

"It's not what I think, my dear, it's what the judges think," the Parson replied testily.

Right on the centre of the bridge the leading sheep galloped, and stopped abruptly.

Up above in the crowd there was utter silence, staring eyes, rigid fingers. The sweat was dripping off Long Kirby's face; and, at the back, a green-coated bookmaker slipped his notebook in his pocket, and glanced behind him. James Moore, standing in front of them all was the calmest there.

Red Wull was not to be denied. Like his forerunner he leapt on the back of the hindmost sheep. But the red dog was heavy where the grey was light. The sheep staggered, slipped, and fell.

Almost before it had touched water, M'Adam, his face afire and eyes flaming, was in the stream. In a second he had hold of the struggling creature and had half thrown, half shoved it on to the bank.

Again a tribute of admiration, led by James Moore.

The little man scrambled, panting, on to the bank and raced after sheep and dog. His face was white beneath the perspiration; his breath came in quavering gasps; his trousers were wet and clinging to his legs; he was trembling in every limb and yet indomitable.

They were up to the pen, and the last wrestle began.

The crowd, silent and motionless, craned forward to watch the

uncannie pair working so close below them. M'Adam's eyes were staring, unnaturally bright; his bent body was projected forward; and he tapped with his stick on the ground like a blind man, coaxing the sheep in. And the Tailless Tyke, tongue out, flanks heaving, crept and crawled and worked up to the opening, patient as he had never been before.

They were in at last.

There was a lukewarm, half-hearted cheer, then silence

Exhausted and trembling, the little man leant against the pen, one hand upon it; while Red Wull, his flanks still heaving, gently licked the other. Quite close stood James Moore and the grey dog; above, was the black wall of people, utterly still; below, the judges comparing notes. In the silence you could almost hear the panting of the crowd.

Then one of the judges approached the Master and shook him by the hand.

The grey dog had won. Owd Bob o' Kenmuir had won the Shepherds' Trophy outright!

A second's palpitating silence; a women's hysterical laugh; and a deep-mouthed bellow rent the expectant air: shouts, screams, hat-tossings, back-clappings, blending in a din that made the many-winding waters of the Silver Lea quiver and quiver again.

Owd Bob o' Kenmuir had won outright.

Maggie's face flushed scarlet; Wee Anne flung fat arms towards her triumphant Bob and screamed with the best; Squire and Parson, each red-cheeked, were boisteriously shaking hands; Long Kirby, who had not prayed for thirteen years, ejaculated with heartfelt earnestness—"Thank God!" Sam'l Todd bellowed in Tammias's ear, and almost slew him with his mighty buffets; while amongst the Dalesmen some laughed like drunken men; some cried like children; all joined in that roaring song of victory.

To little M'Adam, standing with his back to the crowd, that storm of cheering came as the first announcement of defeat.

A smile, like the sun over a March sea, crept across his face.

"We might ha' kent it, Wullie," he muttered softly.

The tension loosed, the battle lost, the little man almost broke down. There were red dabs of colour in his face; his eyes were big; his lips pitifully quivering: he was near to sobbing.

An old man—utterly alone—he had staked his all on a throw—and lost.

Lady Eleanour marked the forlorn little figure standing solitary on the fringe of the uproarious mob. She noticed the expression on his face; and her tender heart went out to the little lone man in his defeat.

She went up to him and laid a hand upon his arm.

"Mr. M'Adam," she said timidly, "won't you come and sit down in the tent? You look *so* tired."

The little man wrenched roughly away. The unexpected kindness coming at that moment, was almost too much for him.

A few paces off he turned again.

"It's real kind o' yer Laddyship," he said huskily, and tottered away to be alone with Red Wull.

Meanwhile the victors stood like rocks in the tideway. About them surged a continually changing throng, shaking the man's hand, patting the dog. Elbowing through the press, came the Squire.

"Well done, James! well done, indeed! Knew you'd win! told you so—eh, eh!" then facetiously to Owd Bob, "Knew you would, Robert, old man! Ought to—Robert the Dev—mustn't be a naughty boy—eh, eh!—And oh! by the bye, James, I've fixed the Manor dinner for to-day fortnight. Tell Saunderson and Tupper, will you? Want all the tenants there." He disappeared into the crowd, but in a minute he had fought his way back. "I'd forgotten something," he shouted. "Tell your Maggie perhaps you'll have news for her after it, eh! eh!" and he was gone again.

Last of all, James Moore was aware of a blotchy, grinning face at his elbow.

"I maun congratulate ye, Mr. Moore. Ye've beat us—you and the gentlemen judges."

"'Twas a close thing, M'Adam," the other answered. "An' ye made a gran' fight. In ma life I never saw a finer turn than yours by the two flags yonder.

That is how the Champion Challenge Dale Cup—the world-known Shepherds' Trophy—came to wander no more, won outright by the last of the Grey Dogs of Kenmuir—Owd Bob, son of Battle.

A STRANGE REUNION

By CHARLES COLLODI

Pinocchio, the marionette made by old Geppetto, wandered from one adventure into another after leaving his master, and when strange chance turned him into a donkey he soon found that misfortune was ready to overtake him. However, the worst misfortune usually brings its own consolation, and it was so with the wooden marionette. A strange reunion brought him unsought happiness. This story is from "The Adventures of Pinocchio."

THE theatre was full an hour before the performance.

Not another seat could have been purchased even for its weight in gold. All the seats around the ring were filled with girls and boys who were wild to see the famous donkey Pinocchio dancing.

When the first part of the show was over, the Ringmaster came before the audience. He wore a black coat, white tights, and boots that reached above his knees. After making a very low bow he exclaimed: "Come, Pinocchio, before beginning your performance, salute this honourable audience: the ladies, and the gentlemen, and the children!"

Pinocchio obediently bent his forelegs, and remained kneeling until the Ringmaster cracked his whip and cried: "Walk!"

Then the little donkey got up and went round the ring, walking all the time.

After a bit the Ringmaster cried: "Trot!" Pinocchio obeyed the command, and began to trot.

"Gallop!"—and Pinocchio broke into a gallop.

"Run!"—and Pinocchio ran with all his might. Suddenly the Ringmaster raised his arm in the air and fired off a pistol.

At that the donkey pretended to be wounded, and fell down in the ring as if he were dead.

He rose up amid shouts of applause and a clapping of hands that could have been heard for a mile away.

There issued from his throat a "Hee-haw!" so long and loud that

all the spectators laughed, and especially all the children who were present.

Then the Ringmaster, in order to teach him that it was not good manners to bray like that before the public, struck him lightly on the nose with his whip handle, cracked his whip, and cried: "Bravo, Pinocchio! Now show these ladies and gentlemen how gracefully you can jump through the hoop."

Pinocchio tried two or three times: but every time he came up to the hoop he found it easier to run under it. At last he leaped through it, but his hind-legs caught in the hoop, and he fell heavily to the ground.

When he got up he was lame, and could hardly walk back to the stable.

"Bring out Pinocchio! We want the little donkey! Bring out the little donkey!" shouted the children, who were all very sorry for his accident.

But the little donkey was seen no more that evening.

When the veterinary surgeon—that is, the animal doctor—saw him the next morning he declared that he would be lame for the rest of his life.

Then the ring-master said to his stable-boy: "What can I do with a lame donkey? I would have to feed him for nothing. Take him to market and sell him."

As soon as they arrived at the market they found a purchaser who inquired: "How much do you want for this lame donkey?"

"Five pounds."

"I will give you fivepence. Don't imagine that he will be of any use to me. I am only buying him for his skin. I see he has a very hard skin, and I want to make a drum for the town band."

Only think how Pinocchio must have felt when he knew that he was destined to be a drum!

As soon as the fivepence was paid his new owner led the little donkey to a rock by the sea, tied a stone around his neck, and a long rope to one leg. Then he suddenly gave him a push and he fell into the water.

Pinocchio, with that stone around his neck, went straight to the bottom; and his owner, holding tight to the rope, sat down on the rock to wait until he was drowned, so that he could skin him.

When the little donkey had been under water nearly an hour his new owner said to himself: "That poor little lame donkey must surely be drowned by this time! Let us pull him up, and make a fine drum out of his skin."

He began to pull in the rope, which he had tied to one of his legs; he pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at last there appeared on the surface . . . can you guess? Instead of a dead donkey, there was a live marionette, wiggling like an eel.

When he saw that wooden marionette the poor man thought he must be dreaming. He was struck dumb, and stood there with his mouth wide open and his eyes starting from his head.

When he had come to himself a little he said, crying and stammering: "Where . . . where is the little donkey I threw into the water?"

"I'm the little donkey!" replied the marionette, laughing.

"You!"

"Me!"

"Ah, you rogue, don't try to play any tricks on me!"

"Play tricks on you? No, indeed, my dear master; I am perfectly serious."

"But how can it be that you, who were a little donkey a few minutes ago, have now become a wooden marionette?"

"It must be the effect of the seawater. It works that way sometimes."

"Be careful, marionette, be careful! Don't try to play any jokes on me! It will go hard with you if I lose my patience!"

"Well, master, do you want to hear my true story? If you will take this rope off my leg, I will tell it to you."

The good man was very curious to hear his story, so he quickly untied the rope on his leg. Then Pinocchio, free as a bird once more, began to speak as follows:

"You must know that I was once a wooden marionette, just as I am now; and I was on the point of becoming a real boy, like so many others. But I didn't like to study, and I listened to evil companions, and so I ran away; and one fine day I woke up to find myself a donkey with long ears and a long tail. Oh, I was so ashamed of myself! Oh, my dear master, may the good Saint Antonio keep you from ever feeling so ashamed! I was taken to market with the other donkeys, and sold to the Ringmaster of a circus. He made me learn

to dance, and jump through a hoop, but one evening during the show I fell and lamed myself. The Ringmaster had no use for a lame donkey, so he sent me back to market, and you bought me."

"I know that only too well! And I paid fivepence for you. And now who will give me back my five poor pennies?"

"And why did you buy me? To make a drum out of my skin! A drum!"

"That's only too true! And now where will I find another skin?"

"Don't despair, master, there are so many donkeys in this world!"

"Well, you impertinent monkey, is that the end of your story?"

"No," replied the marionette, "just two words more, and I am done. After having bought me you brought me here to kill me; and then, because you were sorry for me, you preferred to tie a stone to my neck, and throw me into the sea. This delicate sentiment does you great honour, and I shall be eternally grateful to you. But this time, my dear master, you reckoned without the Fairy."

"And who is this Fairy?"

"She is my mother, and she is like all other mothers who love their children dearly, and never lose sight of them, and help them in all their troubles, even when, because of their escapades and their naughty ways, they deserve to be left to themselves. So, as I was saying, as soon as the kind Fairy saw that I was in danger of drowning, she sent an immense shoal of fishes who thought that I was a dead donkey, and began to eat me. And what big bites they took! I never would have believed that fishes could be more ravenous than boys! Some ate my ears, others my muzzle, others my neck and mane, my hoofs, and even the skin off my back. And there was one of them that was so polite that he even condescended to eat my tail."

"From this day forward," said his horrified listener, "I vow never to eat another fish. It would be a pretty how-de-do to open a mullet, or a whiting, and find a donkey's tail inside it!"

"I agree with you," said the marionette, laughing; "as for that, you must know that when the fishes had eaten away all that donkey disguise that covered me from head to foot, they came, naturally, to the bones, or, to be exact, to the wood, because, as you see, I am made of very hard wood. But after the first bite they saw that I was no longer meat for them, and, disgusted by such indigestible food, they swam off in all directions, without even saying thank you."

That is why when you pulled up the rope you found a live marionette, instead of a dead donkey."

"A fig for your story!" cried the man in a rage. "I have paid fivence for you, and I want my money back! I know what I'll do! I will take you back to the market and sell you for firewood."

"Sell me if you want to; I wouldn't mind," said Pinocchio.

But as he spoke he jumped as far as he could, and came down with a splash in the sea; and as he swam gaily away he cried to the poor man who had bought him: "Good-bye, master. When you want a skin to make a drum, remember me."

He continued to laugh as he swam farther away.

In the wink of an eye he was so far off that he could hardly be seen; in fact, Pinocchio was swimming without any idea as to where he was going when he saw in the midst of the sea a rock which looked like marble. Redoubling his energy, he swam toward the rock. He was already half-way there, when what should he see, rushing towards him on the surface of the water, but a sea monster, with a horrible head, and with its mouth, which was like an abyss, wide open, showing three rows of teeth that would have frightened any one, even in a picture.

Poor Pinocchio was terribly frightened at the sight of such a monster. He tried to dodge him, to go some other way, or to swim faster than this terror, but that immense, wide-open mouth came right after him, as swift as an arrow.

Pinocchio swam faster than ever, on, on, on, like a ball out of a gun. He was close to the rock.

But it was too late! The monster had reached him, and drawing in his breath he swallowed him as one swallows an egg. He swallowed him so violently and voraciously, and Pinocchio struck so hard against the monster's inside, that he was stunned for a quarter of an hour.

When he came to himself he could not have told where he was. All around him there was a great darkness; a darkness so thick and profound that he felt as if he had dived headfirst into a bottle of ink. He listened, but he heard nothing; only, from time to time, a great blast of wind struck him in the face.

At first Pinocchio tried to pluck up a little courage; but when he was perfectly sure that he was imprisoned in the Shark's body he

began to weep and wail, saying: "Help! Help! Oh poor me! Will no one come and save me?"

"Who could save you, miserable wretch?" said a voice in the darkness, like a guitar out of tune.

"Who is speaking here?" asked Pinocchio, turning cold with fear.

"It's me. I'm a poor Tunny, who was swallowed with you. What kind of a fish are you?"



The old man was eating live fish.

"I have nothing to do with fishes. I am a marionette."

"If you are not a fish, why did you come here inside this monster?"

"I didn't *come* here; he swallowed me. What are we going to do now in this dark place?"

"We must resign ourselves, and wait for the Shark to digest us."

"But I don't want to be digested!" screamed Pinocchio, beginning to cry again.

"Neither do I want to be digested! I want to get out of this, I want to escape . . ."

"Escape, then, if you can!"

"Is he very big, this Shark that has swallowed us?"

"His body is more than half a mile long, without counting his tail."

While they were talking in the darkness it seemed to Pinocchio that he saw a gleam of light, very far off.

"Whatever can that little light be that is so far away?" asked Pinocchio.

"It's probably one of our companions in distress who, like us, is waiting to be digested."

"I'm going to find him. Mightn't it be some old fish who could tell me how to escape from this place?"

"I hope it may be, dear marionette."

"Good-bye, Tunny."

"Good-bye, marionette, good luck to you."

"Where shall we meet again?"

"Who knows? It's better not to think about it!"

As soon as Pinocchio had said good-bye to the Tunny he began to feel his way in the darkness inside the Shark's body, working his way along, step by step, towards that tiny, flickering light so far away.

As he walked along his feet slipped in puddles of fat, greasy water, and there was a strong smell of fried fish.

The farther he went the more distinctly he could see that little light. He walked and walked, and at last, when he reached it he found a little table all set, with a lighted candle stuck in a green glass bottle, and sitting at the table there was an old man, as white as if he were made of snow or whipped cream. He was eating some live fish that were so very much alive that sometimes they flopped out of his mouth while he was eating them.

At the sight poor Pinocchio felt such a sudden rush of joy that he came within an inch of fainting away. He wanted to laugh, to cry, to say a hundred things, and instead he only stammered broken words, without any sense. At last he managed to utter a cry of joy, and, opening his arms wide, he threw them around the old man's neck, shouting: "Oh, Daddy! my Daddy! Have I found you at last? I will never leave you again, never, never, never!"

"So my eyes do not deceive me?" said the old man, rubbing them vigorously. "Are you really my dear Pinocchio?"

"Yes, yes, it's really, truly me! You haven't forgotten me, have you? Oh, my dear Daddy, how good you are! And to think that I . . . Oh! but when you know how many disasters have befallen me, and how many things have gone wrong! You know, poor Daddy, that the very day that you sold your coat to buy me a primer so that I could go to school I ran away to see the marionettes, and the Showman was going to put me in the fire, so his sheep would be well roasted: it was he who gave me five gold pieces to carry home to you, but I met the Fox and the Cat, and they took me to the Red Crab Inn, where they ate like hungry wolves, and I went away alone in the night, and I met assassins who ran after me, and I ran, and they ran after me, and I ran, and they ran right after me, and I ran until they hung me to a branch of the big oak, where the beautiful child with the blue hair sent a carriage for me, and the doctors when they saw me said right away, 'If he isn't dead it's a sign that he's alive,' and then I told a lie, and my nose began to grow so I couldn't get out of the room; and so I went with the Fox and the Cat to bury the four gold pieces, for I spent one at the Inn, and the parrot laughed at me, and instead of two thousand gold pieces I didn't find anything, and when the Judge heard that he put me in prison right away, to please the thieves, and when I got out I saw a bunch of grapes in the field and I was caught in a trap, and the farmer was perfectly right to put a dog collar on me, and make me guard the henhouse, but he found I was innocent and let me go, and the serpent with the tail that smoked began to laugh, and burst a blood vessel, and so I came back to the home of the lovely child, but she was dead, and the Dove saw me crying and said, 'I saw your father building a boat to go and look for you,' and I said, 'Oh, if only I had wings, too!' and he said, 'Do you want to go to your father?' and I said, 'Do I? But who will take me?' and he said, 'I will take you,' and I said, 'How?' and he said, 'Get on my back,' and so we flew all night long, and in the morning we saw the fishermen looking out over the sea, and they said, 'There's a poor man in a little boat, who is going to be drowned,' and I knew you at once, for although you were so far away, my heart told me it was you, and I made signs to you to come back . . ."

"I knew you too," said Geppetto, "and I should have been glad to come back, but how could I? The waves ran so high, and an

enormous one upset my boat. A horrible Shark that was near by swam quickly towards me as soon as he saw me in the water, and sticking out his tongue he lapped me up as if I had been a tart."

"How long have you been shut up in here?" asked Pinocchio.

"It is two years since that day: two years, my Pinocchio, that have seemed like two centuries!"

"How have you managed to live here? And where did you find the candle? And the matches to light it, who gave them to you?"

"I will tell you the whole story. In that same tempest which overturned my boat a merchant ship was also sunk. The sailors were all saved, but the ship was wrecked. The Shark had an excellent appetite that day, and after he had swallowed me he swallowed the ship too."

"What! Did he swallow it in one mouthful?" cried Pinocchio in amazement.

"All in one mouthful, only he spat out the mainmast, because it got between his teeth, like a fish-bone. Luckily for me the ship was laden with cans of preserved meat, and biscuits or toasted bread, and bottles of wine, and dried grapes, and cheese, and coffee, and sugar, and candles, and matches. With all these supplies I have been able to live for two years, but now I am at the end of everything. There is nothing more in the pantry, and this candle that you see is the very last one."

"And then?"

"And then, my dear, we shall be left in the dark."

"Then, Daddy," said Pinocchio, "there is no time to be lost. Let us try to find a way to escape immediately."

"To escape . . . but how?"

"We can escape by way of the Shark's mouth; throw ourselves into the sea, and swim for the shore."

"That sounds very fine, dear Pinocchio, but I can't swim."

"That doesn't matter. I am a good swimmer. You can get on my back, and I will carry you safe and sound to the shore."

"It is useless, my boy," replied Geppetto, shaking his head and smiling sadly. "Do you think it possible that a marionette like you, only three feet tall, would be strong enough to swim with me on his back?"

"Try me, and you will see! At any rate, if it is written that we must die, we shall have the consolation of dying in each other's arms."

Without any more words Pinocchio took the candle, and going ahead to show the way he said to his father: "Follow me, and don't be afraid."

They travelled like this for some time, all through the body and the stomach of the Shark. When they came to his great throat they stopped to look around, and seize the right moment for their flight.

Now the Shark was very old, and since he was a great sufferer from asthma and palpitation of the heart he had to sleep with his mouth open: so when Pinocchio came to his throat and looked upwards he could see a broad band of starry sky and a large bright moon.

"This is just the right moment to escape," he whispered, turning to his father. "The Shark is sleeping like a dormouse. The sea is smooth, and it's as light as day. Come, Daddy, follow me, and in a few moments we shall be free."

No sooner said than done. They climbed up the monster's throat, and when they were in that immense mouth they walked along his tongue on the tips of their toes. His tongue was so long and large that it looked like a broad garden path. They were just ready to jump down into the sea when the Shark sneezed, shaking them so violently that they fell back into his stomach.

The candle was extinguished by their fall, and father and son were left in the dark.

"Now what shall we do?" said Pinocchio anxiously.

"Now, my son, we are surely lost!"

"Why are we lost? Give me your hand, Daddy, and be careful not to slip."

"Where are you going?"

"We must try again. Come with me, and don't be afraid."

With these words Pinocchio took his father by the hand, and, always walking on tiptoe, they went again up the monster's throat, walked along his tongue, and climbed over the three rows of teeth. Before jumping into the sea the marionette said to his father: "Now get on my back, and hang on tight. I will do the rest."

As soon as Geppetto was settled on his back Pinocchio jumped into the water and began to swim. The sea was as smooth as oil; the moon shone brightly, and the Shark continued to sleep so soundly that he would not have been disturbed by the firing of a cannon.

UNEASY FREEDOM

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT

This narrative of what happened to three young English lads after their ship, an East Indiaman, had been taken prize and they themselves had arrived in a Dutch prison at the Cape is told long years after by old Ready, who had been one of the high-spirited and adventurous trio. At the time of their adventures England was at war with Holland. This story is taken from "Masterman Ready."

AS soon as they had let go their anchor in Table Bay, we were all ordered on shore, and sent up to a prison close to the Government Gardens. We were not very carefully watched, as it appeared impossible for us to get away, and I must say we were well treated in every respect; but we were told that we should be sent to Holland in the first man-of-war which came into the bay, and we did not much like the idea.

There were some other boys as well as myself, who belonged to the Indiaman, and we kept very much together, not only because we were more of an age, but because we had been shipmates so long. Two of these boys, Jack Romer and Will Hastings, were my particular friends; and one day, as we were sitting under the wall, warming ourselves, for it was winter time, Romer said, "How very easy it would be for us to get away, if we only knew where to go to." "Yes," replied Hastings, "but where are we to go to, if it is not to the Hottentots and wild savages? and when we get there, what can we do?—we can't get any farther." "Well," said I, "I would rather be living free among savages than be shut up in a prison." That was our first talk on the subject, but we had many others afterwards; and as the one or two Dutch soldiers, who stood sentry, spoke English, and we could talk a little Dutch, we obtained a good deal of information from them; for they had very often been sent to the frontiers of the colony. We continued to ask questions, and to talk

among ourselves for about two months, and at last we resolved that we would make our escape. Now, this was a very foolish business, and shows how unfit boys are to judge for themselves: we were only running into hardship and danger, without the slightest chance of our escaping. We should have done much better if we had remained where we were; but there is no putting old heads upon young shoulders. We saved up our provisions, bought some long Dutch knives, tied our few clothes up in bundles, and one dark night we contrived to remain in the yard without being perceived when the prisoners were locked up; and raising a long pole, which lay in the yard, to the top of the wall, with a good deal of scrambling we contrived to get over it, and made off as fast as we could for the Table Mountain.

Hastings, who was the oldest said that we had better stay up there for a few days, till we had made up our minds what to do, and try if we could not procure a musket or two, and ammunition; for we had money, as, when the Indiaman was first taken, the captain divided a keg of rupees, which was on board, among the officers and men, in proportion to the wages due to them, thinking it was better for the crew to have the money: and we had spent very little while in prison, for spirits were not allowed, and we boys had not begun to chew tobacco or smoke. There was also another reason why he persuaded us to go to the Table Mountain, which was that, as soon as our escape was found out, they would send parties to look for us; thinking, of course, that we would make for the interior; and we should have less chance of being retaken if we travelled after the first search was over. The soldiers had told us of the lions and other wild animals, and how dangerous it was to travel, and Hastings said that, not finding us, they would suppose we had been destroyed by the wild beasts, and would not look for us any more.

We had walked about four hours, and began to feel very tired when the day dawned, and then we looked out for a place to conceal ourselves in. We soon found a cave with a narrow entrance, large enough inside to hold half a dozen of such lads as we were, and we crawled in. It was quite dry, and, as we were very tired, we lay down with our heads on our bundles, intending to take a nap; but we had hardly made ourselves comfortable and shut our eyes when we heard such a screaming and barking that we were frightened out of

our lives almost. We could not think what it could be. At last Hastings peeped out, and began to laugh; so Romer and I looked out also, and there we saw about one hundred and fifty large baboons, leaping and tumbling about in such a way as I never saw; they were bigger than we were—indeed, when they stood on their hind-legs they were much taller, and they had very large white tusks. Some of them were females, with young ones on their backs, and they were just as active as the males. At last they played such antics that we all burst out into a loud laugh, and we had not ceased when we found the grinning face of one of the largest of those brutes close to our own. He had dropped from the rock above us, like magic. We all three backed into the cave, very much frightened, for the teeth of the animal were enormous, and he looked very savage. He gave a shrill cry, and we perceived all the rest of the herd coming to him as fast as they could. I said that the cave was large enough to hold six of us; but there was a sort of inner cave which we had not gone into, as the entrance was much smaller. Romer cried out, "Let us go into the inside cave—we can get in one by one"; and he backed in; Hastings followed with his bundle, and I hurried in after him just in time; for the baboons, who had been chattering to each other for half a minute, came into the outer cave just as I crawled into the inner. Five or six of them came in, all males, and very large. The first thing they did was to lay hold of Romer's bundle, which they soon opened—at once they seized his provisions, and then they pulled out the other things, and tore them all to pieces. As soon as they had done with the bundle two of them came towards the inner cave and saw us. One put his long paw in to seize us; but Hastings gave him a slash with his knife, and the animal took his paw out again fast enough. It was laughable to see him hold out his hand to the others, and then taste the blood with the tip of his tongue, and such a chattering I never heard—they were evidently very angry, and more came into the cave and joined them; then another put in his hand, and received a cut just as before. At last two or three at once tried to pull us out, but we beat them all off with our knives, wounding them all very severely. For about an hour they continued their attempts, and then they went away out of the cave, but remained at the mouth, shrieking and howling. We began to be very tired of this work, and Romer said that he wished he was back in prison

again; and so did I, I can assure you; but there was no getting out, for had we gone out the animals would have torn us to pieces. We agreed that we had no chance but the animals becoming tired and going away; and most anxious we were, for the excitement had made us very thirsty, and we wanted water. We remained for two hours in this way, imprisoned by baboons, when all of a sudden a shrill cry was given by one of the animals, and the whole herd went galloping off as fast as they could, screaming louder than ever. We waited for a short time to see if they would return, and then Hastings crawled out first, and, looking out of the cave very cautiously, said they were all gone, and that he could see nothing but a Hottentot sitting down watching some cattle which were browsing; we therefore all came out, very happy at our release.

Well, we sat down under the rock, so that the Hottentot could not see us, and we had a sort of council of war. Romer was for going back and giving ourselves up again; for he said it was ridiculous to be wandering about, without any arms to defend ourselves against wild beasts, and that we might fall in with something worse than the baboons very soon; and he was right. It would have been the wisest thing which we could have done; but Hastings said that if we went back we should be laughed at, and the idea of being laughed at made us all agree that we would not.

Such was our reason for not giving up our mad scheme; and having so decided, the next point of consultation between us was, how we were to procure arms and ammunition, which we could not do without. As we were talking this over, I peeped from behind the rock, to see where the Hottentot might be; I perceived that he had laid himself down, and wrapped himself up in his kross, a mantle of sheepskins which they always wear. Now we had observed that he carried his musket in his hand, when we first saw him, as the Hottentots always go out armed, and I pointed out to Hastings and Romer that, if he was asleep, we might get possession of his musket without his perceiving it. This was a good idea, and Hastings said he would crawl to him on his hands and knees, while we remained behind the rock. He did so very cautiously, and found the man's head covered up in his kross and fast asleep; so there was no fear, for the Hottentots are very hard to wake at any time; that we knew well. Hastings first took the musket and carried it away out of reach of

the Hottentot, and then he returned to him, cut the leather thong which slung his powder-horn and ammunition, and retreated with all of them without disturbing the man from his sleep. We were quite overjoyed at this piece of good luck, and determined to walk very cautiously for some distance from where the Hottentot lay, that in case he awoke, he should not see us. Keeping our eyes about in every direction, lest we should meet with anybody else, we proceeded nearly a mile towards Table Bay, when we fell in with a stream of water. This was another happy discovery, for we were very thirsty; so we concealed ourselves near to the stream after we had quenched our thirst, and made a dinner off the provisions we had brought with us.

We waited till dusk, and then we continued our march towards False Bay as fast as we could. We knew that there were farmers down in the valley, or rather the sides of the hills, and we hoped to obtain, by some means or other, two more muskets. It was near twelve o'clock at night, with a bright moon, when we had a sight of the water in False Bay, and soon afterwards we heard the baying of a large dog, and not far from us we distinguished two or three farmhouses, with their cattle-folds and orchards. We then looked for a hiding-place, where we might remain till the morning; we found one between some large pieces of rock. We agreed that one should watch while the other two slept; this Hastings undertook to do, as he was not inclined to sleep. At daylight he woke Romer and me, and we made our breakfast. From the place we were concealed in we had a bird's-eye view of the farmhouse and of what was going on.

The farmhouse and buildings just below us were much smaller than the other two, which were more distant. We watched the people as they were about. In about an hour the Hottentots came out, and we perceived that they were yoking the oxen to the wagon; they yoked twelve pair, and then the Hottentot driver got in and drove off towards Cape Town, accompanied by a Hottentot lad and the big dog. Soon after that another Hottentot drove the cows up the valley to feed; and then a Dutch woman came out of the house with two children and fed the poultry.

We watched for another hour, and then the farmer himself made his appearance, with a pipe in his mouth, and sat down on a bench. When his pipe was out he called to the house, and a Hottentot woman

came to him with tobacco and a light. During the whole of the day we did not see any other people about the house, so we concluded that there were no more than the farmer, his wife, the Hottentot woman, and two children. About two hours after noon the farmer went to the stable and led out his horse, mounted, and rode away; we saw him speak to the Hottentot woman when he rode off, and she soon after went down the valley with a basket on her head, and a long knife in her hand. Then Hastings said it was time that we moved, for there was but one woman in the house, and we could easily overpower her and get what we wanted; still there was a great risk, as she might give the alarm, and we should have to escape in the daytime, and might be seen and taken prisoners again. However, as it was our only chance, we resolved to go down to the farmhouse very cautiously, and be all ready to seize any opportunity. We crept down the hill, and gained the fence, which was at the back of the farmhouse, without being discovered; we remained there for about a quarter of an hour, when, to our great joy, we observed the farmer's wife go out of the house, leading a child in each hand; apparently she was going to visit one of her neighbours, for she went in the direction of one of the other farms. As soon as she was a hundred yards off Hastings crept softly through the fence, and entered the farmhouse by the back door; he came out again, and made a sign for us to come in. We found him already in possession of a rifle and a musket, which had been hanging over the fireplace, and we soon handed down the powder-horns and ammunition pouches, which were hung up at a different part of the room, away from the fireplace.

Having gained these, Hastings set me to watch at the front door, lest anybody should return, while Romer and he looked out for something else in the way of provisions. We got possession of three hams, and a large loaf of bread as big as a small washing-tub. With these articles we made our way safe back to our retreat. We then looked round, and could see nobody in any direction, so we presumed that we were not discovered. As there was a sort of ravine full of rocks dividing the hill, which we were obliged to pass before we could get into the valley, unless we went down close to the farmhouse, we agreed that it would be better at once to cross it during the daytime, so that we should get that difficulty over, and, at the same time, be further from the farmhouse. We did so; and found a

very secure hiding-place, where we lay down, waiting for the sun to set before we started on our journey into the interior. We had not been there an hour before we heard the shrill cry of our friends, the baboons, on the hill which we had left; and, after that, we perceived them going down towards the farmhouse, and very busy taking the fruit out of the orchard, throwing it from one to the other as fast as they could; for, you see, these cunning animals had found out that



There, on the bough above them, was a panther.

the coast was clear, and did not lose so good an opportunity. They were still busy with their work when the Hottentot came in sight with the cows; and when he approached the farmhouse they all gave a loud scream, and scampered off as fast as they could. Then the Dutchwoman was seen coming back, and when she had gone into the house, and spoken to the Hottentot, we heard her crying as she came out again by the back door. About an hour before dusk the Dutch farmer came home on horseback, and, in a few minutes, we knew, by the shrieking and screams, that he was beating his wife:

for you see (that is, we suppose it was so), by her leaving the house, the baboons had ventured to rob the orchard; and I have no doubt it was taken for granted that they had carried off the different articles missing in the house; for they will take anything; so, if it was unfortunate for the poor woman, it was very lucky for us, as it removed the suspicion of our being there, and occasioned no search after us; so, we quite forgave the baboons all the annoyance they had given us in the morning, in consequence of the good turn they had done us in the evening.

We remained concealed until it was dark, and then Hastings and Romer, each with a musket on his shoulders and a ham at his back; and I, being the smallest, with the rifle and the great loaf of bread, which was slung to me by a string passing through a hole bored through the middle, set off on our journey. Our intention was to travel north, as we knew that was the road leading from the colony; but Hastings had decided that we should first go to the eastward, so as to make what we sailors call a circumbendibus, which would keep us out of the general track. We passed through the deep sands of False Bay, and after that gradually ascended, getting among brushwood and young trees; but we saw no signs of cultivation, nor did we pass one house after we had left False Bay astern of us. About twelve o'clock we were very much fatigued, and longed for a drink of water, but we did not find any, although the moon shone as bright as day. We distinctly heard, however, what we did not much like, the howling and cries of the wild beasts, which increased as we went on; still we did not see any, and that was our comfort. At last we were so tired that we all sat down on the ledge of a rock. We dared not go to sleep, so we remained there till daylight, listening to the howling of the animals. We none of us spoke, and I presume that Hastings' and Romer's thoughts were the same as my own, which were that I would have given a great deal to find myself safe and sound again within the prison walls. However, daylight came at last; the wild beasts did not prowl any more; we walked on till we found a stream of water, where we sat down and took our breakfast, after which our courage revived, and we talked and laughed as we walked on, just as we had done before. We now began to ascend the mountains, which Hastings said must be the Swartz or Black Mountains that the soldiers had talked to us about—they might be for all I

knew, but they were very desolate; and when night came on we collected brushwood, and cut down branches with our large knives, that we might make a fire, not only to warm ourselves, but to scare away the wild beasts, whose howling had already commenced. We saw two or three during the daytime sunning themselves on the flat rocks—one was a panther; we had loaded our guns; as we passed, it showed its white teeth, but did not move; the others were too far off for us to distinguish what they were. We lighted our fire and ate our supper; the loaf was half gone, and the hams had been well cut into—we knew, therefore, that very soon we should have to trust to our guns for procuring food. As soon as we had finished our meal, we lay down by the fire, with our muskets loaded close to us, and our ammunition placed out of danger. We were so tired that we were soon fast asleep. It had been agreed that Romer should keep the first watch, and Hastings the middle, and I the morning; but Romer fell asleep, and the consequence was, that the fire was not kept up. It was about midnight that I was awakened by something breathing hard in my face, and just as I could recall my senses and open my eyes, I found myself lifted up by the waistband, and the teeth of some animal pinching my flesh. I tried to catch at my musket, but I put out my wrong hand, and laid hold of a still lighted brand out of the fire, which I darted into the animal's face; it let me drop directly, and ran away.

The animal was a hyena. Fortunately they are a very cowardly sort of beast; still, had it not been for the lighted stick, it would have carried me off, for I was very small then, and it lifted me up as if I was a feather in its mouth. The shout I gave woke Hastings, who seized his musket and fired. I was very much frightened, as you may suppose. As for Romer, he never woke till we pushed him hard, he was so completely knocked up. This affair, of course, made us more cautious, and afterwards we lighted two fires, and slept between them, one always remaining on the watch. For a week we travelled on, and as soon as we were over the mountains, we turned our heads to the northward. We now were away from rocks and brushwood, and entered a large plain. Our provisions were all gone, and we were one day without any; but we killed an antelope called a springbock, which gave us provisions for three or four days: there was no want of game after we had descended into the plain. I forgot to mention,

however, a narrow escape we had, just before we had left an extensive forest on the side of the mountain. We had walked till past noon, and were very much tired; we decided upon taking our dinner under a large tree, and we threw ourselves down in the shade. Hastings was lying on his back, with his eyes looking upwards, when he perceived, on a lower branch of the tree, a panther, which lay along it, his green eyes fixed upon us, and ready to spring: he seized his musket, and fired at it without taking aim, for there was no time; but the ball entered the stomach of the animal, and, as it appeared, divided his backbone. Down came the beast, within three or four feet of where we lay, with a loud roar, and immediately crouched to spring upon Romer; but it could not, for the back-bone being broken, it had not any power in its hinder quarters, so it raised up its fore-quarters, and then dropped down again. I never saw such rage and fury in any animal in my life. At first we were too much frightened to fire; but, perceiving that the beast could not spring, Hastings snatched the musket from Romer, and shot it through the head.

We were now obliged to hunt for our livelihood, and we became bolder than ever. Our clothes were all in rags; but we had plenty of powder and ammunition; there were hundreds and hundreds of antelopes and gnus in the plain—indeed, sometimes it was impossible to count them. We didn't want for provisions, I assure you; but this plentiful supply of game was the cause of our being in greater danger, for now, for the first time, we heard the roar of the lions every night. Of all the noises I ever heard, it is certainly the one which, to my mind, is the most terrible. We made large fires to keep them off, but I assure you they often made us tremble when they came near to us.

We often saw them, but they never attacked us, and we were too much afraid to fire at them. Once we met one face to face. We had killed an antelope called a hartebeest, and, with our muskets on our shoulders, were running to secure it, having marked where it fell in the high grass. Just as we came up to the spot of grass we heard a roar, and found ourselves not ten yards from a lion, who was lying on the top of the beast we had killed, his eyes flashing fire at us, and half raising himself, as if ready for a spring. We all took to our heels as fast as we could. I never looked back till I was out of breath; but the lion was content with our running away, and did not take the trouble to follow us. We went to sleep that night without our supper.

Well, we had been travelling, we really hardly knew where, but certainly in a northerly direction, for three weeks, and were quite worn out; we now all agreed that we had done a very foolish thing, and would gladly have gone back again. We walked along the whole day without speaking to one another, except when it was necessary to hunt for provisions; for my part, I declare that I was willing to lie down and die, if I could have so done, and I became quite indifferent to the roaring of the lions, and felt as if I should be glad if one would have made a meal of me; when, one morning, we fell in with a party of natives. We could not speak to them, but they appeared very peaceable and well-disposed. They were of the Karroo tribe, as they told us by pointing to themselves, and saying "Karroos," and then they pointed to us, and said, "Dutch." We shot game, and gave it to them, which pleased them very much, and they remained with us for five or six days. We tried by signs to inquire of them, if there were any Dutch settlement about there; and they understood us, and said that there was, in a direction which they pointed out to us, to the north-east. We offered them a present if they would show us the way; for we had made up our minds that we would give ourselves up to the Dutch, and go back to prison. Two of the men agreed to go with us; the rest of the tribe, with the women and children, went southward. The next day we arrived at a Dutch settlement of three or four farmhouses, called Graef Reynets.

The Dutch farmer came out when he saw us coming, and asked us who we were. We told him that we were English prisoners, and that we wished to give ourselves up to the authorities. He took away our arms and ammunition, and said that he was the authority in that part, which was true enough; and then he said, "You'll not run away without arms and ammunition, that's certain. As for sending you to the Cape, that I may not be able to do for months; so if you wish to be fed well, you must work well while you're here." We replied that we should be very glad to make ourselves useful, and then he sent us some dinner by a Hottentot girl, and showed us a small room for us to sleep in. But we soon found out that we had to deal with an ill-tempered, brutal fellow; and that he gave us plenty of hard work, but by no means plenty of food. He would not trust us with guns, so the Hottentots went out with the cattle, but he gave us plenty of work to do about the house; and at last he treated

us very cruelly. When he was short of provisions for the Hottentots and other slaves, of which he had a good many, he would go out with the other farmers who lived near him and shoot quaggas for them to eat. Nobody but a Hottentot could live upon such flesh.

Well, he at last would give us nothing to eat but quaggas, the same as the Hottentots, while he and his family—for he had a wife and five children—lived upon mutton and the flesh of the antelope, which is very excellent eating. Our lives became quite a burden to us; we were employed all day on the farm one way or another, and every day he was more brutal towards us. At last we agreed that we would stand it no longer. We went to the stables, and took the three best horses which the Dutchman had, put some corn in a sack for each of them, took some cord for halters, mounted, and rode away as fast as we could. As we knew that we should be pursued we first galloped away, as if we were going eastward, to the Cape; and then, as soon as we were on ground which would not show the tracks of our horses' hoofs, we turned round to the northward, in the direction of the Bushman country. It was dark soon after we had altered our course; but we travelled all night, and although we heard the roaring of the lions at a distance we met with no accident. At daylight we rested our horses, and gave them some corn, and then sat down to eat some of the provisions we had brought with us.

While we were eating, we held a consultation how we should proceed. We were aware that the Dutchmen would shoot us if they came up with us, and that they would come out in strong force against us; so we were at a great loss to know how to act. At last we decided that we would cross the country of the Bushmen, and get to the seaside, to the northward of the Cape. Having done talking, we took the saddles off our horses, and tethered them where there was good grass. We determined that it would be better to travel at night, as there would be less fear of the wild beasts, or of being seen; so we went fast asleep for many hours. Towards the evening we found water for the horses, and then we fed them again, and proceeded on our journey. I won't tell you what passed every day for a fortnight, by which time we had pretty well killed our horses, and we were compelled to stop among a tribe of Gorraguas, I think they called them, a very mild, inoffensive people, who supplied us with milk, and treated us very kindly. We had some adventures,

nevertheless. One day, as we were passing by a tuft of small trees, a rhinoceros charged upon my horse, which very narrowly escaped by wheeling short round and getting behind him; the beast then made off without meddling with us any more. Every day we used to shoot some animal or other, for provision: sometimes it was a gnu, a very curious creature, something between an antelope and a bull; at other times it was one of the antelope kind—there were plenty of them.

Well, we stayed for three weeks with these people, and gave our horses time to refresh themselves; and then we set off again, keeping more towards the coast as we went southward, for the Gorraguas told us that there was a fierce native tribe, called Kaffers, to the northward, who would certainly kill us if we went there. The fact is, we did not know what to do. We had left the Cape without any exact idea where we should go to, like foolish boys as we were, and we became more entangled with difficulties every day. At last, we decided that it would be better to find our way back to the Cape, and deliver ourselves up as prisoners, for we were tired out with fatigue and constant danger. So when we bade adieu to the Gorraguas, who were quite satisfied with our presenting them with all the buttons we could spare, we turned our horses' heads to the south-east, so to make the sea and go to the southward at the same time.

I have now to mention a most melancholy event which occurred. Two days after we had recommenced our travels, in passing through some high grass, we stumbled on a lion, which was devouring a gnu. Romer, who happened to be some ten yards foremost of the three, was so alarmed that he fired at the animal, which we had agreed never to do, as it was folly to enrage so powerful a beast when our party was so small. The lion was slightly wounded; he gave a roar that might have been heard for a mile, sprang upon Romer, and with one blow of his paw knocked him off the saddle into the bushes. Our horses, which were frightened, wheeled round and fled, for the animal was evidently about to attack us. As it was, he did make one bound in our direction; we could not pull up until we had gone half a mile; and when we did we saw the lion had torn down the horse which Romer had ridden, and was dragging away the carcase to the right at a sort of a canter, without any apparent effort on his part. We waited till he was well off, and then rode back to the spot where Romer had fallen: we soon found him, but he was

quite dead; the blow with the lion's paw had fractured his skull.

We had no means of burying him, poor fellow! so we covered him up with bushes, and left him. We were both very melancholy; indeed, as I rode on, I cried for nearly an hour; and Hastings never spoke a word until it was time for us to rest the horses. I ought to have said that the Gorraguas told us not to travel by night, but by day; and we had done so in consequence of their advice. I believe it was very good advice, notwithstanding this unfortunate accident, for we found that when we had travelled all night the lions had more than once followed us the whole time; and indeed I have often thought since that we were altogether indebted to His mercy Who ordereth all things, both in heaven and earth, that we escaped so well as we did. Three days after poor Romer's death we first saw the wide ocean again; and it appeared to us as if we had fallen in with an old friend. We kept near the coast, but we soon found out that we could not obtain the supply of game, or fuel for our fires at night, so well as we could in the interior, and we agreed to get away from the coast again. We had a dreary plain to pass over, and we were quite faint for want of food—for we had been without any for nearly two days—when we came upon an ostrich. Hastings put his horse to his speed, but it was of no use—the ostrich ran much faster than the horse could. I remained behind, and, to my great joy, discovered her nest, with thirteen large eggs in it. Hastings soon came back, with his horse panting and out of wind. We sat down, lighted a fire, and roasted two of the eggs; we made a good dinner off them, and, having put four more on our saddle-bows, we continued our journey. For three weeks more we had nothing but difficulty and suffering. One forenoon, at last, we saw the Table Mountain, and were as glad to see it as if we had seen the white cliffs of Old England. We pushed on our horses with the hopes of being once more comfortably in prison before night; when, as we neared the bay, we observed that English colours were flying on board the vessels in the road. This surprised us very much; but soon after that we met an English soldier, who told us that the Cape had been taken by our forces. This was a joyful surprise, as you may suppose. We rode into the town, and reported ourselves to the mainguard; the governor sent for us, heard our story, and sent us to the admiral, who took us on board his own ship.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

By HANS ANDERSEN

The world was neither charitable nor kind to the grey ungainly duckling, who appeared awkward and ugly to his companions. So he went off on his own, feeling that life in some way had treated him unfairly and that he was unwanted. He endured a hard and miserable winter, and when spring came his heart was heavy with despair. Only then did he discover his true self, and learn that life has a way of offering compensation for tears and unhappiness.

IT was beautiful in the country. It was summer-time, and the wheat was yellow, the oats were green, the hay was stacked up in the green meadows, and the stork paraded about on his long red legs, discoursing in Egyptian, which language he had learned from his mother. The fields and meadows were skirted by thick woods, and a deep lake lay in the midst of the woods. Yes, it was indeed beautiful in the country! The sunshine fell warmly on an old mansion, surrounded by deep canals, and from the walls down to the water's edge there grew large burdock-leaves, so high that children could stand upright among them without being perceived. This place was as wild and unfrequented as the thickest part of the wood, and on that account a duck had chosen to make her nest there. She was sitting on her eggs; but the pleasure she had felt at first was now almost gone, because she had been there so long, and had so few visitors, for the other ducks preferred swimming on the canals to sitting among the burdock-leaves gossiping with her.

At last the eggs cracked one after another, "Tchick, tchick!" All the eggs were alive, and one little head after another peered forth. "Quack, quack!" said the duck, and all got up as well as they could. They peeped about from under the green leaves; and as green is good for the eyes, their mother let them look as long as they pleased.

"How large the world is!" said the little ones, for they found their present situation very different to their former confined one, while yet in the eggshells.

"Do you imagine this to be the whole of the world?" said the mother. "It extends far beyond the other side of the garden to the pastor's field; but I have never been there. Are you all here?" And then she got up. "No, not all, but the largest egg is still here. How long will this last? I am so weary of it!" And then she sat down again.

"Well, and how are you getting on?" asked an old duck.

"This one egg keeps me so long," said the mother. "It will not break; but you should see the others! They are the prettiest little ducklings I have seen in all my days; they are all like their father,—the good-for-nothing fellow, he has not been to visit me once!"

"Let me see the egg that will not break," said the old duck; "depend upon it, it is a turkey's egg. I was cheated in the same way once myself, and I had such trouble with the young ones; for they were afraid of the water, and I could not get them there. I called and scolded, but it was all of no use. But let me see the egg—ah, yes! to be sure, that is a turkey's egg. Leave it, and teach the other little ones to swim."

"I will sit on it a little longer," said the duck. "I have been sitting so long that I may as well spend the harvest here."

"It is no business of mine," said the old duck, and away she waddled.

The great egg burst at last. "Tchick! tchick!" said the little one, and out it tumbled—but, oh! how large and ugly it was! The duck looked at it. "That is a great, strong creature," said she; "none of the others are at all like it; can it be a young turkey-cock? Well, we shall soon find out; it must go into the water, though I push it in myself."

The next day there was delightful weather, and the sun shone warmly upon all the green leaves when Mother Duck with all her family went down to the canal: plump she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" cried she, and one duckling after another jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but all came up again, and swam together in the pleasantest manner; their legs moved without effort. All were there, even the ugly grey one.

"No! it is not a turkey," said the old duck; "only see how prettily it moves its legs! how upright it holds itself! It is my own child: it is also really very pretty when one looks more closely at it. Quack! quack now come with me, I will take you into the world, introduce you in the duck-yard; but keep close to me, or someone may tread on you; and beware of the cat."

So they came into the duck-yard. There was a horrid noise: two families were quarrelling about the remains of an eel, which in the end was secured by the cat.

"See, my children, such is the way of the world," said Mother Duck, wiping her beak, for she too was fond of eels. "Now use your legs," said she, "keep together, and bow to the old duck you see yonder. She is the most distinguished of all the fowls present, and is of Spanish blood, which accounts for her dignified appearance and manners. And look, she has a red rag on her leg! That is considered extremely handsome, and is the greatest distinction a duck can have. Don't turn your feet inwards; a well-educated duckling always keeps his legs far apart, like his father and mother, just so—look! now bow your necks, and say, 'Quack.' "

And they did as they were told. But the other ducks who were in the yard looked at them, and said aloud, "Only see, now we have another brood, as if there were not enough of us already; and fie! how ugly that one is; we will not endure it"; and immediately one of the ducks flew at him, and bit him in the neck.

"Leave him alone," said the mother, "he is doing no one any harm."

"Yes, but he is so large, and so strange-looking, and therefore he shall be teased."

"Those are fine children that our good mother had," said the old duck with the red rag on her leg. "All are pretty except one, and that has not turned out well; I almost wish it could be hatched over again."

"That cannot be, please your highness," said the mother. "Certainly he is not handsome, but he is a very good child, and swims as well as the others, indeed rather better. I think he will grow like the others all in good time, and perhaps will look smaller. He stayed so long in the egg-shell, that is the cause of the difference"; and she scratched the duckling's neck, and stroked his whole body. "Besides," added she, "he is a drake. I think he will be very strong, therefore it does not matter so much; he will fight his way through."

"The other ducks are very pretty," said the old duck. "Pray make yourselves at home, and if you find an eel's head you can bring it to me."

And accordingly they made themselves at home.

But the poor little duckling, who had come last out of its eggshell,

and who was so ugly, was bitten, pecked, and teased by both ducks and hens. "It is so large!" they all said. And the turkey-cock, who had come into the world with spurs on, and therefore fancied he was an emperor, puffed himself up like a ship in full sail, and marched up to the duckling quite red with passion. The poor little thing scarcely knew what to do; he was quite distressed, because he was so ugly, and because he was the jest of the poultry-yard.

So passed the first day, and afterwards matters grew worse and



The poor duckling was scorned by all.

worse—the poor duckling was scorned by all. Even his brothers and sisters behaved unkindly, and were constantly saying, "The cat take thee, thou nasty creature!" The mother said, "Ah, if thou wert only far away!" The ducks bit him, the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. He ran over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. "That is because I am so ugly," thought the duckling, shutting his eyes, but he ran on. At last he came to a wide moor, where lived some wild ducks; here he lay the whole night, so tired and so comfortless. In the morning the wild ducks flew up, and perceived their new companion. "Pray who are you?" they asked;

and our little duckling turned himself in all directions, and greeted them as politely as possible.

"You are really uncommonly ugly!" said the wild ducks. "However, that does not matter to us, provided you do not marry into our families." Poor thing! he had never thought of marrying. He begged permission to drink the water of the moor.

There he lay for two whole days—on the third day there came two wild geese, or rather ganders, who had not been long out of their eggshells, which accounts for their impertinence.

"Hark ye," said they, "you are so ugly that we like you infinitely well; will you come with us, and be a bird of passage? On another moor, not far from this, are some dear, sweet wild geese, as lovely creatures as have ever said 'hiss, hiss.' You are truly in the way to make your fortune, ugly as you are."

Bang! a gun went off all at once, and both wild geese were stretched dead among the reeds; and the water became red with blood. *Bang!* a gun went off again; whole flocks of wild geese flew up from among the reeds, and another report followed.

There was a grand hunting party: the hunters lay in ambush all around. Some were even sitting in the trees, whose huge branches stretched far over the moor. The blue smoke rose through the thick trees like a mist, and was dispersed as it fell over the water; the hounds splashed about in the mud, the reeds and rushes bent in all directions. How frightened the poor little duck was! He turned his head, thinking to hide it under his wings, and in a moment a most formidable-looking dog stood close to him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his eyes sparkling fearfully. He opened wide his jaws at the sight of our duckling, showed him his sharp white teeth, and, *splash, splash!* he was gone,—gone without hurting him.

"Well! let me be thankful," he sighed; "I am so ugly that even the dog will not eat me."

And now he lay still, though the shooting continued among the reeds, shot following shot.

The noise did not cease till late in the day, and even then the poor little thing dared not stir. He waited several hours before he looked around him, and then hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over fields and meadows, though the wind was so high that he had some difficulty in proceeding.

Towards evening he reached a wretched little hut, so wretched that it knew not on which side to fall, and therefore remained standing. The wind blew violently, so that our poor little duckling was obliged to support himself on his tail in order to stand against it; but it became worse and worse. He then remarked that the door had lost one of its hinges, and hung so much awry that he could creep through the crevice into the room, which he did.

In this room lived an old woman, with her tom-cat and her hen; and the cat, whom she called her little son, knew how to set up his back and purr; indeed, he could even emit sparks when stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, and was therefore called "Cuckoo Short-legs." She laid very good eggs, and the old woman loved her as her own child.

The next morning the new guest was perceived; the cat began to mew, and the hen to cackle.

"What is the matter?" asked the old woman, looking round. Her eyes were not good, so she took the young duckling to be a fat duck who had lost her way. "This is a capital catch," said she; "I shall now have duck's eggs, if it be not a drake: we must try."

And so the duckling was put to the proof for three weeks, but no eggs made their appearance.

Now the cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they used always to say, "We and the world," for they imagined themselves to be not only the half of the world, but also by far the better half. The duckling thought it was possible to be of a different opinion, but that the hen would not allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked she.

"No."

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

And the cat said, "Can you set up your back? Can you purr?"

"No."

"Well, then, you should have no opinion when reasonable persons are speaking."

So the duckling sat alone in a corner, and was in a very bad humour. One day he happened to think of the fresh air and bright sunshine, and these thoughts gave him such a strong desire to swim again that he could not help telling it to the hen.

"What ails you?" said the hen. "You have nothing to do, and there-

fore brood over these fancies; either lay eggs or purr, then you will forget them."

"But it is so delicious to swim!" said the duckling; "so delicious when the waters close over your head, and you plunge to the bottom!"

"Well, that is a queer sort of pleasure," said the hen; "I think you must be crazy. Not to speak of myself, ask the cat—he is the most sensible animal I know—whether he would like to swim, or to plunge to the bottom of the water. Ask our mistress, the old woman,—there is no one in the world wiser than she; do you think she would take pleasure in swimming, and in the waters closing over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duckling.

"What, we do not understand you! So you think yourself wiser than the cat and the old woman, not to speak of myself? Do not fancy any such thing, child, but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Are you not lodged in a warm room, and have you not the advantage of society from which you can learn something? But you are a simpleton, and it is wearisome to have anything to do with you. Believe me, I wish you well. I tell you unpleasant truths, but it is thus that real friendship is shown. Come, for once give yourself the trouble to learn to purr or to lay eggs."

"I think I will go out into the wide world again," said the duckling.

"Well, go," retorted the hen.

So the duckling went. He swam on the surface of the water, he plunged beneath, but all animals passed him by on account of his ugliness. And the autumn came, the leaves turned yellow and brown, the wind caught them and danced them about, the air was very cold, the clouds were heavy with hail or snow, and the raven sat on the hedge and croaked. The poor duckling was certainly not very comfortable!

One evening, just as the sun was setting with unusual brilliancy, a flock of large, beautiful birds rose from out of the brushwood. The duckling had never seen anything so beautiful before; their plumage was of a dazzling white, and they had long slender necks. They were swans; they uttered a singular cry, spread out their long, splendid wings, and flew away from these cold regions to warmer countries, across the open sea. They flew so high, so very high! and the little ugly duckling's feelings were so strange. He turned round and round in the water like a mill-wheel, strained his neck to look after them,

and sent forth such a loud and strange cry, that it almost frightened himself. Ah! he could not forget them, those noble birds! those happy birds! When he could see them no longer he plunged to the bottom of the water, and when he rose again was almost beside himself. The duckling knew not what the birds were called, knew not whither they were flying, yet he loved them as he had never before loved anything. He did not envy them, for it would never have occurred to him to wish such beauty for himself; he would have been quite content if the ducks in the duck-yard had but endured his company—the poor, ugly duckling!

And the winter was so cold, so cold! The duckling was obliged to swim round and round in the water, to keep it from freezing; but every night the opening in which he swam became smaller and smaller. It froze so that the crust of ice crackled, and the duckling was obliged to make good use of his legs to prevent the water freezing entirely. At last, wearied out, he lay stiff and cold in the ice.

Early in the morning there passed by a peasant, who saw him, broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and brought him home to his wife.

He now revived. The children would have played with him, but our duckling thought they wished to tease him, and in his terror jumped into the milk-pail, so that the milk was spilled about the room: the good woman screamed and clapped her hands. He flew thence into the pan where the butter was kept, and thence into the meal-barrel, and out again, and then how strange he looked!

The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs. The children ran races with each other trying to catch him, and laughed and screamed likewise. It was well for him that the door stood open; he jumped out among the bushes into the new-fallen snow—he lay there as in a dream.

But it would be too melancholy to relate all the trouble and misery that he was obliged to suffer during the severity of the winter. He was lying on a moor among the reeds when the sun began to shine warmly again, the larks sang, and beautiful spring had returned.

And once more he shook his wings. They were stronger than formerly, and bore him forwards quickly; and before he was well aware of it he was in a large garden where the apple-trees stood in full bloom, where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and hung their

long green branches down into the winding canal. Oh! everything was so lovely, so full of the freshness of spring! And out of the thicket came three beautiful white swans. They displayed their feathers so proudly, and swam so lightly, so lightly! The duckling knew the glorious creatures, and was seized with a strange melancholy.

"I will fly to them, those kingly birds!" said he. "They will kill me, because I, ugly as I am, have presumed to approach them; but it matters not. Better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked by the girl who feeds the poultry, and to have so much to suffer during the winter!" He flew into the water, and swam towards the beautiful creatures. They saw him and shot forward to meet him. "Only kill me," said the poor duckling, and he bowed his head low, expecting death; but what did he see in the water? He saw beneath him his own form, no longer that of a plump, ugly, grey bird—it was that of a swan.

It matters not to have been born in a duck-yard, if one has been hatched from a swan's egg.

The good creature felt himself really elevated by all the troubles and adversities he had experienced. He could now rightly estimate his own happiness, and the larger swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children were running about in the garden; they threw grain and bread into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, "There is a new one!" The others also cried out, "Yes, there is a new swan come!" and they clapped their hands, and danced around. They ran to their father and mother, bread and cake were thrown into the water, and every one said, "The new one is the best, so young and so beautiful!" and the old swans bowed before him. The young swan felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; he scarcely knew what to do, he was all too happy, but still not proud, for a good heart is never proud.

He remembered how he had been persecuted and derided, and he now heard every one say he was the most beautiful of all beautiful birds. The syringas bent down their branches towards him low into the water, and the sun shone so warmly and brightly. He shook his feathers, stretched his slender neck, and in the joy of his heart said, "How little did I dream of so much happiness when I was the despised ugly duckling!"

THE COVERLEY HUNT

By JOSEPH ADDISON

The genial old knight Sir Roger de Coverley, after whom a dance was named, is a typical portrait of a benevolent English squire of the eighteenth century—kindly, considerate of others, fond of sport and full of personal courage, a man liked and respected by all for his many sound qualities. Sir Roger was developed as a serial character in the old "Spectator," run by Addison and Steele, and so popular became the old knight's entertaining ways and homely wisdom that before very long he found himself living a more permanent life within the covers of a bound book devoted entirely to his own history.

HAD not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, Nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufacturers, trade and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalise himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of

a grey stone horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete consort. He is so nice in this particular that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.”

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requitted with a nod or a smile and a kind inquiry after their fathers and their uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my

arm; but to no purpose, until Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way? Upon my answering yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw



Sir Roger took up the hare in his arms.

to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language flying the country, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs sometime afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he

had acquired amongst them. If they were at a fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one.

DRESSED KANGAROO

By CAPTAIN JAMES COOK

While anchored in a large natural harbour on the south-eastern coast of the freshly discovered Australian continent, Captain Cook is brought news of a strange animal that has been seen by a shore party. This particular harbour he had named Botany Bay only a few days before, and he and his officers are engaged in cataloguing the flora and fauna of this wonderful land at the end of the world. Two days later the great explorer sees one of the strange bounding animals for the first time. Three weeks pass, and then he sits down to a meal of roast kangaroo—and enjoys it! This narrative is taken from “The Life and Voyages of Captain James Cook,” in which it forms part of the record of “The First Voyage, 1768–71.”

FRIDAY, June 22nd, 1770. Some of the people were sent to shoot pigeons, and at their return reported that they had seen an animal as large as a greyhound, of a slender make, a mouse colour, and extremely swift.

June 23rd. This day almost everybody had seen the animal which the pigeon-shooters had brought an account of the day before.

June 24th. As I was walking this morning at a little distance from the ship, I saw myself one of the animals which had been so often described. It was of a light mouse colour, and in size and shape very much resembled a greyhound; it had a long tail also, which it carried like a greyhound; and I should have taken it for a wild dog if, instead of running, it had not leapt like a hare or deer. Its legs were said to be very slender, and the print of its foot to be like that of a goat; but where I saw it the grass was so high that the legs were concealed, and the ground was too hard to receive the track. Mr. Banks also had an imperfect view of this animal, and was of opinion that its species was hitherto unknown.

July 8th. In a walk of many miles some of our men saw four animals of the same kind, two of which Mr. Banks' greyhound fairly chased, but they threw him out at a great distance by leaping over the long thick grass, which prevented his running. These animals were observed not to run upon four legs, but to bound or hop forward upon two.

July 14th. Mr. Gore, who went out this day with his gun, had the good fortune to kill one of the animals which had been so much the subject of our speculation. In form it is most like the jerboa, which it also resembles in its motion, but it greatly differs in size, the jerboa not being larger than a common rat, and this animal, when full grown, being as big as a sheep; this individual was a young one, much under its full growth, weighing only thirty-eight pounds.

The head, neck, and shoulders are very small in proportion to the other parts of the body; the tail is nearly as long as the body, thick near the body, and tapering towards the other end; the fore-legs of this individual were only eight inches long, and the hind-legs two-and-twenty. Its progress is by successive leaps or hops, of a great length, in an erect posture; the fore-legs are kept bent close to the breast, and seemed to be of use only for digging. The skin is covered with a short fur of a dark mouse or grey colour, excepting the head and ears, which bear a slight resemblance to those of a hare.

This animal is called by the natives *kangaroo*.

The next day our kangaroo was dressed for dinner, and proved most excellent meat. On the 27th Mr. Gore shot a kangaroo which weighed eighty-four pounds. Upon examination, however, we found that this animal was not at its full growth, the innermost grinders not being yet formed. We dressed it for dinner the next day; but, to our disappointment, we found it had a much worse flavour than that we had eaten before.

THE FORGOTTEN RABBITS

By GEORGE ELIOT

Maggie Tulliver loved her brother Tom very dearly, and it was a sad discovery she made just before his return home after being away at school—his pet rabbits had died. She dreaded the time when he would learn the truth for himself, and with reason. However, Tom was not an unkind boy, and he could find forgiveness for a thoughtless sister who was very distressed, and even share his plumcake with her and take her fishing next day. This story is taken from "The Mill on the Floss."

IT was a heavy disappointment to Maggie that she was not allowed to go with her father in the gig when he went to fetch Tom home from the academy; but the morning was too wet, Mrs. Tulliver said, for a little girl to go out in her best bonnet. Maggie took the opposite view very strongly.

The sun was really breaking out; and there was Yap, the queer white-and-brown terrier, with one ear turned back, trotting about and sniffing vaguely as if he were in search of a companion. It was irresistible. Maggie tossed her hair back and ran downstairs, seized her bonnet without putting it on, peeped, and then dashed along the passage lest she should encounter her mother, and was quickly out in the yard, whirling round like a Pythoness, and singing as she whirled, "Yap, Yap, Tom's coming home!" while Yap danced and barked round her, as much as to say, if there was any noise wanted he was the dog for it.

"Hegh, hegh, miss, you'll make yourself giddy, an' tumble down i' the dirt," said Luke, the head miller, a tall broad-shouldered man of forty, black-eyed and black-haired, subdued by a general mealiness, like an auricula.

Maggie paused in her whirling, and said, "Oh no, it doesn't make me giddy, Luke; may I go into the mill with you?"

Maggie loved to linger in the great spaces of the mill, and often came out with her black hair powdered to a soft whiteness that made her dark eyes flash out with new fire. The resolute din, the unresting

motion of the great stones, giving her a dim delicious awe as at the presence of an uncontrollable force,—the meal for ever pouring, pouring—the fine white powder softening all surfaces, and making the very spider-nets look like a fairy lace-work—the sweet pure scent of the meal,—all helped to make Maggie feel that the mill was a little world apart from her outside everyday life. The spiders were especially a subject of speculation with her. She wondered if they had any relations outside the mill, for in that case there must be a painful difficulty in their family intercourse; a fat and floury spider, accustomed to take his fly well dusted with meal, must suffer a little at a cousin's table where the fly was *au naturel*, and the lady-spiders must be mutually shocked at each other's appearance. But the part of the mill she liked best was the topmost story—the corn-hutch, where there were the great heaps of grain, which she could sit on and slide down continually. She was in the habit of taking this recreation as she conversed with Luke.

"Why, you're like my brother Tom, Luke," said Maggie, wishing to turn the conversation agreeably; "Tom's not fond of reading. But I think Tom's clever, for all he doesn't like books: he makes beautiful whipcord and rabbit-pens."

"Ah," said Luke, "but he'll be fine an' vexed, as the rabbits are all dead."

"Dead!" screamed Maggie, jumping up from her sliding seat on the corn. "Oh, dear, Luke! What! the lop-eared one, and the spotted doe that Tom spent all his money to buy?"

"As dead as moles," said Luke, fetching his comparison from the unmistakable corpses nailed to the stable wall.

"Oh, dear, Luke!" said Maggie, in a piteous tone, while the big tears rolled down her cheek; "Tom told me to take care of 'em, and I forgot. What *shall* I do?"

"Well, you see, miss, they were in that far tool-house, an' it was nobody's business to see to 'em. I reckon Master Tom told Harry to feed 'em. But there's no countin' on Harry; *he's* a offal creatur as iver come about the primises, he is. He remembers nothing but his own inside—an' I wish it 'ud gripe him."

"O Luke, Tom told me to be sure and remember the rabbits every day; but how could I, when they did not come into my head, you know? Oh, he will be so angry with me, I know he will, and so sorry

about his rabbits; and so am I sorry. Oh, what *shall* I do?"

"Don't you fret, miss," said Luke soothingly; "they're nash things, them lop-eared rabbits; they'd happen ha' died if they'd been fed. Things out o' natur niver thrive: God A'mighty doesn't like 'em. He made the rabbits' ears to lie back, an' it's nothin' but contrairiness to make 'em hing down like a mastiff dog's. Master Tom 'ull know better nor buy such things another time. Don't you fret, miss."



"*There he is, my sweet lad!*" said Mrs. Tulliver.

Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was fondness for her boy. At last the sound came—that quick light bowling of the gig-wheels—and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver's curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door.

"There he is, my sweet lad! But, Lord ha' mercy! he's got never a collar on; it's been lost on the road, I'll be bound."

Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on

one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, "Hallo, Yap; what! are you there?"

Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willing enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue-gray eyes wandered towards the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself that he would begin to fish the first thing tomorrow morning. He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and, at thirteen years of age, look as much alike as goslings.

Tom's arms slowly relaxed, and he said, "I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger. For Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things; it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man; and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom, if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know, and buy some more rabbits with it."

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot?" he said, his colour heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me tomorrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot; and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom severely, "and I don't love you."

"O Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if *you* forgot anything—I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd forgive and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly; but I never *do* forget things—I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es—and I—lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me tomorrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

Maggie stood motionless, except from her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be; and now he was cruel to her.

If she went down again to Tom, would he forgive her? Perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But, then, she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity; but then the need of being loved—the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature—began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had

produced on her. He meant to punish her and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?"—both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honour.

"What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking o' nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plumcake.

"Goodness heart! she's got drowned," exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's none drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plumcake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions; but he was particularly clear and positive on one point—namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it. Why, he wouldn't have minded being punished himself if he deserved it; but, then, he never *did* deserve it.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her

need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and dishevelled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love, this hunger of the heart—as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs, and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "O Tom, please forgive me! I can't bear it. I will always be good—always remember things. Do love me—please, dear Tom!"

We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarrelled, express ourselves in well-bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other. We no longer approximate in our behaviour to the mere impulsiveness of the lower animals, but conduct ourselves in every respect like members of a highly civilized society. Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way. And there were tender fibres in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling, so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say,—

"Don't cry, then, Magsie; here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together, and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet because Tom was good to her.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

By LEWIS CARROLL

After following the White Rabbit into a strange wonderland, Alice meets a number of bewildering people and odd creatures, and almost before she has had time to collect her wits she finds herself being introduced by no less a person than the Queen of Hearts to a Gryphon, who is charged to escort her to the Mock Turtle. And thus she comes to meet the incredible Mock Turtle and hears a strange story, witnesses a strange dance, and is entertained by an even stranger song. After which it is her turn to talk and entertain. This story is taken from "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

"Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet?"

"No," said Alice. "I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

"It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," said the Queen.

"I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.

"Come on, then," said the Queen, "and he shall tell you his history."

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. "Up, lazy thing!" said the Queen, "and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history," and she walked off leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon.

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon, and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that. He hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."

"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep, hollow tone. "Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an exclamation now and again of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—we used to call him Tortoise——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon. And then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

"I never said I didn't!" said Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on:

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

"I've been to a dayschool, too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice with some anger.

"Ah! then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, *and washing*—extra'."

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" enquired Alice.



"*That's enough about lessons,*" said the Gryphon.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of Uglification," Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully; "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a stupid."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle, and said "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers, "—Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography: then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you myself," the Mock Turtle said: "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon: "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh: "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle: "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" said Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday."

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon said in a very firm tone. "Tell her something about the games now."

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon: and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea—" ("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster—" (Alice began to say "I once tasted——" but checked her-

self hastily, and said, "No, never")—"so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore——"

"Two lines!" cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles, salmon, and so on; then, when you've cleared the jellyfish out of the way——"

"*That* generally takes some time," said the Gryphon.

"—you advance twice——"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said: "advance twice, set to partners——"

"—change lobsters, and retire in same order," went on the Gryphon.

Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the——"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"—as far out to sea as you can——"

"Swim after them?" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, dancing wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of his voice.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice. And the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing!" said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began gravely dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

" 'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail,
'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

" 'You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!
But the snail replied 'Too far, too far!' and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

" 'What matters it how far we go?' his scaly friend replied.
'There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The farther off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?' "

" 'Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch,' said Alice,
feeling very glad that it was over at last: "and I do so like that
curious song about the whiting!"

" 'Oh, as to the whiting,' said the Mock Turtle, "they—you've
seen them, of course?"

" 'Yes,' said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn——" she checked
herself hastily.

" 'I don't know where Dinn may be,' said the Mock Turtle,
"but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're
like."

" 'I believe so,' Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails
in their mouths—and they're all over crumbs."

" 'You're wrong about the crumbs,' said the Mock Turtle:
"crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in
their mouths; and the reason is——" here the Mock Turtle yawned
and shut his eyes. "Tell her about the reason and all that," he said
to the Gryphon.

" 'The reason is,' said the Gryphon, "that they *would* go with the
lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to
fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they
couldn't get them out again. That's all."

" 'Thank you,' said Alice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so
much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes,*" the Gryphon replied very gravely. Alice was quite puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied: "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please: we don't want *you* with us!'"

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said; "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle: "why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say 'With what porpoise!'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added, "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly: "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! the adventures first," said the Gryphon in an impatient tone. "To explain everything takes such a long time."

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit.

THE YELLOW HORSE

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS

Young D'Artagnan set out upon a yellow horse to make his fortune in the service of King Louis XIII of France. He had received some parting advice from his father, and taken it so much to heart that before he had completed his journey he found himself in serious trouble—on account of his horse. The outcome of that trouble was not what he had expected, and some days later found him entering Paris—on foot! This story of the fiery young Gascon and his butter-coloured horse is taken from "The Three Musketeers."

ON the first Monday of the month of April 1625 the bourg of Meung, in which the author of the *Romance of the Rose* was born, appeared to be in as complete a state of revolution as if the Huguenots had come to make a second Rochelle of it. Many citizens seeing the women flying towards the main street, hearing the children crying at the open doors, hastened to don the cuirass, and supporting their somewhat uncertain courage with a musket or a partisan, directed their steps towards the hostelry of the Jolly Miller, before which was gathered a compact and rapidly increasing group, vociferous and full of curiosity.

On reaching there the cause of this hubbub was apparent to all.

A young man—let us outline his portrait with a stroke of the pen. Imagine Don Quixote at eighteen; Don Quixote without his corselet, without his coat of mail, without his cuisses; Don Quixote clothed in a woollen doublet, the blue colour of which had faded into a nameless shade between lees of wine and a heavenly azure; face long and brown; high cheekbones, indicating craftiness; the maxillary muscles enormously developed, an infallible sign by which a Gascon may always be detected, even without his cap—and our young man wore a cap ornamented with a kind of feather; his eye open and intelligent; his nose hooked, but finely chiselled. Too big for a

youth, too small for a grown man, an experienced eye might have taken him for a farmer's son upon a journey, had it not been for the long sword, which, dangling from a leathern baldric, hit against its owner's calves as he walked, and against his steed's rough side when he was on horseback.

For our young man had a steed, which was the observed of all observers. It was a Béarn pony, from twelve to fourteen years old, with yellow coat, not a hair in his tail, but not without wind-galls on his legs, which, though going with his head lower than his knees rendering a martingale quite unnecessary, contrived, nevertheless, to perform his eight leagues a day. Unfortunately, the qualities of this horse were so well concealed under his strangely coloured hide and his unaccountable gait, that at a time when everybody was a connoisseur in horseflesh the appearance of the said pony at Meung, which place he had entered about a quarter of an hour before by the gate of Beaugency, produced an unfavourable feeling that extended to his master.

And this feeling was the more painful to young D'Artagnan—for so was the Don Quixote of this second Rozinante named—because he was conscious himself of the ridiculous appearance he made on such a steed, good horseman as he was. He had sighed deeply, therefore, when accepting the gift of the pony from M. d'Artagnan the elder. He was not ignorant that such a beast was worth at least twenty pounds; and the words which accompanied the gift were above all price.

"My son," said the old Gascon nobleman, in that pure Béarn *patois* of which Henry IV was never able to rid himself—"my son, this horse was born in your father's house about thirteen years ago, and has remained in it ever since, which ought to make you love it. Never sell it—allow it to die tranquilly and honourably of old age; and if you will make a campaign with it, take as much care of it as you would of an old servant. You are young: you ought to be brave for two reasons; the first is that you are a Gascon, and the second is that you are my son. Never fear quarrels, but seek adventures. I have taught you how to handle a sword; you have sinews of iron, a wrist of steel. Fight on all occasions; fight the more because duels are forbidden, since, consequently, there is twice as much courage in fighting. I have nothing to give you, my son, but fifteen crowns,

my horse, and the counsels you have just heard. Your mother will add to them a recipe for a certain balsam, which she got from a gypsy, and which has the miraculous virtue of curing all wounds that do not reach the heart. Take advantage of all, and live happily and long. I have but one more word to add; I speak of M. de Tréville, who was formerly my neighbour, and who had the honour to be, as a child, the playfellow of our king, Louis XIII, whom God preserve! So that in spite of edicts, ordinances, and decrees, behold him captain of the musketeers—that is to say, leader of a legion of Cæsars, whom the king holds in great esteem, and whom the cardinal dreads—he who dreads little, as every one knows. Moreover, M. de Tréville gains ten thousand crowns a year; he is, therefore, a very great noble. He began as you begin; go to him with this letter, and make him your model, in order that you may do as he has done.”

Upon which M. d'Artagnan the elder girded his own sword round his son, kissed him tenderly on both cheeks, and gave him his blessing.

On leaving the paternal chamber the young man found his mother, who was waiting for him with the famous recipe, the use of which would be so frequently necessitated by the counsels we have just related.

The same day the young man set forward on his journey, provided with the three paternal gifts, which consisted, as we have said, of fifteen crowns, the horse, and the letter for M. de Tréville, the counsels, as may be supposed, being thrown into the bargain.

With such a *vade mecum* D'Artagnan was, morally and physically, an exact copy of the hero of Cervantes. Don Quixote took windmills for giants and sheep for armies; D'Artagnan took every smile for an insult and every look as a provocation, the result of which was that from Tarbes to Meung his fist was constantly doubled, and his hand, on the average, ten times a day on the hilt of his sword; and yet the fist did not descend upon any jaw, nor did the sword issue from its scabbard. It was not that the sight of the wretched pony did not excite numerous smiles on the countenances of passers-by; but as against the side of this pony rattled a sword of respectable length, and as over this sword gleamed an eye rather ferocious than haughty, these said passers-by repressed their hilarity, or if hilarity prevailed over prudence, they endeavoured to laugh only on one side, like the

masks of the ancients. D'Artagnan, then, remained majestic and intact in his susceptibility till he came to this unlucky city of Meung.

But there, as he was alighting from his horse at the gate of the Jolly Miller, without anyone—host, waiter, or hostler—coming to hold his stirrup or take his horse, D'Artagnan spied, through an open window on the ground floor, a man of fine figure and lofty bearing, but of rather grim countenance, talking with two persons who appeared to listen to him most respectfully. D'Artagnan fancied, as was natural for him to do, that he himself must be the object of their conversation, and listened. This time D'Artagnan was only in part mistaken: he himself was not the subject of remark, but his horse was. The gentleman appeared to be enumerating all his qualities to his auditors, and, as I have said, the auditors seeming to have great deference for the narrator, they every moment burst into fits of laughter. Now, as a half-smile was sufficient to awaken the irascibility of the young man, the effect produced upon him by this vociferous mirth may be easily imagined.

Nevertheless, D'Artagnan was desirous of examining the appearance of this impertinent personage who was laughing at him. He fixed his haughty eye upon the stranger, and perceived a man of from forty to forty-five years of age, with black and piercing eyes, a pale complexion, a strongly marked nose, and a black and well-shaped moustache. He was dressed in a doublet and hose of violet colour, with aiguillettes of the same, without any other ornaments than the customary slashes through which the shirt appeared. This doublet and hose, though new, looked creased, as garments do which have been long packed in a travelling-bag. D'Artagnan noticed all this with the rapidity of a most minute observer, and doubtless from an instinctive feeling that this unknown was destined to have a great influence over his future life.

Now, as at the moment in which D'Artagnan fixed his eyes upon the man in the violet doublet the man made one of his most knowing and profound remarks respecting the Béarnese pony, his two auditors burst out laughing, and he himself, though contrary to his custom, suffered a pale smile (if I may be allowed to use such an expression) to stray over his countenance. This time there could be no doubt: D'Artagnan was really insulted. Full, then, of this conviction, he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and endeavouring to copy some

of the court airs he had picked up in Gascony among young travelling nobles, he advanced, with one hand on the hilt of his sword and the other resting on his hip. Unfortunately, as he advanced his anger increased at every step, and instead of the proper and lofty speech he had prepared as a prelude to his challenge, he found nothing at the tip of his tongue but a gross personality, which he accompanied with a furious gesture.

"I say, sir—you, sir, who are hiding yourself behind that shutter—yes, you; sir, tell me what you are laughing at, and we will laugh together!"

The man withdrew his eyes slowly from the nag to his rider, as if he required some time to ascertain whether it could be to him that such strange reproaches were addressed; then, when he could no longer entertain any doubt of the matter, his eyebrows bent slightly, and after quite a long pause, with an accent of irony and insolence impossible to be described, he replied to D'Artagnan,—

"I was not speaking to you, sir!"

"But I am speaking to you!" replied the young man, exasperated by this mixture of insolence and good manners, of politeness and scorn.

The unknown looked at him for a moment longer with his faint smile, and retiring from the window, came out of the hostelry with a slow step, and placed himself before the horse within two paces of D'Artagnan. His quiet manner and the ironical expression of his countenance redoubled the mirth of those with whom he had been talking, and who still remained at the window.

D'Artagnan, seeing him approach, drew his sword a foot out of the scabbard.

"This horse is decidedly, or rather has been in his youth, a buttercup," resumed the unknown, continuing the remarks he had begun, and addressing himself to his auditors at the window, without seeming in any way to notice the exasperation of D'Artagnan, who, however, remained stiffly standing between them. "It is a colour very well known in botany, but till the present time very rare among horses."

"There are people who laugh at a horse that would not dare to laugh at the master of it," cried furiously the emulator of Tréville.

"I do not often laugh, sir," replied the unknown, "as you may

perceive by the expression of my face; but nevertheless I insist upon retaining the privilege of laughing when I please."

"And I," cried D'Artagnan, "will allow no man to laugh when it displeases me!"

"Indeed, sir," continued the unknown, more quietly than ever. "Well, that is perfectly right!" and turning on his heel was about to re-enter the hostelry by the front gate, under which D'Artagnan as he came up had observed a saddled horse standing.

But D'Artagnan was not the person thus to allow a man to escape him who had once had the insolence to laugh at him. He drew his sword entirely from the scabbard, and followed him, crying,—

"Turn, turn, Master Joker, lest I strike you from behind!"

"Strike me!" said the other, turning sharply round and surveying the young man with as much astonishment as contempt. "Come, come, my good fellow, you must be mad!" Then in a suppressed tone, as if speaking to himself, "This is annoying," continued he.

"What a godsend this would be for his Majesty, who is seeking everywhere for bravoos to recruit his musketeers!"

He had scarcely finished when D'Artagnan made such a furious lunge at him that if he had not sprung nimbly backward it is probable that he would have jested for the last time. The unknown then, perceiving that the matter was going beyond a joke, drew his sword, saluted his adversary, and gravely placed himself on guard. But at the same moment his two auditors, accompanied by the host, fell upon D'Artagnan with sticks, shovels, and tongs. This caused so rapid and complete a diversion to the attack that D'Artagnan's adversary, while the latter was turning round to face this shower of blows, sheathed his sword with the same precision as before, and from an actor, which he had nearly been, became a spectator of the fight, a *rôle* in which he acquitted himself with his usual impassibility, muttering, nevertheless,—

"A plague on these Gascons! Put him on his yellow horse again and let him begone!"

"Not before I have killed you, poltroon!" cried D'Artagnan, showing the best front possible, and never falling back one step before his three assailants, who continued to shower their blows upon him.

"Another gasconade!" murmured the gentleman. "By my honour,

these Gascons are incorrigible! Keep up the dance, then, since he will have it so. When he is tired, he will say that he has enough of it."

But the unknown did not yet know the headstrong personage he had to deal with; D'Artagnan was not the man ever to cry for quarter. The fight was therefore prolonged for some seconds; but at length D'Artagnan, worn out, let fall his sword, which was struck from his hand by the blow of a stick and broken in two pieces. Another blow full upon his forehead at the same moment brought him to the ground, covered with blood and almost fainting.

It was at this period that people came flocking to the scene of action from all sides. The host, fearful of consequences, with the help of his servants carried the wounded man into the kitchen, where some trifling attention was bestowed upon him.

As to the gentleman, he resumed his place at the window, and surveyed all that crowd with a certain air of impatience, evidently much annoyed by their persistence in remaining there.

"Well, how is it with this madman?" exclaimed he, turning round as the opening door announced the entrance of the host, who came to inquire whether he was hurt.

"Your Excellency is safe and sound?" asked the host.

"Oh yes! perfectly safe and sound, my good host; and I now wish to know what has become of our young man."

"He is better," said the host; "he fainted quite away."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman.

"But before he fainted he collected all his strength to challenge you, and to defy you while challenging you."

"Why, this fellow must be the devil in person!" cried the unknown.

"Oh no, your Excellency," replied the host, with a grin of contempt, "he is not the devil; for during his fainting we rummaged his valise, and found nothing but a clean shirt and twelve crowns, which, however, did not prevent his saying, as he was fainting, that if such a thing had happened in Paris you should have instantly repented of it, while here you will only repent of it later on."

"Then," said the unknown coldly, "he must be some prince of the blood in disguise."

"I have told you this, good sir," resumed the host, "in order that you may be on your guard."

"Did he name no one in his passion?"

"Yes. He struck his pocket and said, 'We shall see what M. de Tréville will think of this insult offered to his *protégé*.' "

"M. de Tréville?" said the unknown, becoming attentive. "He struck his pocket while pronouncing the name of M. de Tréville? Now, my dear host, while your young man was unconscious you did not fail, I am quite sure, to ascertain what that pocket contained. What was there in it?"

"A letter addressed to M. de Tréville, captain of the musketeers."

"Indeed!"

"Just as I have the honour to tell your Excellency."

The host, who was not endowed with great perspicacity, did not notice at all the expression which his words called up in the countenance of the unknown. The latter arose from the window, upon the sill of which he had been leaning his elbow, and knitted his brows like a man suddenly disturbed.

"The devil!" muttered he between his teeth. "Can Tréville have set this Gascon upon me? He is very young, but a sword-thrust is a sword-thrust, whatever be the age of him who gives it, and a youth is less to be suspected than an older man. A weak obstacle is sometimes sufficient to overthrow a great design."

And the unknown fell into a reverie which lasted some minutes.

"Host," said he, "could you not contrive to get rid of this frantic boy for me? In conscience, I cannot kill him; and yet," added he, with a coldly menacing expression—"and yet he annoys me. Where is he?"

"In my wife's chamber, where they are dressing his wounds, on the first floor."

"His things and his bag are with him? Has he taken off his doublet?"

"On the contrary, everything is down in the kitchen. But if he annoys you, this crazy young fool——"

"To be sure he does. He causes a disturbance in your hostelry, which respectable people cannot put up with. Go, make out my bill, and call my servant."

"What, sir! do you mean to leave us already?"

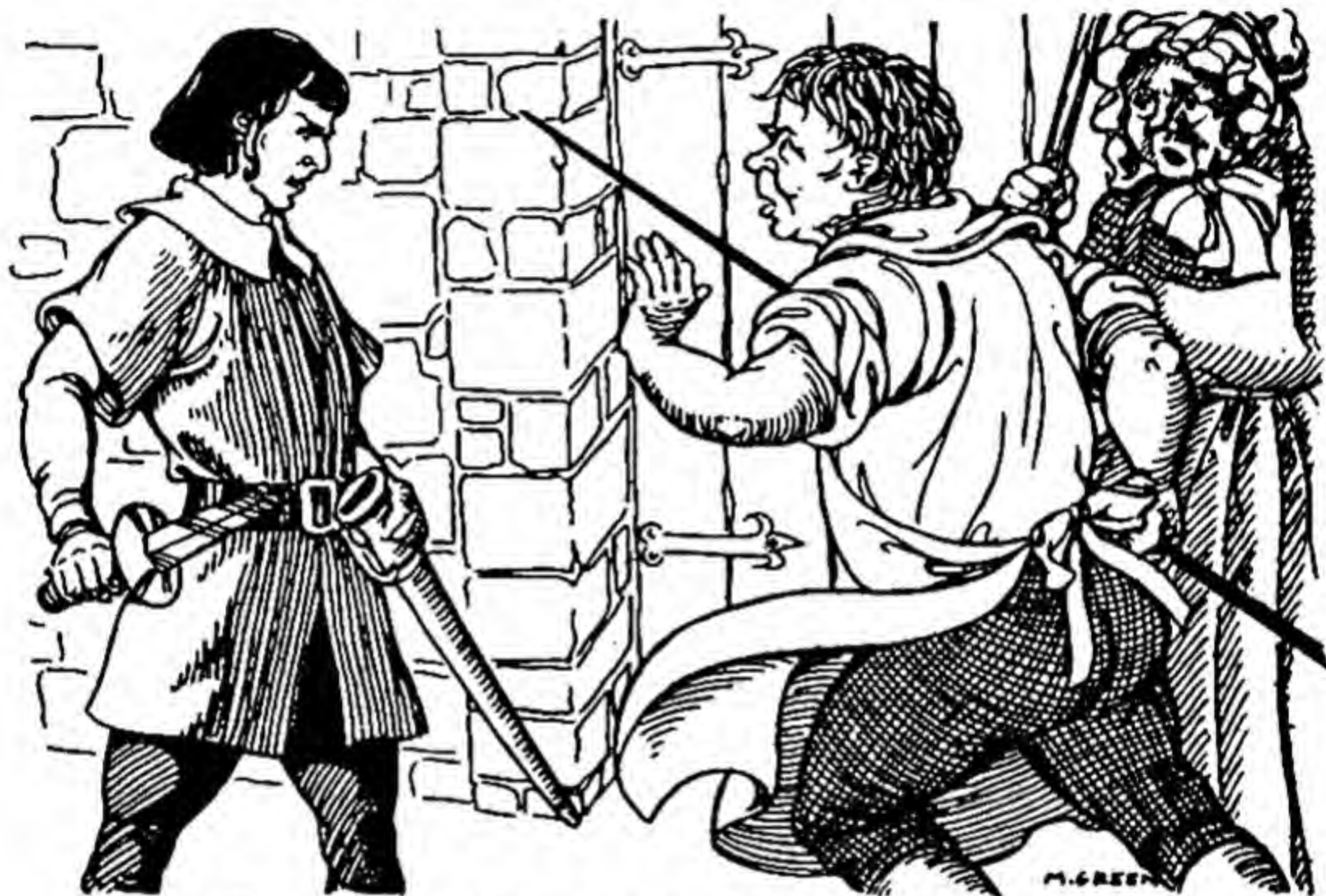
"You knew I was going, as I ordered you to get my horse saddled. Have they not obeyed?"

"Yes, sir; and as your Excellency may have observed, your horse is in the great gateway, ready saddled for your departure."

"That is well. Do as I have directed you, then."

"What the devil!" said the host to himself. "Can he be afraid of this boy?" But an imperious glance from the unknown stopped him short; he bowed humbly and retired.

The host found D'Artagnan entirely returned to consciousness. Giving him to understand that the police could deal with him pretty severely for having sought a quarrel with a great lord, he insisted that, notwithstanding his weakness, he should get up and



For the third time he flew into a terrible rage.

depart as quickly as possible. D'Artagnan, half-stupefied, without his doublet, and with his head all swathed with bandages, arose then, and urged on by the host, began to descend the stairs; but on arriving at the kitchen the first thing he saw was his antagonist, who stood quietly talking beside the step of a heavy carriage drawn by two large Norman horses.

His interlocutor, whose head appeared through the carriage window, was a woman of from twenty to two-and-twenty years of age. We have already observed with what rapidity D'Artagnan took in every feature of a face. He perceived then, at a glance, that this woman was young and beautiful; and her style of beauty struck him

the more forcibly on account of its being totally different from that of the southern countries in which D'Artagnan had hitherto resided. She was pale and fair, with long curls falling in profusion over her shoulders; had large languishing blue eyes, rosy lips, and hands of alabaster. She was talking with great animation with the unknown.

"What are you going to do?"

"I—oh! I shall return to Paris."

"What! without chastising this insolent boy?" asked the lady.

The unknown was about to reply, but at the moment he opened his mouth D'Artagnan, who had heard all, rushed forward through the open door.

"This insolent boy chastises others," cried he; "and I sincerely hope that he whom he means to chastise will not escape him as he did before."

"Will not escape him?" replied the unknown, knitting his brow.

"No: before a woman you would not dare to fly, I presume?"

"Remember," cried milady, seeing the unknown lay his hand on his sword—"remember that the least delay may ruin everything."

"True," cried the gentleman. "Begone, then, your way, and I will go mine." And bowing to the lady, he sprang into his saddle, her coachman at the same time applying his whip vigorously to his horses. The two interlocutors thus separated, taking opposite directions, at full gallop.

"Your reckoning! your reckoning!" vociferated the host, whose respect for the traveller was changed into profound contempt on seeing him depart without settling his bill.

"Pay him, booby!" cried the unknown to his servant, without checking the speed of his horse; and the man, after throwing two or three pieces of silver at the foot of mine host, galloped after his master.

"Base coward! false nobleman!" cried D'Artagnan, springing forward, in his turn, after the servant. But his wound had rendered him too weak to support such an exertion. Scarcely had he gone ten steps when his ears began to tingle, a faintness seized him, a cloud of blood passed over his eyes, and he fell in the middle of the street, crying still,—

"Coward! coward! coward!"

"He is a coward indeed," grumbled the host, drawing near to

D'Artagnan, and endeavouring by this little flattery to make up matters with the young man, as the heron of the fable did with the snail he had despised the evening before.

"Yes, a base coward," murmured D'Artagaan; "but she—she was very beautiful," and he fainted the second time.

"Ahl it's all one," said the host; "I have lost two customers, but this one remains, of whom I am pretty certain for some days to come; and that will be eleven crowns gained, at all events."

We must remember that eleven crowns was just the amount which remained in D'Artagnan's purse.

The host had reckoned upon eleven days of confinement at a crown a day, but he had reckoned without his guest. On the following morning, at five o'clock, D'Artagnan arose, and descending to the kitchen without help, asked, among other ingredients the list of which has not come down to us, for some oil, some wine, and some rosemary, and with his mother's recipe in his hand, composed a balsam with which he annointed his numerous wounds, replacing his bandages himself, and positively refusing the assistance of any doctor. Thanks, no doubt, to the efficacy of the gypsy's balsam, and perhaps, also, thanks to the absence of any doctor, D'Artagnan walked about that same evening, and was almost cured by the morrow.

But when the time of settlement came, the rosemary, the oil, and the wine were the only expenses the master had incurred on his own account, as he had preserved a strict abstinence; while on the contrary, the yellow horse, by the account of the hostler, had eaten at least three times as much as a horse of his size could reasonably be supposed to have done. D'Artagnan found nothing in his pocket but his little worn velvet purse with the eleven crowns it contained; as to the letter addressed to M. de Tréville, it had disappeared.

The young man commenced his search for the letter with the greatest patience, turning out his various pockets twenty times, rummaging and rummaging again in his valise, and opening and closing his purse; but when he had reached the conclusion that the letter was not to be found, he flew, for the third time, into such a rage that it came near costing him a fresh consumption of wine, oil, and rosemary; for upon seeing this hot-headed youth become exasperated and threaten to destroy everything in the establishment if his letter were not found, the host seized a spit, his wife a broom-

handle, and the servants the same sticks they had used before.

"My letter of recommendation!" cried D'Artagnan; "my letter of recommendation! or, by God's blood, I will spit you all like so many ortolans!"

Unfortunately there was one circumstance which created a powerful obstacle to the accomplishment of this threat, which was, as we have related, that his sword had been in the first conflict broken in two, a fact he had wholly forgotten. The consequence was that when D'Artagnan went to draw his sword in earnest, he found himself armed merely with a stump of a sword of about eight or ten inches in length, which the host had carefully placed in the scabbard. As to the rest of the blade, the master had slyly put that on one side to make for himself a larding-pin.

But this loss would probably not have stopped our fiery young man if the host had not reflected that the demand which his guest made was perfectly just.

"But after all," said he, lowering the point of his spit, "where is that letter?"

"Yes, where is that letter?" cried D'Artagnan. "In the first place, I warn you that the letter is for M. de Tréville, and it must be found. If it be not quickly found, he will know how to have it found, I'll answer for it!"

Throwing down his spit then, and ordering his wife to do the same with her broom-handle, and the servants with their sticks, he was the first to begin an earnest search for the lost letter.

"Does the letter contain anything valuable?" demanded the host, after a few minutes of useless investigation.

"Zounds! I think it does, indeed," cried the Gascon, who reckoned upon this letter for making his way at court; "it contained my fortune!"

"Bills upon Spain?" asked the disturbed host.

"Bills upon his Majesty's private treasury," answered D'Artagnan, who, reckoning upon entering into the king's service in consequence of this recommendation, thought he could make this somewhat hazardous reply without telling a falsehood.

"The devil!" cried the host, at his wit's end.

"But it's of no importance," continued D'Artagnan, with the assurance of his nation; "it's of no importance. The money is nothing;

that letter was everything. I would rather have lost a thousand pistoles than have lost it." He would not have risked more if he had said twenty thousand, but a certain youthful modesty restrained him.

A ray of light all at once broke upon the mind of the host, who was uttering maledictions upon finding nothing.

"That letter is not lost!" cried he.

"What!" said D'Artagnan.

"No; it has been stolen from you."

"Stolen! by whom?"

"By the gentleman who was here yesterday. He came down into the kitchen, where your doublet was. He remained there some time alone. I would lay a wager he has stolen it."

"Do you think so?" answered D'Artagnan, but little convinced, as he knew better than anyone else how entirely personal the value of this letter was, and saw nothing in it likely to tempt the cupidity of anyone. The fact was that none of the servants, none of the travellers present, could have gained anything by becoming possessed of this paper.

"Do you say," resumed D'Artagnan, "that you suspect that impertinent gentleman?"

"I tell you I am sure of it," continued the host. "When I informed him that your lordship was the *protégé* of M. de Tréville, and that you even had a letter for that illustrious nobleman, he appeared to be very much disturbed, and asked me where that letter was, and immediately came down into the kitchen, where he knew your doublet was."

"Then he is the thief," replied D'Artagnan. "I will complain to M. de Tréville, and M. de Tréville will complain to the king." He then drew two crowns majestically from his purse, gave them to the host, who accompanied him, cap in hand, to the gate, remounted his yellow horse, which bore him without any further accident to the gate of St. Antoine at Paris, where his owner sold him for three crowns, which was a very good price, considering that D'Artagnan had ridden him hard on the last stretch. The dealer to whom D'Artagnan sold him for the said nine livres explained to the young man that he only gave that enormous sum for him on account of the originality of his colour.

So D'Artagnan entered Paris on foot.

A CUNNING TRIO

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Uncle Remus, an old darky with a wonderful fund of stories, likes nothing better than to have Miss Sally's little boy come down to his hut on a large Southern plantation and listen to the doings of the animals of whom Uncle Remus tells. On one occasion the old darky tells of how Brer Wolf's cunning brought him to a sad end when he matched wits with Brer Rabbit, and of how Brer Fox was saved from a similar fate by remembering it. For of all the animals in the early days of the world none was more shrewd or cunning than Brer Rabbit. This story is taken from "Uncle Remus."

UNCLE REMUS was half-soling one of his shoes, and Miss Sally's little boy had been handling his awls, his hammers, and his knives to such an extent that the old man was compelled to assume a threatening attitude; but peace reigned again, and the little boy perched on a chair, watching Uncle Remus driving in pegs.

"Folks who are always pestering people, and interfering with what isn't theirs, never come to a good end. There was Brer Wolf; instead of minding his own business, he must go in partnership with Brer Fox, and there was scarcely a minute in the day but what he was after Brer Rabbit. He kept on and kept on, until the first news you heard was that he was caught—and he was caught very badly."

"Goodness, Uncle Remus! I thought the wolf let the rabbit alone after he had tried to fool him about the fox being dead."

"Better let me tell this my way. By and by it will be your bedtime, and Miss Sally will be calling for you. Then you will be whimpering round, and Master John will bring up the rear with that strap which I made for him."

The child laughed, and playfully shook his fist in the simple, serious face of the venerable old darky, but said no more. Uncle

Remus waited awhile to be sure that there was to be no other demonstration, and then proceeded:

"Brer Rabbit didn't have any peace whatever. He couldn't leave home unless Brer Wolf would make a raid, and carry off some of the family. Brer Rabbit built himself a straw house, and that was torn down. Then he made a house with pine-tops, and that went the same way. Then he made himself a bark house, and that was raided, and every time he lost a house he lost one of his children. At last Brer Rabbit got mad, and used very strong language. More than that, he went off and got some carpenters, and they built him a plank house with rock foundations. After that he was able to have some peace and quietness. He could go out and pass the time of the day with his neighbours, and come back and sit by the fire, and smoke his pipe and read his newspaper, just like any other man who has a family. He made a hole in the cellar where the little Rabbits could hide when there was a great disturbance in the neighbourhood, and the latch of the front door worked on the inside. Brer Wolf saw how the land lay, and he lay low. The little Rabbits were very frightened, but cold chills no longer ran up Brer Rabbit's back when he heard Brer Wolf go galloping by.

"By and by, one day when Brer Rabbit was arranging to call on Miss Coon, he heard a tremendous stir and clatter up the big road, and almost before he could pick up his ears to listen, Brer Wolf ran in the door. The little Rabbits went into their hole in the cellar, as quickly as you could blow out a candle. Brer Wolf was all covered in mud, and very nearly winded.

" 'Oh, do pray save me, Brer Rabbit!' said Brer Wolf. 'Do please, Brer Rabbit! The dogs are after me and they will tear me up. Don't you hear them coming? Oh, do please save me, Brer Rabbit! Hide me somewhere where the dogs won't get me.'

"No quicker said than done.

" 'Jump in that big chest, Brer Wolf,' said Brer Rabbit; 'jump in there and make yourself at home.'

"In jumped Brer Wolf, and down came the lid. Into the hasp went the hook, and there Mr. Wolf was.

"Then Brer Rabbit went to the looking-glass, and winked at himself. After that he drew the rocking-chair in front of the fire, and took a big chew of tobacco."

"Tobacco, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy incredulously.

"Rabbit tobacco, honey. You know the plant that Miss Sally puts among the clothes in the trunk; well, that is rabbit tobacco. Then



Then Brer Rabbit poured the hot water on the chest.

Brer Rabbit sat there a long time, turning his mind over, and working his thinking machine. Presently he got up, and began to bustle around. Then Brer Wolf said:

"'Are the dogs all gone, Brer Rabbit?'

"'I fancy I heard one of them smelling around the chimney-corner just now.'

"'Then Brer Rabbit got the kettle and filled it full of water and put it in the fire.

" 'What are you doing now, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'I'm arranging to make you a nice cup of tea, Brer Wolf.'

"Then Brer Rabbit went to the cupboard and got the gimlet, and commenced to bore little holes in the lid of the chest.

" 'What are you doing now, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'I'm boring little holes so that you will be able to breathe, Brer Wolf.'

"Then Brer Rabbit went out and got some more wood, and flung it on the fire.

" 'What are you doing now, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'I'm making up the fire so that you won't get cold, Brer Wolf.'

"Then Brer Rabbit went down into the cellar, and fetched out all his children.

" 'What are you doing now, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'I'm telling my children what a nice man you are, Brer Wolf.'

"And the children had to put their hands before their mouths to keep from laughing. Then Brer Rabbit got the kettle and began to pour the hot water on the lid of the chest.

" 'What is that I hear, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'You hear the wind blowing, Brer Wolf.'

"Then the water began to soak through.

" 'What is that I feel, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'You feel the fleas biting, Brer Wolf.'

" 'They are biting very hard, Brer Rabbit.'

" 'Turn over on the other side, Brer Wolf.'

" 'What is that I feel now, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'Still you feel the fleas, Brer Wolf.'

" 'They are eating me up, Brer Rabbit.'

"And those were the last words of Brer Wolf, because the scalding water did the business.

"Then Brer Rabbit called in his neighbours, and they held a regular jubilee. And if you go to Brer Rabbit's house now, I don't know but what you will find Brer Wolf's hide hanging in the back-porch, all because he was so busy with other folks' affairs.

"Find them where you will and when you may," remarked Uncle Remus with emphasis, "good children are always taken care of. There were Brer Rabbit's children, they obeyed their daddy and mammy from day's end to day's end. When old Brer Rabbit said

'Scoot,' they scooted, and when old Mrs. Rabbit said 'Scat,' they scatted. They did that. And they kept their clothes clean, and didn't get smuts on their noses either."

Involuntarily the hand of the little boy went up to his face, and he scrubbed the end of his nose with his coat-sleeve.

"They were good children," continued the old man heartily, "and if they hadn't been good there was one time when there wouldn't have been any little Rabbits. That's what."

"What time was that, Uncle Remus?" the little boy asked.

"The time when Brer Fox dropped in at Brer Rabbit's house and found nobody home but the little Rabbits. Old Brer Rabbit was off somewhere robbing a cabbage-patch, and old Mrs. Rabbit was at a party in the neighbourhood, and while the little Rabbits were playing hide-and-seek in dropped Brer Fox. The little Rabbits were so fat that they fairly made his mouth water, but he remembered Brer Wolf, and he was afraid to gobble them up unless he had some excuse. The little Rabbits were very frightened, and they huddled together and watched Brer Fox's motions. Brer Fox sat there and wondered what sort of an excuse he could make up. Presently he saw a great big stalk of sugar-cane standing in the corner, and, clearing his throat, he talked very loudly:

" 'Here, you young Rabs, just come here and break me off a piece of that sweetening-tree,' and then he coughed.

"The little Rabbits got out the sugar-cane, and wrestled with it, and sweated over it, but it wasn't any use. They couldn't break it. Brer Fox pretended that he wasn't taking any notice, but he kept on shouting:

" 'Hurry up there, Rabs! I'm waiting for you.'

"And the little Rabbits hustled around and wrestled with it, but they couldn't break it. Presently they heard a little bird singing on the top of the house, and the song that the little bird sang was this:

" 'Take your toofies, and gnaw it,
Take your toofies and saw it,
Saw it and gnaw it,
And then you can break it.'

"Then the little Rabbits were very glad, and they gnawed the cane almost before old Brer Fox could get his legs uncrossed. When they

carried him the cane, Brer Fox sat and wondered how he could find another excuse for seizing one of them. By and by he got up and took down the sieve which was hanging on the wall, and he said:

“ ‘Come here, Rabs! Take this sifter, and run down to the spring and fetch me some fresh water.’ ”

“The little Rabbits ran down to the spring, and tried to dip up the water with the sifter, but of course it all ran out. It kept on running out, and presently the little Rabbits sat down and began to cry. Then the little bird sitting up in the tree began to sing, and this is the song which he sang:

“ ‘Sifter holds water the same as a tray,
If you fill it with moss and daub it with clay.
The fox gets more angry the longer you stay—
So fill it with moss and daub it with clay.’ ”

“Up they jumped, the little Rabbits did, and they fixed the sifter so that it wouldn't leak. Then they carried the water to old Brer Fox. Then Brer Fox got very angry and pointed out a big log of wood, telling the little Rabbits to put that on the fire. The little chaps got round the wood, and they worked so hard at it that they could see their own sins, but the wood didn't budge. Then they heard the little bird singing, and this is the song which he sang:

“ ‘Spit on your hands and tug it and haul it,
And get behind it and push it and pole it,
Spit on your hands and bend back and roll it.’ ”

“And just about the time that they got the wood on the fire their daddy came skipping in, and the little bird flew away. Brer Fox saw that his game was up, and it wasn't long before he made an excuse and started to go.

“ ‘You had better stay and take a snack with me, Brer Fox,’ said Brer Rabbit. ‘Since Brer Wolf left off coming and sitting up with me, I get so that I feel very lonesome these long nights.’ ”

“But Brer Fox buttoned up his coat-collar tight and made for home. And that is what you had better do, honey, because I can see Miss Sally's shadow sailing backward and forward before the window, and before you know where you are she will be expecting you.”

TOM IN THE WATER WORLD

By CHARLES KINGSLEY

Tom, who in his land-world life had been a chimney sweep, found a very different world awaiting his exploration when he was able to live in a flowing stream. But he still remained a boy at heart, and it was some time before he learned that other members of the water-world were not inclined to be friendly until he changed his ways. And he did change his ways! This story is from "The Water Babies."

TOM was very happy in the water. He had been sadly over-worked in the land-world; and so now, to make up for that, he had nothing but holidays in the water-world for a long, long time to come. He had nothing to do but enjoy himself, and look at all the pretty things which are to be seen in the cool, clear water-world, where the sun is never too hot, and the frost is never too cold.

And what did he live on? Watercresses, perhaps; or perhaps water-gruel, and water-milk; too many land-babies do so likewise. But we do not know what one-tenth of the water-things eat, so we are not answerable for the water-babies.

Sometimes he went along the smooth gravel water-ways, looking at the crickets which ran in and out among the stones, as rabbits do on land; or he climbed over the ledges of rock, and saw the sand-pipes hanging in thousands, with every one of them a pretty little head and legs peeping out; or he went into a still corner, and watched the caddises eating dead sticks as greedily as you would eat plum pudding, and building their houses of silk and glue. Very fanciful ladies they were; none of them would keep to the same materials for a day. One would begin with some pebbles; then she would stick on a piece of green wood; then she found a shell, and stuck on it, too; and the poor shell was alive, and did not like at all being taken to build houses with; but the caddis did not let him have any voice in the matter, being rude and selfish, as vain people are apt to be;

then she stuck on a piece of rotten wood, then a very smart pink stone, and so on, till she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. Then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself, and said, "Hurrah! my sister has a tail, and I'll have one too"; and she stuck it on her back, and marched about with it quite proud, though it was very inconvenient indeed. And, at that, tails became all the fashion among the caddis-baits in that pool, and they all toddled about with long straws sticking out behind, getting between each other's legs, and tumbling over each other, and looking so ridiculous that Tom laughed at them till he cried. But they were quite right, you know; for people must always follow the fashion, even if it be spoon-bonnets.

And in the water-forest he saw the water-monkeys and water-squirrels (they had all six legs, though; everything almost has six legs in the water, except efts and water-babies); and nimbly enough they ran among the branches. There were water-flowers there, too, in thousands; and Tom tried to pick them; but as soon as he touched them, they drew themselves in and turned into knots of jelly; and then Tom saw that they were all alive—bells, and stars, and wheels, and flowers, of all beautiful shapes and colours; and all alive and busy, just as Tom was. So now he found that there was a great deal more in the world than he fancied at first sight.

There was one wonderful little fellow, too, who peeped out of the top of a house built of round bricks. He had two big wheels, and one little one, all over teeth, spinning round and round like the wheels in a threshing-machine; and Tom stood and stared at him to see what he was going to make with his machinery. And what do you think he was doing? Brick-making. With his two big wheels he swept together all the mud which floated in the water: all that was nice in it he put into his stomach and ate; and all the mud he put into the little wheel on his breast, which really was a round hole set with teeth; and there he spun it into a neat, hard round brick, and then he took it and stuck it on top of his house-wall, and set to work to make another. Now was not he a clever little fellow?

Tom thought so; but when he wanted to talk to him the brick-maker was much too busy and proud of his work to take notice of him.

Now you must know that all the things under the water talk;

only not such a language as ours; but such as horses, and dogs, and cows, and birds talk to each other; and Tom soon learned to understand them and to talk to them; so that he might have had very pleasant company if he had only been a good boy. But I am sorry to say he was too like some other little boys, very fond of hunting and tormenting creatures for mere sport. Some people say that boys cannot help it; that it is nature, and only a proof that we are all originally descended from beasts of prey. But whether it is nature or not, little boys can help it, and must help it. For if they have naughty, low, mischievous tricks in their nature, as monkeys have, that is no reason why they should give way to those tricks like monkeys, who know no better. And therefore they must not torment dumb creatures; for, if they do, a certain old lady who is coming will surely give them exactly what they deserve.

But Tom did not know that; and he pecked and howked the poor water-things about sadly, till they were all afraid of him, and got out of his way, or crept into their shells; so he had no one to speak to or play with.

The water-fairies, of course, were sorry to see him so unhappy, and longed to take him and tell him how naughty he was, and teach him to be good, and to play and romp with him, too; but they had been forbidden to do that. Tom had to learn his lesson for himself by sound and sharp experience, as many other foolish person has to do, though there may be many a kind heart yearning over them all the while, and longing to teach them what they can only teach themselves.

At last one day he found a caddis, and wanted it to peep out of its house; but its house-door was shut. He had never seen a caddis with a house-door before, so what must he do, the meddlesome little fellow, but pull it open, to see what the poor lady was doing inside. What a shame! How should you like to have anyone breaking your bedroom-door in, to see how you looked when you were in bed? So Tom broke to pieces the door, which was the prettiest little grating of silk, stuck all over with shining bits of crystal; and when he looked in the caddis poked out her head, and it had turned into just the shape of a bird's. But when Tom spoke to her she could not answer; for her mouth and face were tight tied up in a new night-cap of neat pink skin. However, if she didn't answer, all the other

caddises did; for they held up their hands and shrieked like the cats in Struwelpeter: "*Oh, you nasty, horrid boy; there you are at it again! And she had just laid herself up for a fortnight's sleep, and then she would have come out with such beautiful wings, and flown about, and laid such a lot of eggs; and now you have broken her door, and she can't mend it because her mouth is tied up for a fortnight, and she will die. Who sent you here to worry us out of our lives?*"

So Tom swam away. He was very much ashamed of himself, and felt all the naughtier; as little boys do when they have done wrong and won't say so.

Then he came to a pool full of little trout, and began tormenting them, and trying to catch them; but they slipped through his fingers, and jumped clean out of the water in their fright. But as Tom chased them he came close to a great, dark hover under an alder root, and out flashed a huge old brown trout, ten times as big as he was, and ran right against him, and knocked all the breath out of his body; and I don't know which was the more frightened of the two.

Then he went on sulky and lonely, as he deserved to be; and under a bank he saw a very ugly, dirty creature sitting, about half as big as himself, which had six legs, and a big stomach, and a most ridiculous head with two great eyes, and a face just like a donkey's.

"Oh!" said Tom, "you are an ugly fellow, to be sure!" and he began making faces at him, and put his nose close to him, and halloed at him, like a very rude boy.

When, hey presto! all the thing's donkey-face came off in a moment, and out popped a long arm with a pair of pincers at the end of it, and caught Tom by the nose. It did not hurt him much, but it held him quite tight.

"Yah, ah! Oh, let me go!" cried Tom.

"Then let me go," said the creature. "I want to be quiet. I want to split."

Tom promised to let him alone, and he let go.

"Why do you want to split?" said Tom.

"Because my brothers and sisters have all split, and turned into beautiful creatures with wings; and I want to split too. Don't speak to me. I am sure I shall split. I will split!"

Tom stood still and watched him. And he swelled himself, and puffed, and stretched himself out stiff, and at last—*crack, puff,*

bang!—he opened all down his back, and then up to the top of his head.

And out of his inside came a most slender, elegant, soft creature, as soft and smooth as Tom; but very pale and weak, like a child who has been ill a long time in a dark room. It moved its legs very feebly, and looked about it half ashamed, like a girl when she goes for the first time into a ballroom; and then it began walking slowly up a grass stem to the top of the water.

Tom was so astonished that he never said a word, but he stared with all his eyes. And he went up to the top of the water, too, and peeped out to see what would happen.

And as the creature sat in the warm bright sun a wonderful change came over it. It grew strong and firm, the most lovely colours began to show on its body, blue and yellow and black, spots and bars and rings; out of its back rose four great wings of bright brown gauze, and its eyes grew so large that they filled all its head, and shone like ten thousand diamonds.

“Oh, you beautiful creature!” said Tom; and he put out his hand to catch it.

But the thing whirled up into the air, and hung poised on its wings a moment, and then settled down again by Tom quite fearless.

“No!” it said, “you cannot catch me. I am a dragon-fly now, the king of all the flies; and I shall dance in the sunshine and hawk over the river, and catch gnats, and have a beautiful wife like myself. I know what I shall do. Hurrah!” And he flew away into the air, and began catching gnats.

“Oh! come back, come back,” cried Tom, “you beautiful creature! I have no one to play with, and I am so lonely here. If you will but come back I will never try to catch you.”

“I don’t care whether you do or not,” said the dragon-fly; “for you can’t. But when I have had my dinner and looked a little about this pretty place, I will come back and have a little chat about all I have seen in my travels. Why, what a huge tree this is! and what huge leaves on it!”

It was only a big dock; but you know the dragon-fly had never seen any but little water-trees; starwort, and milfoil, and water-crowfoot, and such like; so it did look very big to him. Besides, he was very short-sighted, as all dragon-flies are, and never could see

a yard before his nose, any more than a great many other folks, who are not half as handsome as he.

The dragon-fly did come back, and chatted away with Tom. He was a little conceited about his fine colours and his large wings; but, you know, he had been a poor, dirty, ugly creature all his life before; so there were great excuses for him. He was very fond of talking about all the wonderful things he saw in the trees and the meadows; and Tom liked to listen to him, for he had forgotten all about them. So in a little while they became great friends.

And I am glad to say that Tom learned such a lesson that day that he did not torment creatures for a long time after. And then the caddises grew quite tame, and used to tell him strange stories about the way they built their houses, and changed their skins, and turned at last into winged flies; till Tom began to long to change his skin, and have wings like them some day.

And the trout and he made it up (for trout very soon forget if they have been frightened and hurt). So Tom used to play with them at hare and hounds, and great fun they had; and he used to try to leap out of the water, head over heels, as they did before a shower came on; but somehow he never could manage it. He liked most, though, to see them rising at the flies, as they sailed round and round under the shadow of the great oak, where the beetles fell flop into the water, and the green caterpillars let themselves down from the boughs by silk ropes for no reason at all; and then changed their foolish minds for no reason at all, either; and hauled themselves up again into the tree, rolling up the rope in a ball between their paws; which is a very clever rope-dancer's trick; but why they should take so much trouble about it no one can tell.

And very often Tom caught them just as they touched the water, and caught the alder-flies and the caperers, and the cocktailed duns and spinners, yellow, and brown, and claret, and grey, and gave them to his friends, the trout. Perhaps he was not quite kind to the flies; but one must do a good turn to one's friends when one can.

And at last he gave up catching even the flies; for he made acquaintance with one by accident, and found him a very merry little fellow. And this was the way it happened; and it is all quite true.

He was basking at the top of the water one hot day in July, catching

duns and feeding the trout, when he saw a new sort, a dark grey little fellow with a brown head. He was a very little fellow, indeed, but he made the most of himself, as people ought to do. He cocked up his head, and he cocked up his wings, and he cocked up his tail, and he cocked up the whisks at his tail-end, and, in short, he looked the cockiest little man of all little men. And so he proved to be; for, instead of getting away, he hopped upon Tom's finger, and sat there as bold as nine tailors; and he cried out in the tiniest, shrillest, squeakiest little voice you ever heard—

"Much obliged to you, indeed; but I don't want it yet."

"Want what?" said Tom, quite taken aback by his impudence.

"Your leg, which you are kind enough to hold out for me to sit on. I must just go and see after my wife for a few minutes. Dear me! what a troublesome business a family is!" (though the idle little rogue did nothing at all, but left his poor wife to lay all the eggs by herself). "When I come back I shall be glad of it, if you'll be so good as to keep it sticking out just so"; and off he flew.

Tom thought him a very cool sort of personage; and still more so when, in five minutes, he came back, and said, "Ah, you were tired waiting? Well, your other leg will do as well."

And he popped himself down on Tom's knee, and began chatting away in his squeaking voice.

"So you live under the water? It's a low place. I lived there for some time, and was very shabby and dirty. But I didn't choose that that should last. So I turned respectable, and came up to the top and put on this grey suit. It's a very business-like suit, you think, don't you?"

"Very neat and quiet indeed," said Tom.

"Yes; one must be quiet, and neat, and respectable, and all that sort of thing for a little when one becomes a family man. But I'm tired of it, that's the truth. I've done quite enough business, I consider, in the last week, to last me my life. So I shall put on a ball dress, and go out and be a smart man, and see the gay world, and have a dance or two. Why shouldn't one be jolly if one can?"

"And what will become of your wife?"

"Oh! she is a very plain, stupid creature, and that's the truth, and thinks about nothing but eggs. If she chooses to come, why, she may, and if not, why, I go without her—and here I go."

And as he spoke he turned quite pale and then grew white.

"Why, you're ill!" said Tom. But he did not answer.

"You're dead," said Tom, looking at him as he stood on his knee as white as a ghost.

"No, I ain't!" answered a little squeaking voice over his head.

"This is me up here, in my ball-dress, and that's my skin. Ha, ha! you could not do such a trick as that!"

And no more Tom could, nor all the conjurers in the world. For the little rogue had jumped clean out of his own skin, and left it standing on Tom's knee—eyes, wings, legs, tail, exactly as if it had been alive.

"Ha, ha!" he said, and he jerked and skipped up and down, never stopping an instant, just as if he had St. Vitus' dance. "Ain't I a pretty fellow now?"

And so he was; for his body was white, and his tail orange, and his eyes all the colours of a peacock's tail. And, what was the oddest of all, the whisks at the end of his tail had grown five times as long as they were before.

"Ah!" said he, "now I will see the gay world. My living won't cost me much, for I have no mouth, you see, and no inside, so I can never be hungry nor have the stomach-ache, neither."

No more he had. He had grown as dry and hard and empty as a quill, as such silly, shallow-hearted fellows deserve to grow.

But, instead of being ashamed of his emptiness, he was quite proud of it, as a good many fine gentlemen are, and began flirting and flipping up and down, and singing—

"My wife shall dance and I shall sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it for quite the wisest thing,
To drive dull care away."

And he danced up and down for three days and three nights, till he grew so tired that he tumbled into the water, and floated down. But what became of him, Tom never knew, and he himself never minded, for Tom heard him singing to the last as he floated down—

"To drive dull care away-ay-ay!"

And if he did not care, why, nobody else cared either.

HEIDIE'S KITTENS

By JOHANNA SPYRI

Adelheid—better known as Heidi—who has spent her young life in the country with her grandfather's goats, suddenly finds herself a member of a notable family in the large German city of Frankfort, where she is to be companion to Klara Sesemann. However, the little country girl proves a disappointment to the unbending housekeeper, and Heidi is glad to get out of the big house and explore the city. She returns, late for a meal, with some new-found friends, and the result is almost disastrous.

This story is from "Heidi."

WHEN Heidi opened her eyes on her first day in Frankfort she could not in the least understand what she saw. She rubbed her eyes very hard, and looked and looked again, and saw the same things each time. She was sitting in a high white bed, and before her she saw a large, wide room; and where the light entered hung long white curtains. Near them stood two chairs, with great flowers thereon. Against the wall was a sofa, also covered with flowers, before which stood a round table. Heidi sprang down from her bed, and got herself dressed. She now went to one window, then to the other. She must see the sky, and the earth outside; it seemed as if she were in a cage behind the big curtains. As she could not draw them aside, she crept under them to get to the window; but this was so high that she could only just look out, nor did she find what she wanted. She ran from one window to another, and then back again; but the same things were always before her eyes, walls and windows, and another wall and more windows. The child began to be troubled.

It was still early; for Heidi was accustomed to rise early, and to run out at once before the door to see what the weather was, if the wind sang in the pines, and if any little flowers had opened their

eyes. Like a bird that for the first time finds itself in a beautiful glittering prison, and runs here and there, trying on all sides to regain its freedom, so the child ran from one window to another, trying to open them, for she felt that she must see something besides walls and windows. There must be green grass on the earth beneath, and the last traces of melting snow on the precipices; and Heidi longed for the sight.

Then someone knocked on the door; Miss Tinette's head appeared, and she uttered the words, "Breakfast ready!"

Heidi had no idea that this meant that she was to go to breakfast.

She now took a little footstool from beneath the table, set it in the corner, and taking her seat there, waited patiently to see what would happen next. After a while, something came with a good deal of noise. It was Miss Rottenmeier, who was again in great excitement, and came hurriedly into the room, saying, "What is the matter with you, Adelheid? Don't you know what breakfast means? Come at once!"

This Heidi understood, and followed into the dining-room, where Klara had long been seated. Breakfast proceeded. Heidi ate her bread and butter very properly; and Miss Rottenmeier gave the child to understand that she was to remain with Klara.

While the girls talked, the professor arrived; but he was detained by Miss Rottenmeier in the dining-room before she allowed him to go to the study. There she seated herself before him, and began excitedly to explain the dilemma she was in, and how it had all happened: how she had written to Paris a while ago to tell Mr. Sesemann that his daughter had long wished for a companion, and that she herself was convinced that were there someone to join Klara in her studies it would act as a spur to her learning. Miss Rottenmeier felt that it would also be most agreeable to herself to be released from the necessity of being always with her young mistress.

Mr. Sesemann had replied that he should gladly comply with his daughter's wish, only making the condition that such a play-fellow should be treated in every way as if she were a daughter of the house, for he would have no tormenting of children in his home; which indeed was a most unnecessary remark, said Miss Rottenmeier, for who would wish to be cruel to a child? Now the professor must hear how very unlucky she had been in her choice, and there

followed a detail of every instance of ignorance that Heidi had shown. Not only must the child's education begin with the alphabet, but every point of good breeding must be taught her from the very rudiments.

Out of this unbearable position she could see but one hope of escape, which was for the professor to declare that it would be very unprofitable for two children who were in such different stages of advancement to study together, especially for the more proficient. Such a statement would afford Mr. Sesemann a plausible ground for withdrawing from the bargain, and he would agree that the child should be sent back to her home. This step she herself dared not take, now that the master of the house was aware that the child had arrived. But the professor was cautious, and never one-sided in his decisions. He comforted Miss Rottenmeier with many words, and with the prospect that if the little girl were so backward on one side, she might be as forward upon others, and that a well-regulated method of teaching would soon bring things to a proper balance.

At last the housekeeper became aware that she could hope for no support from the professor, but that he intended to begin with teaching the alphabet. She opened the study door for him and shut it behind him quickly; for of all things she dreaded to be obliged to listen to the teaching of A B C. Walking up and down the dining-room with great strides, she now tried to decide the momentous question of how the servants were to address Adelheid. Mr. Sesemann had certainly written that she must be treated as if she were his daughter; and this order must particularly have reference to the conduct of the servants, thought Miss Rottenmeier.

It was Klara's habit to rest for a while in the afternoon; and Heidi was to choose her own occupation for that time, as the housekeeper had that morning explained to her. So when Klara had settled herself to rest in her bath-chair, and Miss Rottenmeier had withdrawn to her own room, the child realized that she was free to do as she liked. She was glad enough, for she had something in her mind that she longed to accomplish. For this, however, she needed assistance; so she stationed herself in the corridor, by the dining-room, in order that the person to whom she wished to speak could not escape her.

In a short time, up came Sebastian with a tray, bringing the silver from the kitchen, to put it away in the sideboard in the dining-

room. As he reached the topmost step, there stood Heidi before him, and very distinctly she said, "You or he!"

Sebastian's round eyes opened to their utmost capacity, and he said rather sharply, "What do you mean, mam'selle?"

"I want to ask you something," she said.

"Oh, ho! But why must I be called you or he? First tell me that," said the man still sharply.

"That is what I must always say, for Miss Rottenmeier has ordered it so."

At these words Sebastian burst out laughing so loudly that Heidi stared at him in surprise, for she saw nothing to laugh at. The man, however, understood at once what it all meant, and said, "All right; now go on, mam'selle."

"I am not mam'selle; I am Heidi," said the child, now somewhat nettled in her turn.

"That is true enough; but the same lady has ordered me to say mam'selle."

"Has she? Well, then, I must be called so," said Heidi resignedly; for she had learned that everything in the household must be as Miss Rottenmeier wished.

"Now I have three names," she added with a sigh.

"But what did the little mam'selle wish to ask?" asked Sebastian at last, as he went into the dining-room to put away the silver.

"Is there no place where you can see the whole valley far down and away?"

"To do that you must climb up a high tower, a church tower, like that over there with the golden ball on the top. You can look down from that and see about on every side."

In a twinkling Heidi was off to the door, out into the street, and away. A great many people passed her by; but they all seemed in such haste that the child thought they would not find time to give her any information. But on the next corner she saw a boy standing, who carried a small hand-organ on his back, and on his arm a queer-looking animal. Running up to him, the child asked, "Where is the tower with the golden ball at the top?"

"Don't know."

"Whom can I ask to tell me?"

"Don't know."

"Do you know of any other church with a high tower?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then come and show me."

"Tell me first what you will give me."

The boy held out his hand. Heidi searched in her pockets, and drew out a little picture of a pretty wreath of red roses. She looked at it rather regretfully, for Klara had given it to her that very morning; but to look down into the valley, to survey the green precipices!

"Here," she said, and held the card toward the lad. "will you take this?"

He withdrew his hand, and shook his head.

"What do you want, then?" asked she, tucking her picture away gladly.

"Money."

"I have none, but Klara has; she will certainly give you some. How much do you want?"

"Threepence."

"Well, then, come along."

They wandered down a long street, and the child asked her guide what he carried on his back. He explained that there was a beautiful organ under the cloth, that made charming music, if he turned the handle. All at once he stood still before an old church with a high tower. "This is it," he said.

The child discovered a bell, at which she pulled with all her might.

"When I go in, you must wait for me here, for I do not know my way back, and I want you to show me."

"What will you give me for it?"

"What do you want?"

"Another threepence."

The creaking lock was turned from within, the creaking door was opened, and an old man stepped out. He stared somewhat curiously at first at the children; then in surprise and anger demanded, "What do you mean by ringing me down, you two? Can't you read what is written here over the bell?—'For those who wish to climb the tower'."

The lad pointed to Heidi with his forefinger, and said nothing. Heidi said at once, "That is just what I want to do."

"What business have you up there? Did anyone send you?"

"No; I want to go up so that I can look down."

"Make haste and get you home, and do not try this joke again, for you will not get off so easily the second time!" The tower-keeper turned away, and was going to shut the door; but Heidi held him by the coat, and begged, "Only just once."

He looked round, and Heidi's eyes gazed up at him so beseechingly that he was moved, and took the child by the hand, saying kindly, "If you're so very much set upon it, come with me."

The boy had seated himself upon a stone seat beside the door, to show that he did not wish to accompany them.

They climbed many, many steps, Heidi holding by the tower-keeper's hand. Soon the stairway became much narrower, and at last it was only the smallest passage, and they were at the top. The tower-keeper raised her in his arms, and held her at the open window. "There, now! Look down," said he.

Heidi looked down over a sea of roofs, towers, and chimneys. She drew back quickly, saying, quite downcast, "It isn't anything like what I thought it would be."

"Now you see how it is. How could such a little girl understand about a view? Come now, and ring no more tower bells."

He set the child again on the floor and led the way back down the narrow stair. Where the passage grew wider they came to the keeper's room. Near the door the floor extended under the steep roof, and there stood a big basket. A large grey cat sat there growling; for her family lived in the basket, and she warned everybody who passed not to meddle with her household affairs. Heidi, who had never seen so huge a cat, stopped to admire her. Armies of mice lived in the old tower; and Mrs. Puss fetched every day without trouble a good half-dozen for dinner.

Seeing Heidi's interest, the keeper said, "She will not hurt you while I am here. You may look at her kittens."

Heidi drew near the basket, and broke out into exclamations of delight. "Oh, the pretty little creatures! the beautiful kittens!" she cried again and again, and ran round and round to see all the funny movements and gambols that the seven or eight little things were making, as they rolled about in the basket, springing, crawling, and tumbling over each other.

"Would you like to have one of them?" asked the keeper, who was regarding the child with pleasure, as she jumped about for joy.

"For myself? For always?" said she excitedly, and could not believe in such happiness.

"To be sure. You may have more; you may have them all, if you have room for them," said the man, who was glad to get rid of his kittens without being obliged to kill them.

Heidi's delight was at its climax. In that big house the kittens could have so much room, and how surprised and pleased Klara would be when she saw the dear little things!

"But how can I take them home with me?" Heidi now asked, and put out her hand to take one immediately. But the big cat sprang on to her arm, spitting at her so angrily that she drew back.

"I will bring them to you, if you will tell me where."

The keeper said this while he stroked the old cat to quiet her. She was his good friend, and they had inhabited the tower for many years.

"To Mr. Sesemann's big house," answered Heidi. "There is a golden dog's head on the door, holding a thick ring in his mouth."

It was not necessary to give all these directions to the tower master, who had lived all his life in the tower, and knew every house far and near, and was also an old friend of Sebastian.

"I know the house well. But to whom shall I bring the little things? For whom shall I ask? You do not belong to Mr. Sesemann."

"No, but Klara. She will be delighted when the little kits come home."

The child could scarcely tear herself away from the enchanting basket, though the keeper said it was time to go down.

"If I could only take one or two of them with me! One for myself, and one for Klara! Oh, may I?"

"Wait a moment," said the keeper, and drew the old cat cautiously into his little room. He set her down to a dish of milk, shut the door upon her, and came back, saying, "Now take two."

Her eyes dancing with joy, Heidi chose a white one and a yellow one striped with white, and stuck one into her right-hand and the other into her left-hand pocket. They then went down.

The lad sat on the steps where they had left him, and when the keeper had closed the door and gone away Heidi asked, "Which way must we take to go to Mr. Sesemann's house?"

"Don't know."

She described the house, the door, the steps, and the windows; but her companion only shook his head. He knew nothing about all these.

"Now look!" said she, with a new idea. "From one of the windows can be seen a big, big grey house, and the roof goes so," and she drew great notches in the air with her finger.

Up jumped the boy at this. These were the signs that he needed. Now he knew the way. Off he started, and the little girl after him, and soon they stood before the door with the big metal dog's head. Heidi pulled the bell. Sebastian quickly appeared, and seeing the child, cried out, "Come at once, as fast as you can!"

In sprang Heidi; the door slammed to. The servant had not even noticed the boy, who stood abashed outside.

"Quick, mam'selle!" urged Sebastian again. "Run into the dining-room. They are already at table, and Miss Rottenmeier looks like a loaded cannon. What possessed the little mam'selle to run away?"

Heidi entered the room. Miss Rottenmeier did not look up. Klara also took no notice. The silence was rather oppressive. Sebastian placed Heidi's chair for her. As the child took her place the house-keeper began, with a severe expression and a very solemn voice, "Adelheid, I wish to speak to you later. I will only say now that you have misbehaved yourself greatly, and deserve punishment for having left the house without asking permission, or letting anybody know, and for running about until this late hour. It is most unheard-of conduct."

"Miew!" came the reply.

At this the lady's anger rose to a terrible pitch. "How is this, Adelheid?" she cried, speaking louder and louder. "Do you dare, in addition to your misbehaviour, to make game of me? Beware what you are about! I warn you!"

"I am not——" began Heidi. Miew! miew!

Sebastian now almost flung his dish on the table, and fled from the room.

"It is too much!" This is what Miss Rottenmeier tried to say, but her voice was quite gone from excitement. "Rise, and leave the room," she stammered.

Very much frightened, the child rose, trying once more to explain.

"I truly am not——" Miew! miew! miew!

"But, Heidi," interposed Klara, "when you see that it makes Miss Rottenmeier so angry, why do you keep on making that noise?"

"I am not; it's the kittens," Heidi at last found chance to answer.

"How? What? Young cats!" screamed the lady. "Sebastian! Tinette! Find the horrid things. Get rid of them." With the words she ran into the study and bolted the door, to make herself more secure, for of all created things young cats were the most terrible to her.

Sebastian stood outside, where he was fain to have his laugh out before he again entered. He had seen, while he was serving Heidi, a small feline head, and then another, peeping out of her pockets on either side, and foresaw the trouble that was brewing. When the storm fairly broke he could contain himself not another moment, hardly long enough even to set his dish on the table.

At last he went again into the room, but not until the terrified lady's cries for help had been repeated over and over again. Everything now seemed quiet and tranquil enough. Klara held the kittens in her lap, Heidi knelt on the floor by her side, and the children were playing most happily with the tiny, graceful creatures.

"Sebastian," said Klara to him as he entered, "you must help us. You must find a nest for the kittens where Miss Rottenmeier will not see them; for she is afraid of them, and will send them away. But we do want to keep the little darlings, and have them here to play with whenever we are alone. Where can you hide them?"

"I will take care of them, Miss Klara," said Sebastian willingly. "I will make a nice little bed for them in a basket, and put it somewhere so that the lady who is so afraid of them shall not find it. Leave it all to me."

Sebastian went at once to work, and sniggered to himself as he thought, "There will be some fun out of this"; for he was not sorry to see the housekeeper stirred up now and then.

The particular scolding that Miss Rottenmeier intended to administer to Heidi passed over till the following day, for she felt herself too much exhausted, after all the emotions of anxiety, anger, and fear, that the child had so unintentionally caused her, to do anything that evening. She withdrew early, and the little girls followed in perfect contentment, knowing that the kittens were safe.

THE WHITE SNAKE

By JAKOB and WILHELM GRIMM

This story of the servant whose curiosity brought him to eat a piece of the flesh of the magic white snake, so that he was suddenly able to understand the language of birds and beasts, is a story of gratitude for favours rendered and of debts repaid. Even the seemingly impossible became possible when a debt of gratitude was remembered and honoured in full.

A LONG while ago there lived a king whose wisdom was world-renowned. Nothing remained unknown to him, and it seemed as if the tidings of the most hidden things were borne to him through the air. But he had one strange custom: every day at noon, when the table was quite cleared, and no one was present, his trusty servant had to bring him a dish, which was covered up, and the servant himself did not know what lay in it, and no man knew, for the King never uncovered it nor ate thereof until he was quite alone.

This went on for a long time, until one day such a violent curiosity seized the servant, who as usual carried the dish, that he could not resist the temptation, and took the dish into his chamber. As soon as he had carefully locked the door, he raised the cover, and there lay before him a white snake.

At the sight he could not restrain the desire to taste it; so he cut a piece off and put it in his mouth. But scarcely had his tongue touched it when he heard before his window a curious whispering of low voices. He went and listened, and found out that it was the sparrows who were conversing with one another, and relating what each had seen in field or wood. The morsel of the snake had given him the power to understand the speech of animals.

Now it happened just on this day that the Queen lost her most valuable ring, and suspicion fell on this faithful servant, who had the care of all her jewels. The King ordered him to appear before him, and

threatened in angry words that he should be taken up and tried if he did not know before the morrow whom to name as the guilty person.

He protested his innocence in vain, and was sent away without any mitigation of the sentence. In his anxiety and trouble he went into the courtyard, thinking how he might help himself. There, on a running stream of water, the ducks were congregated familiarly together, and smoothing themselves down with their beaks while they held a confidential conversation. The servant stood still and listened to them as they told each other where they had waddled, and what nice food they had found; and one said in a vexed tone, "Something very hard is in my stomach, for in my haste I swallowed a ring which lay under the Queen's window."

Then the servant caught the speaker up by her neck, and carried her to the cook, saying, "Just kill this fowl; it is finely fat." "Yes," said the cook, weighing it in her hand, "it has spared no trouble in cramming itself; it ought to have been roasted long ago."

So saying, she chopped off its head, and, when she cut it open, in its stomach was found the Queen's ring. Now, the servant was able to prove easily his innocence to the Queen, and, as she wished to repair her injustice, she granted him her pardon, and promised him the greatest place of honour which he wished for at Court.

The servant refused everything, and only requested a horse and money, for he had a desire to see the world, and to travel about it for a while. As soon as his request was granted he set off on his tour, and came one day by a pond, in which he noticed three fishes which were caught in the reeds, and lay gasping for water. Although men say fish are dumb, yet he understood their complaint, that they must die so miserably. Having a compassionate heart, he dismounted and put the three prisoners again into the water. They splashed about for joy, and, putting their heads above water, said to him, "We will be grateful, and repay you for saving us."

He rode onwards, and after a while it happened that he heard, as it were, a voice in the sand at his feet. He listened, and perceived that an ant king was complaining thus: "If these men could but keep away with their great fat beasts! Here comes an awkward horse treading my people under foot unmercifully." So he rode on to a side-path, and the ant king called to him, "We will be grateful, and reward you."

His way led him into a forest, and there he saw a pair of crows, standing by their nest and dragging their young out. "Off with you, you gallows birds!" they exclaimed. "We can feed you no longer; you are big enough now to help yourselves." The poor young ones lay on the ground fluttering and beating their wings, and crying, "We, helpless children, we must feed ourselves, we who cannot fly yet! What is left to us but to die here of hunger?" Then the servant dismounted and, killing his horse with his sword, left it for the young crows to feed upon. They soon hopped upon it, and when they were satisfied they exclaimed, "We will be grateful, and reward you in time of need!"

He was obliged now to use his own legs, and after he had gone a long way he came to a large town, where in the streets there was a great crowd and shouting, and a man upon horseback riding along, who proclaimed, "The Princess seeks a husband; but he who would win her must perform a difficult task, and, if he should not luckily complete it, his life will be forfeited."

Many had tried already, but in vain; their life had been forfeited. But the youth, when he had seen the Princess, was so blinded by her beauty that he forgot all danger, and, stepping before the King, offered himself as a suitor. Immediately he was conducted to the sea, and a golden ring thrown in before his eyes. Then the King bade him fetch this ring up again from the bottom of the sea, adding, "If you rise without the ring, you shall be thrown in again and again, until you perish in the waves."

Every one pitied the handsome youth, and then left him alone on the seashore. There he stood considering what he should do, and presently he saw three fishes at once swimming towards him, and they were no others than the three whose lives he had saved. The middle one bore a mussel-shell in its mouth, which it laid on the shore at the feet of the youth, who, taking it up and opening it, found the gold ring. Full of joy, he brought it to the King, expecting that he should receive his promised reward.

But the proud Princess, when she saw that he was not her equal in birth, was ashamed of him, and desired that he should undertake a second task. She went into the garden, and strewed there ten bags of millet-seed in the grass. "These he must pick up by the morning, before the sun rise, and let him not venture to miss one grain."

The youth sat himself down in the garden, thinking how it was possible to perform this task; but he could imagine no way, so he sat there sorrowfully awaiting, at the dawn of day, to be conducted to death. But, as soon as the first rays of the sun fell on the garden he saw that the ten sacks were all filled, and standing by him, while not a single grain remained in the grass. The ant king had come in the night with his thousands and thousands of men, and the grateful insects had collected the millet with great industry, and put it into the sacks.

The Princess herself came into the garden, and saw with wonder that the youth had performed what was required of him. But still she could not bend her proud heart, and she said, "Although he may have done these two tasks, yet he shall not be my husband until he has brought me an apple from the tree of life."

The youth did not know where the tree of life stood; he got up, indeed, and was willing to go so long as his legs bore him, but he had no hope of finding it. After he had wandered through three kingdoms he came by evening into a forest, and, sitting down under a tree, he wished to sleep, when he heard a rustling in the branches, and a golden apple fell into his hand. At the same time three crows flew down, and settled on his knee, saying "We are the three young crows whom you saved from dying of hunger; when we were grown up, and heard that you sought the golden apple, then we flew over the sea, even to the end of the world, where stands the tree of life, and we have fetched the apple for you."

Full of joy, the youth set out homewards, and presented the golden apple to the beautiful Princess, who now had no more excuses. So they divided the apple of life, and ate it between them; then her heart was filled with love towards him, and they lived to a great age in undisturbed tranquillity.

A PIRATE'S PARROT

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Long John Silver was cook aboard the "Hispaniola," a schooner fitted out to seek for the hidden treasure of a notorious pirate named Captain Flint. The "Hispaniola's" search is related by young Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island," from which this narrative is taken. Perhaps it was not surprising, in the strange circumstances, that Long John should name his parrot Cap'n Flint—although the parrot was a lady!

LONG JOHN SILVER, our ship's cook—Barbecue, as the men called him—carried his crutch by a lanyard round his neck, to have both hands as free as possible. It was something to see him wedge the foot of the crutch against a bulkhead, and, propped against it, yielding to every movement of the ship, get on with his cooking like someone safe ashore. Still more strange was it to see him in the heaviest of weather cross the deck. He had a line or two rigged up to help him across the widest spaces—Long John's earrings, they were called; and he would hand himself from one place to another, now using the crutch, now trailing it alongside by the lanyard, as quickly as another man could walk. Yet some of the men who had sailed with him before expressed their pity to see him so reduced.

"He's no common man, Barbecue," said the coxswain to me. "He had good schooling in his young days, and can speak like a book when so minded; and brave—a lion's nothing alongside of Long John! I seen him grapple four, and knock their heads together—him unarmed."

All the crew respected and even obeyed him. He had a way of talking to each, and doing everybody some particular service. To me he was unweariedly kind; and always glad to see me in the galley, which he kept as clean as a new pin; the dishes hanging up burnished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

"Come away, Hawkins," he would say; "come and have a yarn with John. Nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint—I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer—here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage. Wasn't you, cap'n?"

And the parrot would say, with great rapidity, "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" till you wondered that it was not out of breath, or till John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

"Now that bird," he would say, "is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they lives for ever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England, the great Cap'n England, the pirate. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked plate ships. It's there she learned 'Pieces of eight,' and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em, Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the *Viceroy of the Indies* out of Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a babby. But you smelt powder—didn't you, cap'n?"

"Stand by to go about," the parrot would scream.

"Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is," the cook would say, and give her sugar from his pocket, and then the bird would peck at the bars and swear straight on, passing belief for wickedness. "There," John would add, "you can't touch pitch and not be mucked, lad. Here's this poor old innocent bird o' mine swearing blue fire, and none the wiser, you may lay to that. She would swear the same, in a manner of speaking, before chaplain." And John would touch his forelock with a solemn way he had, that made me think he was the best of men.

Off Treasure Island the mutinous crew of the "Hispaniola," led by Long John Silver, go ashore, and are followed by young Jim, who, wounded in an encounter, makes his way back to where he had left the schooner's master, Captain Smollett, and the loyal members of the ship's company. But a grim surprise awaits his stealthy arrival.

I went below, and did what I could for my wound; it pained me a good deal, and still bled freely; but it was neither deep nor dan-

gerous, nor did it greatly gall me when I used my arm. Then I looked around me, and as the ship was now, in a sense, my own, I began to think of clearing it from its last passenger—the dead man O'Brien.

He had pitched against the bulwarks, where he lay like some horrible, ungainly sort of puppet; life-sized, indeed, but how different from life's colour or life's comeliness! In that position I could easily have my way with him; and as the habit of tragical adventures had worn off almost all my terror for the dead, I took him by the waist as if he had been a sack of bran, and, with one good heave, tumbled him overboard. He went in with a sounding plunge; the red cap came off, and remained floating on the surface.

I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. The sun was within so few degrees of setting that already the shadow of the pines upon the western shore began to reach right across the anchorage, and fall in patterns on the deck. The evening breeze had sprung up, and though it was well warded off by the hill with the two peaks upon the east, the cordage had begun to sing a little softly to itself and the idle sails to rattle to and fro.

I began to see a danger to the ship. The jibs I speedily doused and brought tumbling to the deck; but the mainsail was a harder matter. Of course, when the schooner canted over, the boom had swung outboard, and the cap of it and a foot or two of sail hung even under water. I thought this made it still more dangerous; yet the strain was so heavy that I half feared to meddle. At last I got my knife and cut the halyards. The peak dropped instantly, a great belly of loose canvas floated broad upon the water; and since, pull as I liked, I could not budge the downhaul, that was the extent of what I could accomplish. For the rest, the *Hispaniola* must trust to luck, like myself.

By this time the whole anchorage had fallen into shadow—the last rays, I remember, falling through a glade of the wood, and shining bright as jewels on the flowery mantle of the wreck. It began to be chill; the tide was rapidly fleeing seaward, the schooner settling more and more on her beam-ends.

I scrambled forward and looked over. It seemed shallow enough, and, holding the cut hawser in both hands for a last security, I let myself drop softly overboard. The water scarcely reached my waist; the sand was firm and covered with ripple marks, and I waded ashore

in great spirits, leaving the *Hispaniola* on her side, with her main-sail trailing wide upon the surface of the bay. About the same time the sun went fairly down, and the breeze whistled low in the dusk among the tossing pines.

At least, and at last, I was off the sea, nor had I returned thence empty-handed. There lay the schooner, clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. I had nothing nearer my fancy than to get home to the stockade and boast of my achievements. Possibly I might be blamed a bit for my truancy, but the recapture of the *Hispaniola* was a clinching answer, and I hoped that even Captain Smollett would confess I had not lost my time.

So thinking, and in famous spirits, I began to set my face homeward for the block-house and my companions. I remembered that the most easterly of the rivers which drain into Captain Kidd's anchorage ran from the two-peaked hill upon my left; and I bent my course in that direction that I might pass the stream while it was small. The wood was pretty open, and, keeping along the lower spurs, I had soon turned the corner of that hill, and not long after waded to the mid-calf across the watercourse.

I walked more circumspectly, keeping an eye on every side. The dusk had come nigh hand completely.

Gradually the night fell blacker; it was all I could do to guide myself even roughly towards my destination; the double hill behind me and the Spy-glass on my right hand loomed faint and fainter; the stars were few and pale; and in the low ground where I wandered I kept tripping among bushes and rolling into sandy pits.

Suddenly a kind of brightness fell about me. I looked up; a pale glimmer of moonbeams had alighted on the summit of the Spy-glass, and soon after I saw something broad and silvery moving low down behind the trees, and knew the moon had risen.

With this to help me I passed rapidly over what remained to me of my journey; and, sometimes walking, sometimes running, impatiently drew near to the stockade. Yet, as I began to thread the grove that lies before it, I was not so thoughtless but that I slacked my pace and went a trifle warily. It would have been a poor end of my adventures to get shot down by my own party in mistake.

The moon was climbing higher and higher; its light began to fall

here and there in masses through the more open districts of the wood; and right in front of me a glow of a different colour appeared among the trees. It was red and hot, and now and again it was a little darkened—as it were the embers of a bonfire smouldering.

For the life of me I could not think what it might be.

At last I came right down upon the borders of the clearing. The western end was already steeped in moonshine; the rest, and the block-house itself, still lay in a black shadow, chequered with long, silvery streaks of light. On the other side of the house an immense fire had burned itself into the clear embers and shed a steady, red reverberation, contrasted strongly with the mellow paleness of the moon. There was not a soul stirring, nor a sound beside the noises of the breeze.

I stopped, with much wonder in my heart, and perhaps a little terror also. It had not been our way to build great fires; we were, indeed, by the captain's orders, somewhat niggardly of firewood; and I began to fear that something had gone wrong.

I stole round by the eastern end, keeping close in shadow, and at a convenient place, where the darkness was thickest, crossed the palisade.

To make assurance surer, I got upon my hands and knees, and crawled, without a sound, towards the corner of the house. As I drew nearer, my heart was suddenly and greatly lightened. It is not a pleasant noise in itself, and I have often complained of it at other times, but just then it was like music to hear my friends snoring together so loud and peaceful in their sleep. The sea cry of the watch, that beautiful "All's well," never fell more reassuringly on my ear.

In the meantime, there was no doubt of one thing: they kept an infamous bad watch. If it had been Silver and his lads that were now creeping in on them, not a soul would have seen daybreak. That was what it was, thought I, to have the captain wounded; and again I blamed myself sharply for leaving them in that danger with so few to mount guard.

By this time I had got to the door and stood up. All was dark within, so that I could distinguish nothing by the eye. As for sounds, there was only the steady drone of the snorers, and a small occasional noise, a flickering or pecking that I could in no way account for.

With my arms before me I walked steadily in. I should lie down

in my own place (I thought, with a silent chuckle) and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning.

My foot struck something yielding—it was a sleeper's leg; and he turned and groaned, but without awaking.

And then, all of a sudden, a shrill voice broke forth out of the darkness:

"Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!" and so forth, without pause or change, like the clacking of a tiny mill.

Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint! It was she whom I had heard pecking at a piece of bark; it was she, keeping better watch than any human being, who thus announced my arrival with her wearisome refrain.

I had no time left me to recover. At the sharp, clipping tone of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up; and with a mighty oath, the voice of Silver cried:

"Who goes?"

I turned to run, struck violently against one person, recoiled, and ran full into the arms of a second, who, for his part, closed upon and held me tight.

"Bring a torch, Dick," said Silver, when my capture was thus assured.

And one of the men left the log-house and presently returned with a lighted brand.

The red glare of the torch, lighting up the interior of the block-house, showed me the worst of my apprehensions realized. The pirates were in possession of the house and stores; there was the cask of cognac, there were the pork and bread, as before; and, what tenfold increased my horror, not a sign of any prisoner. I could only judge that all had perished, and my heart smote me sorely that I had not been there to perish with them.

There were six of the buccaneers, all told; not another man was left alive. Five of them were on their feet, flushed and swollen, suddenly called out of the first sleep of drunkenness. The sixth had only risen upon his elbow: he was deadly pale, and the bloodstained bandage round his head told that he had recently been wounded, and still more recently dressed. I remembered the man who had been shot and had run back among the woods in the great attack, and doubted not that this was he.

The parrot sat, preening her plumage, on Long John's shoulder. He himself, I thought, looked somewhat paler and more stern than I was used to. He still wore the fine broadcloth suit in which he had fulfilled his mission, but it was bitterly the worse for wear, daubed with clay and torn with the sharp briars of the wood.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! dropped in, like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly."

And thereupon he sat down across the brandy cask and began to fill a pipe.

"Give me a loan of the link, Dick," said he; and then, when he had a good light, "that'll do, lad," he added; "stick the glim in the wood heap; and you, gentlemen, bring yourselves to!—you needn't stand up for Mr. Hawkins; *he'll* excuse you, you may lay to that.

"And so, Jim,"—stopping the tobacco—"here you were, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I see you were smart when first I set my eyes on you; but this here gets away from me clean, it do."

To all this, as may be well supposed, I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall; and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, pluckily enough, I hope, to all outward appearance, but with black despair in my heart.

Silver took a whiff or two of his pipe with great composure, and then ran on again.

"Now, you see, Jim, so be as you *are* here," says he, "I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picter of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, you've got to. Cap'n Smollett's a fine seaman, as I'll own up to any day, but stiff on discipline. 'Dooty is dooty,' says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. The doctor himself is gone dead again you—'ungrateful scamp' was what he said; and the short and the long of the whole story is about here: you can't go back to your own lot, for they won't have you; and, without you start a third ship's company all by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were still alive, and though I partly believed the truth of Silver's statement, that the cabin party were incensed at me for my desertion, I was more relieved than distressed by what I heard.

However, the pirates were eventually worsted by Captain Smollett's loyal hands, and young Jim was able to return with his share of the treasure to his widowed mother at the Admiral Benbow inn, where some nights he still heard the voice of a certain pirate's parrot ringing in his ears.

That was about our last doing on the island. Before that we had got the treasure stowed, and had shipped enough water and the remainder of the goat meat, in case of any distress; and at last, one fine morning, we weighed anchor, which was about all that we could manage, and stood out of North Inlet, the same colours flying that the captain had flown and fought under at the palisade.

Before noon, to my inexpressible joy, the highest rock of Treasure Island had sunk into the blue round of sea.

We were so short of men that every one on board had to bear a hand—only the captain lying on a mattress in the stern and giving his orders; for, though greatly recovered, he was still in want of quiet. We laid her head for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not risk the voyage home without fresh hands; and as it was, what with baffling winds and a couple of fresh gales, we were all worn out before we reached it.

It was just at sundown when we cast anchor in a most beautiful land-locked gulf, and were immediately surrounded by shore boats full of negroes, and Mexican Indians, and half-bloods, selling fruits and vegetables, and offering to dive for bits of money. The sight of so many good-humoured faces (especially the blacks), the taste of the tropical fruits, and, above all, the lights that began to shine in the town, made a most charming contrast to our dark and bloody sojourn on the island; and the doctor and the squire, taking me along with them, went ashore to pass the early part of the night. Here they met the captain of an English man-of-war, fell in talk with him, went on board his ship, and, in short, had so agreeable a time, that day was breaking when we came alongside the *Hispaniola*.

Silver was gone. But this was not all. The sea-cook had not gone empty-handed. He had cut through a bulkhead unobserved, and had removed one of the sacks of coin, worth, perhaps, three or four hundred guineas, to help him on his further wanderings.

I think we were all pleased to be so cheaply quit of him.

Well, to make a long story short, we got a few hands on board, made a good cruise home, and the *Hispaniola* reached Bristol. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. "Drink and the devil had done for the rest," with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sang about:

With one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five.

All of us had an ample share of the treasure, and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I dare say he still lives in comfort with Captain Flint. It is to be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts, or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

ISLAND COMPANIONS

By DANIEL DEFOE

For years the only man on his lonely island, Robinson Crusoe, who had been cast ashore after a shipwreck in unknown waters, had only a few domestic animals for company. However, he caught a parrot and taught it to converse with him in its imitative fashion, and then he began to experiment as a dairy farmer—with goats. First he had to catch his goats and tame them; next he taught himself how to run a primitive dairy. And so gradually his island life of loneliness developed and became month by month more full and interesting. This narrative is taken from "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

I HAD a great mind to see the whole island, and now resolved to travel quite across to the seashore; so taking my gun, a hatchet, and my dog, and a larger quantity of powder and shot than usual, with two biscuit-cakes and a great bunch of raisins in my pouch for my store, I began my journey.

I saw abundance of parrots, and fain I would have caught one, if possible, to have kept it to be tame, and taught it to speak to me. I did, after some painstaking, catch a young parrot, for I knocked it down with a stick, and having recovered it, I brought it home; but it was some years before I could make him speak. However, at last I taught him to call me by my name very familiarly.

I was exceedingly diverted with this journey. I found in the low grounds hares, as I thought them to be, and foxes; but they differed greatly from all the other kinds I had met with, nor could I satisfy myself to eat them, though I killed several. But I had no need to be venturous, for I had no want of food, and of that which was very good too, especially these three sorts—*viz.*, goats, pigeons, and turtle or tortoise; which, added to my grapes, Leadenhall Market could not have furnished a table better than I, in proportion to the

company. And though my case was deplorable enough, yet I had great cause for thankfulness, and that I was not driven to any extremities for food, but rather plenty, even to dainties.

I never travelled in this journey above two miles outright in a day, or thereabouts; but I took so many turns and returns, to see what discoveries I could make, that I came weary enough to the place where I resolved to sit down for all night; and then I either reposed myself in a tree, or surrounded myself with a row of stakes, set upright in the ground, either from one tree to another, or so as no wild creature could come at me without waking me.

As soon as I came to the seashore, I was surprised to see that I had taken up my lot on the worst side of the island, for here indeed the shore was covered with innumerable turtles; whereas, on the other side, I had found but three in a year and a half. Here was also an infinite number of fowls of many kinds, some which I had seen, and some which I had not seen of before, and many of them very good meat, but such as I knew not the names of, except those called penguins.

I could have shot as many as I pleased, but was very sparing of my powder and shot, and therefore had more mind to kill a she-goat, if I could, which I could better feed on; and though there were many goats here, more than on my side the island, yet it was with much more difficulty that I could come near them, the country being flat and even, and they saw me much sooner than when I was on the hill.

In this journey my dog surprised a young kid, and seized upon it, and I running in to take hold of it, caught it, and saved it alive from the dog. I had a great mind to bring it home if I could, for I had often been musing whether it might not be possible to get a kid or two, and so raise a breed of tame goats, which might supply me when my powder and shot should be all spent.

I made a collar to this little creature, and with a string, which I made of some rope-yarn, which I always carried about me, I led him along, though with some difficulty, till I came to my bower, and there I enclosed him and left him, for I was very impatient to be at home, from whence I had been absent above a month.

I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch, and lie down in my hammock-bed. This little wandering

journey, without settled place of abode, had been so unpleasant to me, that my own house, as I called it to myself, was a perfect settlement to me compared to that; and it rendered everything about me so comfortable, that I resolved I would never go a great way from it again, while it should be my lot to stay on the island.

I reposed myself here a week, to rest and regale myself after my long journey; during which most of the time was taken up in the weighty affair of making a cage for my Poll, who began now to be a mere domestic, and to be mighty well acquainted with me. Then I began to think of the poor kid which I had penned in within my little circle, and resolved to go and fetch it home, or give it some food. Accordingly I went, and found it where I left it, for indeed it could not get out, but almost starved for want of food. I went and cut boughs of trees, and branches of such shrubs as I could find, and threw it over, and having fed it, I tied it as I did before, to lead it away; but it was so tame with being hungry, that I had no need to have tied it, for it followed me like a dog. And as I continually fed it, the creature became so loving, so gentle, and so fond, that it became from that time one of my domestics also, and would never leave me afterwards.

The rainy season of the autumnal equinox was now come, and I kept the 30th of September in the same solemn manner as before, being the anniversary of my landing on the island, having now been there two years, and no more prospect of being delivered than the first day I came there. I spent the whole day in humble and thankful acknowledgments of the many wonderful mercies which my solitary condition was attended with. and without which it might have been infinitely more miserable.

I reached my old bower in the evening, where I found everything standing as I had left it; for I always kept it in good order, being my country house.

I got over the fence, and laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs and fell asleep. But judge you what a surprise I must be in, when I was waked out of my sleep by a voice calling me by my name several times, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe, poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you, Robin Crusoe? Where are you? Where have you been?"

I was so dead asleep at first that I did not wake thoroughly; but

dozing between sleeping and waking thought I dreamed that somebody spoke to me. But as the voice continued to repeat "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," at last I began to wake more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frightened, and started up in the utmost consternation. But no sooner were my eyes open, but I saw my Poll sitting on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me; for just in such bemoaning language I had used to talk to him, and teach him; and he had learned it so perfectly that he would sit upon my finger, and lay his bill close to my face, and cry, "Poor Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How come you here?" and such things as I had taught him.

However, even though I knew it was the parrot, and that indeed it could be nobody else, it was a good while before I could compose myself. First, I was amazed how the creature got thither, and then, how he should just keep about the place, and nowhere else. But as I was well satisfied it could be nobody but honest Poll, I got it over; and holding out my hand, and calling him by his name, Poll, the sociable creature came to me, and sat on my thumb, as he used to do, and continued talking to me, "Poor Robin Crusoe! and how did I come here? and where had I been?" just as if he had been overjoyed to see me again; and so I carried him home along with me.

I began now to perceive my powder abated considerably, and this was a want which it was impossible for me to supply, and I began seriously to consider what I must do when I should have no more powder; that is to say, how I should do to kill any goats. I had, as is observed, kept a young kid, and bred her up tame. I could never find in my heart to kill her, till she died at last of mere age.

But my ammunition growing low, I set myself to study some art to trap and snare the goats, to see whether I could not catch some of them alive.

To this purpose, I made snares to hamper them, and I do believe they were more than once taken in them; but my tackle was not good, for I had no wire, and I always found them broken, and my bait devoured. At length I resolved to try a pitfall; so I dug several large pits in the earth, in places where I had observed the goats used to feed, and over these pits I placed hurdles, of my own making too, with a great weight upon them; and several times I put ears of barley and dry rice, without setting the trap, and I could easily

perceive that the goats had gone in and eaten up the corn, for I could see the mark of their feet. At length I set three traps in one night, and going the next morning, I found them all standing, and yet the bait eaten and gone; this was very discouraging. However, I altered my trap; and, not to trouble you with particulars, going one morning to see my trap, I found in one of them a large old he-goat, and in one of the others three kids.

As to the old one, I knew not what to do with him, he was so fierce I durst not go into the pit to him; that is to say, to go about to bring him away alive, which was what I wanted. So I even let him out, and he ran away, as if he had been frightened out of his wits. But I had forgot then what I learned afterwards, that hunger will tame a lion. If I had let him stay there three or four days without food, and then have carried him some water to drink, and then a little corn, he would have been as tame as one of the kids, for they are mighty sagacious, tractable creatures where they are well used.

However, for the present I let him go, knowing no better at that time. Then I went to the three kids, and taking them one by one, I tied them with strings together, and with some difficulty brought them all home.

It was a good while before they would feed, but throwing them some sweet corn, it tempted them, and they began to be tame. And now I found that if I expected to supply myself with goat-flesh when I had no powder or shot left, breeding some up tame was my only way, when perhaps I might have them about my house like a flock of sheep.

But then it presently occurred to me that I must keep the tame from the wild, or else they would always run wild when they grew up; and the only way for this was to have some enclosed piece of ground, well fenced either with hedge or pale, to keep them in so effectually that those within might not break out, or those without break in.

This was a great undertaking for one pair of hands. I was about three months hedging in the first piece, and, till I had done it, I tethered the three kids in the best part of it, and used them to feed as near me as possible, to make them familiar; and very often I would go and carry them some ears of barley, or a handful of rice, and feed them out of my hand; so that after my enclosure was

finished, and I let them loose, they would follow me up and down, bleating after me for a handful of corn.

This answered my end, and in about a year and half I had a flock of about twelve goats, kids and all; and in two years more I had three and forty, besides several that I took and killed for my food. And after that I enclosed five several pieces of ground to feed them in, with little pens to drive them into, to take them as I wanted, and gates out of one piece of ground into another.

But this was not all, for now I not only had goat's flesh to feed on when I pleased, but milk too, a thing which, indeed, in my beginning, I did not so much as think of, and which, when it came into my thoughts, was really an agreeable surprise. For now I set up my dairy, and had sometimes a gallon or two of milk in a day; and as Nature, who gives supplies of food to every creature, dictates even naturally how to make use of it, so I, that had never milked a cow, much less a goat, or seen butter or cheese made, made me both butter and cheese at last, and never wanted it afterwards.

It would have made a stoic smile to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner. There was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island; I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command. I could hang, draw, give liberty, and take it away; and no rebels among all my subjects.

Then to see how like a king I dined, too, all alone, attended by my servants. Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand, and two cats, one on one side the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour.

With this attendance, and in this plentiful manner, I lived.

A DEEP-SEA HUNT

By HERMAN MELVILLE

The "Pequod" is a whaler, and her master, Captain Ahab, is a man searching the southern seas for a notorious white whale. However, before finding the white whale, nicknamed by whaling seamen Moby Dick, the "Pequod's" crew first sight a giant squid, and then launch the boats to kill another mammoth of the deep.

This story is taken from "Moby Dick."

SLOWLY wading through the meadows of brit, the *Pequod* still held on her way north-eastward towards the island of Java; a gentle air impelling her keel, so that in the surrounding serenity her three tall tapering masts mildly waved to a languid breeze, as three mild palms on a plain. And still, at wide intervals in the silvery night, the lonely, alluring jet would be seen.

But one transparent blue morning, when a stillness almost preternatural spread over the sea, however unattended with any stagnant calm; when the long burnished sun-glade on the waters seemed a golden finger laid across them, enjoining some secrecy; when the slippered waves whispered together as they softly ran on; in this profound hush of the visible sphere a strange spectre was seen by Daggo from the mainmast-head.

In the distance a great white mass lazily rose, and, rising higher and higher, and disentangling itself from the azure, at last gleamed before our prow like a snow-slide, new slid from the hills. Thus glistening for a moment, as slowly it subsided, and sank. Then once more arose, and silently gleamed. It seemed not a whale; and yet is this Moby Dick? thought Daggo. Again the phantom went down, but on reappearing once more, with a stiletto-like cry that startled every man from his nod, the negro yelled out—"There! there again! there she breaches! right ahead! The White Whale, the White Whale!"

Upon this, the seamen rushed to the yard-arms, as in swarming-

time the bees rush to the boughs. Bare-headed in the sultry sun, Ahab stood on the bowsprit, and with one hand pushed far behind in readiness to wave his orders to the helmsman, cast his eager glance in the direction indicated aloft by the outstretched motionless arm of Daggoo.

Whether the flitting attendance of the one still and solitary jet had gradually worked upon Ahab, so that he was now prepared to connect the ideas of mildness and repose with the first sight of the particular whale he pursued; however this was, or whether his eagerness betrayed him; whichever way it might have been, no sooner did he distinctly perceive the white mass, than with a quick intensity he instantly gave orders for lowering.

The four boats were soon on the water; Ahab's in advance, and all swiftly pulling towards their prey. Soon it went down, and while, with oars suspended, we were awaiting its reappearance, lo! in the same spot where it sank, once more it slowly rose. Almost forgetting for the moment all thoughts of Moby Dick, we now gazed at the most wondrous phenomenon which the secret seas have hitherto revealed to mankind. A vast pulpy mass, furlongs in length and breadth, of a glancing cream-colour, lay floating on the water, innumerable long arms radiating from its centre, and curling and twisting like a nest of anacondas, as if blindly to clutch at any hapless object within reach. No perceptible face or front did it have; no conceivable token of either sensation or instinct; but undulated there on the billows, an unearthly, formless, chance-like apparition of life.

As with a low sucking sound it slowly disappeared again, Starbuck still gazing at the agitated waters where it had sunk, with a wild voice exclaimed—"Almost rather had I seen Moby Dick and fought him, than to have seen thee, thou white ghost!"

"What was it, sir?" said Flask.

"The great live squid, which, they say, few whale-ships ever beheld, and returned to their ports to tell of it."

But Ahab said nothing; turning his boat, he sailed back to the vessel; the rest as silently following.

Whatever superstitions the sperm whalemén in general have connected with the sight of this object, certain it is, that a glimpse of it being so very unusual, that circumstance has gone far to invest

it with portentousness. So rarely is it beheld, that though one and all of them declare it to be the largest animated thing in the ocean, yet very few of them have any but the most vague ideas concerning its true nature and form; notwithstanding, they believe it to furnish to the sperm whale his only food. For though other species of whales find their food above water, and may be seen by man in the act of feeding, the spermaceti whale obtains his whole food in unknown zones below the surface; and only by inference is it that any one can tell of what, precisely, that food consists. At times, when closely pursued, he will disgorge what are supposed to be the detached arms of the squid; some of them thus exhibited exceeding twenty and thirty feet in length. They fancy that the monster to which these arms belonged ordinarily clings by them to the bed of the ocean; and that the sperm whale, unlike other species, is supplied with teeth in order to attack and tear it.

There seems some ground to imagine that the great Kraken of Bishop Pontoppodan may ultimately resolve itself into Squid. The manner in which the Bishop describes it, as alternately rising and sinking, with some other particulars he narrates, in all this the two correspond. But much abatement is necessary with respect to the incredible bulk he assigns it.

By some naturalists who have vaguely heard rumours of the mysterious creature, here spoken of, it is included among the class of cuttle-fish, to which indeed in certain external respects it would seem to belong, but only as the Anak of the tribe.

If to Starbuck the apparition of the Squid was a thing of portents, to Queequeg it was quite a different object.

"When you see him 'quid," said the savage, honing his harpoon in the bow of his hoisted boat, "then you quick see him 'parm whale."

The next day was exceedingly still and sultry, and with nothing to engage them, the *Pequod's* crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea. For this part of the Indian Ocean through which we then were voyaging is not what whalers call a lively ground; that is, it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises, dolphins, flying-fish, and other vivacious denizens of more stirring waters, than those off the Rio de la Plata, or the inshore ground off Peru.

It was my turn to stand at the foremast-head; and with my

shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds, to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an enchanted air. No resolution could withstand it; in that dreamy mood losing all consciousness, at last my soul went out of my body; though my body still continued to sway as a pendulum will, long after the power which first moved it is withdrawn.

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me, I had noticed that the seamen at the main and mizen mastheads were already drowsy. So that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars, and for every swing that we made there was a nod from below from the slumbering helmsman. The waves, too, nodded their indolent crests; and across the wide trance of the sea, east nodded to west, and the sun over all.

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes; like vices my hands grasped the shrouds; some invisible, gracious agency preserved me; with a shock I came back to life. And lo! close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling in the water like the capsized hull of a frigate, his broad, glossy back, of an Ethiopian hue, glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror. But lazily undulating in the trough of the sea, and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapoury jet, the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm afternoon. But that pipe, poor whale, was thy last. As if struck by some enchanter's wand, the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into wakefulness; and more than a score of voices from all parts of the vessel, simultaneously with the three notes from aloft, shouted forth the accustomed cry, as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air.

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. And obeying his own order, he dashed down the helm before the helmsman could handle the spokes.

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were down, majestically turning, he swam away to the leeward, but with such a steady tranquillity, and making so few ripples as he swam, that thinking after all he might not as yet be alarmed, Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used, and no man must speak but in whispers. So seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along: the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set. Presently, as

we thus glided in chase, the monster perpendicularly flitted his tail forty feet into the air, and sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

"There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and being now in advance of the smoker's boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honour of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer of use. Paddles were dropped, and oars came loudly into play. And still puffing his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault.

Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive to his jeopardy, he was going "head out"; that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.

"Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunder-claps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her, now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her, Tash, my boy—start her, all; but keep cool, keep cool—cucumbers is the word—easy, easy—only start her like grim death and grinning devils, and raise the buried dead perpendicular out of their graves, boys—that's all. Start her!"

"Woo-hoo! Wa-heel!" screamed the Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war-whoop to the skies; as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggoo, straining forwards and backwards on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.

"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips over a mouthful of Grenadier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard, "Stand up, Tashtego!—give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one

of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason of its increased rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerheads; so also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the hand-cloths, or squares of quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman (him seated by the tub) who, snatching off his hat, dashed the seawater into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business truly in that rocking commotion.

From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harpstring, you would have thought that the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade played at the bows; a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and, at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Thus they rushed; each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his centre of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

"Haul in—haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowsman! and facing round towards the whale all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, darted dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks

down a hill. His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. The slanting sun playing upon this crimson pond in the sea, sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men. And all the while, jet after jet of white smoke was agonizingly shot from the spiracle of the whale, and vehement puff after puff from the mouth of the excited headsman; as at every dart, hauling in upon his crooked lance (by the line attached to it), Stubb straightened it again and again, by a few rapid blows against the gunwale, then again and again sent it into the whale.

"Pull up—pull up!" he now cried to the bowsman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. When reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, as if cautiously seeking to feel after some gold watch that the whale might have swallowed, and which he was fearful of breaking ere he could hook it out. But that gold watch he sought was the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck; for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry", the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in impenetrable, mad, boiling spray, so that the imperilled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that phrensied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now, abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole, with sharp, cracking, agonized respirations. At last, gush after gush of clotted red gore, as if it had been the purple lees of red wine, shot into the frightened air; and falling back again, ran dripping down his motionless flanks into the sea. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggoo.

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made.

THE FROG AND THE RHINO

By R. M. BALLANTYNE

When Ralph Rover and his companions, Jack and Peterkin, started out on a return journey to the African coast after hunting gorillas they encountered an adventure in which, as Ralph says, "the serious and the comic were strangely mingled." Peterkin indulged in some witticisms, but he was lucky a short while later to escape with his life. The subject of those witticisms was not so lucky. This story is taken from "The Gorilla Hunters."

THE day following that on which we set out from King Jambai's village, Jack, Peterkin, Makarooroo and I embarked in a small canoe, and bidding adieu to our hospitable friends, set out on our return journey to the coast.

We determined to proceed thither by another branch of the river which would take us through a totally new, and, in some respects, different country from that in which we had already travelled, and which, in the course of a few weeks, would carry us again into the neighbourhood of the gorilla country.

One beautiful afternoon, about a week after parting from our friends, we met with an adventure, in which the serious and the comic were strangely mingled. Feeling somewhat fatigued after a long spell at our paddles, and being anxious to procure a monkey or a deer as we had run short of food, we put ashore, and made our encampment on the banks of the river. This done, we each sallied out in different directions, leaving Makarooroo in charge of the camp.

For some time I wandered about the woods in quest of game, but, although I fired at many animals that were good for food, I missed them all, and was unwillingly compelled to return empty-handed. On my way back, and while yet several miles distant from the camp, I met Jack, who had several fat birds of the grouse species hanging at his girdle.

"I'm glad to see that you have been more successful than I, Jack," said I, as we met.

"Yet I have not much to boast of," he replied. "It is to be hoped that Peterkin has had better luck. Have you seen him?"

"No; I have not even heard him fire a shot."

"Well, let us go on. Doubtless he will make his appearance in good time. What say you to following the course of this brook? I have no doubt it will guide us to the vicinity of our camp, and the ground immediately to the left of it seems pretty clear of jungle."

"Agreed," said I; and for the next ten minutes or so we walked beside each other in silence. Suddenly our footsteps were arrested by a low peculiar noise.

"Hark! is that a human voice?" whispered Jack, as he cocked his rifle.

"It sounds like it," said I.

At the same moment we heard some branches in an opposite direction crack, as if they had been broken by a heavy tread. Immediately after, the first sound became louder and more distinct. Jack looked at me in surprise, and gradually a peculiar smile overspread his face.

"It's Peterkin," said I, in a low whisper.

My companion nodded, and, half cocking our pieces, we advanced with slow and cautious steps towards the spot whence the sound had come. The gurgling noise of the brook prevented us from hearing as well as usual, so it was not until we were close upon the bushes that fringed the banks of the streamlet that we clearly discerned the tones of Peterkin's voice in conversation with some one, who, however, seemed to make no reply to his remarks. At first I thought he must be talking to himself; but in this I was mistaken.

"Let's listen for a minute or two," whispered my companion, with a broad grin.

I nodded assent, and, advancing cautiously, we peeped over the bushes. The sight that met our eyes was so irresistibly comic that we could scarcely restrain our laughter.

On a soft grassy spot, close to the warbling stream, lay our friend Peterkin, on his breast, resting on his elbows, and the forefinger of his right hand raised. Before him, not more than six inches from his nose, sat the most gigantic frog I ever beheld, looking inordinately fat and intensely stupid.

"Frog," said Peterkin, in a low, earnest voice, at the same time shaking his finger slowly and fixing his eyes on the plethoric creature before him, "Frog, you may believe it or not as you please, but I do solemnly assure you that I never did behold such a great, big, fat monster as you are in all—my—life! What do you mean by it?"

As the frog made no reply to this question, but merely kept up an incessant puffing motion in its throat, Peterkin continued—

"Now, frog, answer me this one question—and mind that you don't tell lies—you may not be aware of it, but you can't plead ignorance, for I now tell you that it is exceedingly wicked to tell lies, whether you be a frog or only a boy. Now tell me, did you ever read *Æsop's Fables*?"

The frog continued to puff, but otherwise took no notice of its questioner. I could not help fancying that it was beginning to look sulky at being thus catechized.

"What, you won't speak! Well, I'll answer for you—you have *not* read *Æsop's Fables*; if you had you would not go on blowing yourself up in that way. I'm only a little man, it's true, more's the pity, but if you imagine that by blowing and puffing like that, you can ever come to blow up as big as me, you'll find yourself mistaken. You can't do it, so you needn't try. You'll only give yourself rheumatism. Now, *will* you stop? If you won't stop you'll burst—there."

Peterkin paused here, and for some time continued to gaze intently in the face of his new friend. Presently he began again—

"Frog, what are you thinking of? Do you ever think? I don't believe you do. Tightened up as you seem to be with wind, or fat, or conceit, if you were to attempt to think the effort would crack your skin, so you'd better not try. But, after all, you've some good points about you. If it were not that you would become vain I would tell you that you've got a very good pair of bright eyes, and a pretty mottled skin, and that you're at least the size of a big chicken—not a plucked, but a full-fledged chicken. But, O frog, you've got a horribly ugly big mouth, and you're too fat—a great deal too fat for elegance; though I have no doubt it's comfortable. Most fat people are comfortable—oh! you would, would you?"

This last exclamation was caused by the frog making a lazy leap to one side, tumbling heavily over on its back, and rolling clumsily on to its legs again, as if it wished to escape from its tormentor, but

had scarcely vigour enough to make the effort. Peterkin quietly lifted it up and placed it deliberately before him again in the same attitude as before.

"Don't try that again, old boy," said he, shaking his finger threateningly and frowning severely, "else I'll be obliged to give you a poke in the nose. I wonder now, frog, if you ever had a mother, or if you only grew out of the earth like a plant. Tell me, were you ever dandled in a mother's arms? Do you know anything of maternal affection, eh? Humph! I suspect no. You would not look so stupid if you did. I tell you what it is, old fellow, you're uncommonly bad company, and I've a good mind to ram my knife through you, and carry you into camp to my friend Ralph Rover, who'll skin you and stuff you to such an extent that your own mother wouldn't know you, and carry you to England, and place you in a museum under a glass case, to be gazed at by nurses, and stared at by children, and philosophized about by learned professors—hullo! none o' that now. Come, poor beast, I didn't mean to frighten you. There, sit still, and don't oblige me to stick you up again, and I'll not take you to Ralph."

The poor frog, which had made another attempt to escape, gazed vacantly at Peterkin again without moving, except in regard to the puffing before referred to.

"Now, frog, I'll have to bid you good afternoon. Im sorry that time and circumstances necessitate our separation, but I'm glad that I have had the pleasure of meeting with you. Glad and sorry, frog, in the same breath! Did you ever philosophize on that point, eh? Is it possible, think you, to be glad and sorry at one and the same moment? No doubt a creature like you, with such a very small intellect, if indeed you have any at all, will say that it is not possible. But I know better. Why, what do you call hysterics? Ain't that laughing and crying at once?—sorrow and joy mixed? I don't believe you understand a word that I say, you great puffing blockhead; what are you staring at?"

The frog, as before, refused to make any reply, so our friend lay for some time chuckling and making faces at it. While thus engaged he happened to look up, and to our surprise, as well as alarm, we observed that he suddenly turned as pale as death.

To cock our rifles, and take a step forward, so as to obtain a view in the direction in which he was gazing with a fixed and horrified

stare, was our immediate impulse. The object that met our eyes, on clearing the bushes, was indeed well calculated to strike terror into the stoutest hearts, for there, not three yards distant from the spot on which our friend lay, and partially concealed by foliage, stood a large black rhinoceros. It seemed to have just approached at that moment, and had been suddenly arrested, if not surprised, by the vision of Peterkin and the frog. There was something inexpressibly horrible in the sight of the great block of a head, with its mischievous-looking eyes, ungainly snout, and ponderous horn, in such close proximity to our friend. How it had got so near without its heavy tread being heard I cannot tell, unless it were that the noise of the turbulent brook had drowned the sound.

But we had no time either for speculation or contemplation. Both Jack and I instantly took aim, he at the shoulder, as he afterwards told me, I at the monster's eye, into which, with, I am bound to confess, my usual precipitancy, I discharged both barrels.

The report seemed to have the effect of arousing Peterkin out of his state of fascination, for he sprang up and darted towards us. At the same instant the wounded rhinoceros crossed the spot which he had left with a terrific rush, and, bursting through the bushes, as if it had been a great rock falling from a mountain cliff, went headlong into the rivulet.

Without moving from the spot on which we stood, we recharged our pieces with a degree of celerity that, I am persuaded, we never before equalled. Peterkin at the same time caught up his rifle, which leaned against a tree hard by, and only a few seconds elapsed after the fall of the monster into the river ere we were upon its banks ready for another shot.

The portion of the bank of the stream at this spot happened to be rather steep, so that the rhinoceros, on regaining his feet, experienced considerable difficulty in the attempts to clamber out, which he made repeatedly and violently on seeing us emerge from among the bushes.

"Let us separate," said Jack; "it will distract his attention."

"Stay, you have blown out his eye, Ralph, I do believe," said Peterkin.

On drawing near to the struggling monster we observed that this was really the case. Blood streamed from the eye into which I had fired, and down its jaws, dyeing the water in which he floundered.

"Look out," cried Jack, springing to the right in order to get to the animal's blind side as it succeeded in effecting a landing.

Peterkin instantly sprang in the same direction, while I bounded to the opposite side. I have never been able satisfactorily to decide in my own mind whether this act on my part was performed in consequence of a sudden, almost involuntary, idea that by so doing I should help to distract the creature's attention, or was the result merely of an accidental impulse. But whatever the cause, the effect was most fortunate, for the rhinoceros at once turned towards me, and thus, being blind in the other eye, lost sight of Jack and Peterkin, who, with the rapidity almost of thought, leaped close up to its side, and took close aim at the most vulnerable parts of its body. As they were directly opposite to me I felt that I ran some risk of receiving their fire. But before I had time either to reflect that they could not possibly miss so large an object at so short a distance, or to get out of the way, the report of both their heavy rifles rang through the forest, and the rhinoceros fell dead almost at my feet.

"Hurrah!" shouted Peterkin, throwing his cap into the air at this happy consummation, and sitting down on the haunch of our victim.

"Shame on you, Peterkin," said I, as I reloaded his rifle for him, "shame on you to crow thus over a fallen foe."

"Ha! boy, it's all very well for you to say that now, but you know well enough that you would rather have lost your ears than have missed such a chance as this. But, I say, it'll puzzle you to stuff that fellow, won't it?"

"No doubt of it," answered Jack, as he drew a percussion cap from his pouch and placed it carefully on the nipple of his rifle. "Ralph will not find it easy; and it's a pity, too, not to take it home with us, for, under a glass case, it would make such a pretty and appropriate *pendant*, in his museum, to that interesting frog with which you——"

"Oh, you sneaking eavesdropper!" cried Peterkin, laughing. "It is really too bad that a fellow can't have a little *tête-à-tête* with a friend, but you and Ralph must be thrusting your impertinent noses in the way."

"Not to mention the rhinoceros," observed Jack.

"Ahl to be sure—the rhinoceros—yes, I might have expected to

find you in such low company, for 'birds of a feather,' you know, are said to 'flock together'!"

"If there be any truth in that," said I, "you are bound on the same ground to identify yourself with the frog."

"By the way," cried Peterkin, starting up and looking around the spot on which his interesting *tête-à-tête* had taken place, "where is the frog? It was just here that—— Ah!—Oh!—Oh! poor, poor frog!"

"Your course is run, your days are o'er,
We'll never have a chat no more,

as Shakespeare has it. Well, well, who would have thought that so conversable and intelligent a creature should have come to such a melancholy end?"

The poor frog had indeed come to a sad and sudden end, and I felt quite sorry for it, although I could not help smiling at my companion's quaint manner of announcing the fact.

Not being gifted with the activity of Peterkin, it had stood its ground when the rhinoceros charged, and had received an accidental kick from the great foot of that animal which had broken its back and killed it outright.

"There's one comfort, however," observed Jack, as we stood over the frog's body, "you have been saved the disagreeable necessity of killing it yourself, Ralph."

This was true, and I was not sorry that the rhinoceros had done me this service, for, to say truth, I have ever felt the necessity of killing animals in cold blood to be one of the few disagreeable points in the otherwise delightful life of a naturalist. To shoot animals in the heat and excitement of the chase I have never felt to be particularly repulsive or difficult; but the spearing of an insect, or the deliberate killing of an unresisting frog, are duties which I have ever performed with a feeling of deep self-abhorrence.

Carefully packing my frog in leaves, and placing it in my pouch, I turned with my companions to quit the scene of our late encounter and return to our camp, on arriving at which we purposed sending back Makarooroo to cut off the horn of the rhinoceros, for we agreed that, as it was impossible to carry away the entire carcase, we ought at least to secure the horn as a memorial of our adventure.

THE GORDONITES' PIGEONS

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR

Eric Williams and his close friend at Roslyn School, Charles Wildney, plan a night escapade, and are joined by several other boys. At four o'clock on a cold March morning they climb out of school, and start out for the house where the Gordonites are sleeping. Their plan is to raid the dovecote. However, the alarm is given, and they have to scatter. Eric stays with his friend, who cannot run fast. This story is taken from "Eric; or, Little by Little."

"HOW awfully dull it is, Charlie," said Eric, a few weeks before Easter, as he sat with Wildney in his study one holiday afternoon.

"Yes; too late for football, too early for cricket." And Wildney stretched himself and yawned.

"I suppose this is what they call ennui," said Eric again, after a pause. "What's to be done, Sunbeam?"

"You shan't call me that, Eric the fair-haired; you shan't call me that, so there's an end of it," said Wildney, hitting him on the arm.

"Hush, Charlie, don't call *me* that either."

"By the bye, Eric, I've just remembered to-morrow's my birthday, and I've got a parcel coming this afternoon full of grub from home. Let's go and see if it's come."

"Capital! We will."

So Eric and Wildney started off to the coach-office, where they found the hamper, and ordered it to be brought at once to the school, and carried up to Eric's study.

On opening it they found it rich in dainties, among which were a pair of fowls and a large plum cake.

"Hurrah!" said Wildney; "you were talking of nothing to do; I vote we have a carouse to-morrow."

"Very well; only let's have it before prayers, because we so nearly got caught last time."

"Ay, and let it be in one of the classrooms, Eric. I shall have to cut preparation, but that don't matter. It's Harley's night, and old Stupid will never twig."

"Well, whom shall we ask?" said Eric.

"Old Llewellyn for one," said Wildney. "We haven't seen him for an age, and he's getting too lazy even for a bit of fun."

"Good; and Graham?" suggested Eric. He and Wildney regarded their possessions so much as common property, that he hadn't the least delicacy in mentioning the boys whom he wanted to invite.

"Yes; Graham's a jolly bird; and Ball?"

"I've no objection; and Pietrie?"

"Well; and your brother Vernon?"

"No!" said Eric emphatically. "At any rate I won't lead him into mischief any more."

"Attlay, then; and what do you say to Booking?"

"No, again," said Eric; "he's a blackguard."

"I wonder you haven't mentioned Duncan," said Wildney.

"Duncan! why, my good fellow, he's a great deal too correct to come."

"Well; we've got six already, that's quite enough."

"Yes; but two fowls isn't enough for six hungry boys."

"No, it isn't," said Wildney. He thought a little, and then, clapping his hands, danced about, and said, "Are you game for a regular lark, Eric?"

"Yes; anything to make it less dull. I declare I've very nearly been taking to work again to fill up the time."

Eric often talked of work in this slighting way, partly as an excuse for the low places in form to which he was gradually sinking. Everybody knew that had he properly exerted his abilities he was capable of beating almost any boy; so, to quiet his conscience, he professed to ridicule diligence as an unboyish piece of muffishness, and was never slow to sneer at the "grinders," as he contemptuously called all those who laid themselves out to win school distinctions.

"Ha, ha!" said Wildney, "that's rather good! No, Eric, it's too late for you to turn 'grinder' now. I might as well think of doing it myself, and I've never been higher than five from lag in my form yet."

"Haven't you? But what's the regular lark you hinted at?"

"First of all, I hope you won't think the lark less larky because it's connected with pigeons," said Wildney.

"Ridiculous little Sphinx! What do you mean?"

"Why, we'll go and seize the Gordonites' pigeons, and make another dish of them."

"Seize the Gordonites' pigeons! Why, when do you mean?"

"To-night."

Eric gave a long whistle. "But wouldn't it be st—st——?"

"Stealing?" said Wildney, with a loud laugh. "Pooh! 'convey the wise it call'."

But Eric still looked serious. "Why, my dear old boy," continued Wildney, "the Gordonites'll be the first to laugh at the trick when we tell them of it next morning, as of course we will do. There, now, don't look grumpy. I shall cut away and arrange it with Graham, and tell you the whole dodge ready prepared to-night at bedtime."

After lights were put out Wildney came up to the study according to promise, and threw out hints about the proposed plan. He didn't tell it plainly, because Duncan was there, but Duncan caught quite enough to guess that some night excursion was intended, and said, when Wildney had gone—

"Take my advice, and have nothing to do with this, Eric."

Eric had grown very touchy about advice, particularly from any fellow of his own standing; and a coolness had sprung up between him and nearly all the study-boys, which made him more than ever inclined to assert his independence, and defy and thwart them in every way.

"Keep your advice to yourself, Duncan, till it's asked for," he answered roughly. "You've done nothing but advise lately, and I'm rather sick of it."

"*Comme vous voulez*," replied Duncan, with a shrug. "Gang your own gait; I'll have nothing more to do with trying to stop you since you will ruin yourself."

Nothing more was said in the study that evening, and when Eric went down he didn't even bid Duncan good-night.

"Charlie," he said, as he stole on tiptoe into Wildney's dormitory.

"Hush!" whispered Wildney, "the other fellows are asleep. Come and sit by my bedside, and I'll tell you what we are going to do."

Eric went and sat by him, and he sat up in his bed. "First of all, you're to keep awake till twelve to-night," he whispered; "old Rowley'll have gone round by that time, and it'll be all safe. Then come and awake me again, and I'll watch till one, Pietre till two, and Graham till three. Then Graham'll awake us all, and we'll dress."

"Very well. But how will you get the key of the lavatory?"

"Oh, I'll manage that," said Wildney, chuckling. "But come again and awake me at twelve, will you?"

Eric went to his room and lay down, but he didn't take off his clothes, for fear he should go to sleep. Dr. Rowlands came round as usual at eleven, and then Eric closed his eyes for a few minutes, till the headmaster had disappeared. After that he lay awake thinking for an hour, but his thoughts weren't very pleasant.

At twelve he went and awoke Wildney.

"I don't feel sleepy. Shall I sit with you for your hour, Charlie?"

"Oh, do! I should like it of all things. But douse the glim there; we shan't want it, and it might give the alarm."

"All right."

So Eric went and sat by his dangerous little friend, and they talked in low voices until they heard the great school clock strike one. They then woke Pietrie, and Eric went off to bed again.

At three Graham awoke him, and, dressing hastily, he joined the others in the lavatory.

"Now I'm going to get the key," said Wildney, "and mean to feel very poorly for the purpose."

Laughing quietly, he went up to the door of Mr. Harley's bedroom, which opened out of the lavatory, and knocked.

No answer.

He knocked a little louder.

Still no answer.

Louder still.

"Bother the fellow," said Wildney; "he sleeps like a grampus. Won't one of you try to wake him?"

"No," said Graham; "'tain't dignified."

"Well, I must try again." But it seemed no use knocking, and Wildney at last, in a fit of impatience, thumped a regular tattoo on the bedroom door.

"Who's there?" said the startled voice of Mr. Harley.

"Only me, sir!" answered Wildney, in a mild and innocent way.

"What do you want?"

"Please, sir, I want the key of the lavatory. I want to see the doctor. I'm indisposed," said Wildney again, in a tone of such disciplined suavity, that the others shook with laughing.

Mr. Harley opened the door about an inch, and peered out suspiciously.

"Oh, well, you must go and awake Mr. Rose. I don't happen to have the key to-night." And so saying, he shut the door.

"Phew! Here's a go!" said Wildney, recovering immediately. "It'll never do to awake old Rose. He'd smell a rat in no time."

"I have it," said Pietrie. "I've got an old nail, with which I believe I can open the lock quite simply. Let's try."

"Quietly and quick, then," said Eric.

In ten minutes he had silently shot back the lock with the old nail, and the boys were on the landing. They carried their shoes in their hands, ran noiselessly downstairs, and went to the window. Wildney had taken care beforehand to break the pane and move away the glass, so they had only to loosen the bar and slip through one by one.

It was cold and very dark, and as on the March morning they stood out in the playground all four would rather have been safely and harmlessly in bed. But the novelty and the excitement of the enterprise bore them up, and they started off quickly for the house at which Mr. Gordon and his pupils lived, which was about half a mile from the school. They went arm in arm to assure each other a little, for at first in their fright they were inclined to take every post and tree for a man in ambush, and to hear a recalling voice in every sound of cold wind and murmuring wave.

Not far from Mr. Gordon's was a carpenter's shop, and outside of this there was generally a ladder standing. They had arranged to carry this ladder with them (as it was only a short one), climb the low garden wall with it, and then place it against the house, immediately under the dovecot which hung by the first-storey windows. Wildney, as the lightest of the four, was to take the birds, while the others held the ladder.

Slanting it so that it should be as far from the side of the window as possible, Wildney ascended and thrust both hands into the cot. He succeeded in seizing a pigeon with each hand, but in doing so

threw the other birds into a state of such alarm that they fluttered about in the wildest manner, and the moment his hands were withdrawn flew out with a great flapping of hurried wings.

The noise they made alarmed the plunderer, and he hurried down the ladder as fast as he could. He handed the pigeons to the others, who instantly wrung their necks.

"I'm nearly sure I heard somebody stir," said Wildney; "we



Wildney handed the birds to the others.

haven't been half quiet enough. Here! let's crouch down in this corner."

All four shrank up as close to the wall as they could and held their breath. Some one was certainly stirring, and at last they heard the window open.

A head was thrust out, and Mr. Gordon's voice asked sternly—"Who's there?"

He seemed at once to have caught sight of the ladder, and made an endeavour to reach it; but though he stretched out his arm at full length he could not manage to do so.

"We must cut for it," said Eric; "it's too dark for him to see who we are, or even to notice that we are boys."

They moved the ladder to the wall, and sprang over, one after the other, as fast as they could. Eric was last, and just as he got on top of the wall he heard the back door open, and some one run out into the yard.

"Run for your lives," said Eric hurriedly; "it's Gordon, and he's raising the alarm."

They heard footsteps following them, and an occasional shout of "Thieves! thieves!"

"We must separate and run different ways, or we've no chance of escape. We'd better turn towards the town to put them off the right scent," said Eric again.

"Don't leave me," pleaded Wildney; "you know I can't run very fast."

"No, Charlie, I won't"; and, grasping his hand, Eric hurried him over the stile and through the fields as fast as he could, while Pietrie and Graham took the opposite direction.

Some one (they did not know who it was, but suspected it to be Mr. Gordon's servant-man) was running after them, and they could distinctly hear his footsteps, which seemed to be half a field distant. He carried a light and they heard him panting. They were themselves tired, and in the utmost trepidation; the usually courageous Wildney was trembling all over, and his fear communicated itself to Eric. Horrible visions of a trial for burglary, imprisonment in the castle jail, and perhaps transportation, presented themselves to their excited imaginations, as the sound of the footsteps came nearer and nearer.

"I can't run any farther, Eric," said Wildney. "What shall we do? Don't leave me, for heaven's sake."

"Not I, Charlie. We must hide the minute we get t'other side of this hedge."

They scrambled over the gate, and plunged into the thickest part of a plantation close by, lying down on the ground behind some bushes, and keeping as still as they possibly could, taking care to cover over their white collars.

The pursuer reached the gate, and, no longer hearing footsteps in front of him, he paused. He went a little distance up the hedge on both sides, and held up his light, but did not detect the cowering boys, and at last, giving up the search in despair, went slowly home.

They heard him plodding back over the field, and it was not until the sound of his footsteps had died away that Eric cautiously broke cover, and looked over the hedge. He saw the man's light gradually getting more distant, and said, "All right now, Charlie. We must make the best of our way home."

"Are you sure he's gone?" said Wildney, who had not yet recovered from his fright.

"Quite; come along. I only hope Pietrie and Graham ain't caught."

They got back about half-past four, and climbed in unheard and undetected through the window pane. They then stole upstairs with beating hearts, and sat in Eric's room to wait for the other two. To their great relief they heard them enter the lavatory about ten minutes after.

"Were you twigged?" asked Wildney eagerly.

"No," said Graham; "precious near it though. Old Gordon and some men were after us, but at last we doubled rather neatly, and escaped them. It's all serene, and we shan't be caught. But it's a precious long time before I run such a risk again for a brace of rubbishing pigeons."

"Well, we'd best to bed now," said Eric; "and to my thinking we should be wise to keep a quiet tongue in our heads about this affair."

"Yes, we had better tell no one." They agreed, and went off to bed again. So, next morning, they all four got up as if nothing had happened, and made no allusion to the preceding night, although they could not help chuckling inwardly a little when the Gordonites came to morning school, brimful of a story about their house having been attacked in the night by thieves, who, after bagging some pigeons, had been chevied by Gordon and the servants. Wildney professed immense interest in the incident, and asked many questions, which showed that there was not a shadow of suspicion in anyone's mind as to the real culprits.

Carter, the school servant, didn't seem to have noticed that the lavatory door was unlocked, and Mr. Harley never alluded again to his disturbance in the night. So the theft of the pigeons remained undiscovered, and remains so till this day. If any old Roslyn boy reads this veracious history, he will doubtless be astounded to hear that the burglars on that memorable night were Eric, Pietrie, Graham, and Wildney.

A STRANGE CAPTIVE

By G. MANVILLE FENN

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Mr. Rogers, adventuring in Central Africa with his two sons, Dick and Jack, rides into giraffe country, and the adventurers soon discover how fleet is this strange creature without a voice. It is when his father and brother ride on and leave him that Dick sights a giraffe and gives chase, with the result that he is able to lead a strange captive back to camp. This story is taken from "Off to the Wilds."

MR. RODGERS galloped on after the great creature he had cut off from the herd, though for a time he could not gain upon it at all. The beast's mode of progression was very ungainly, and its great stilted legs moved in an awkward manner, but it got over the ground very fast.

Still the plain was open and offered good galloping ground, and after a very long stern-chase Mr. Rogers saw tokens of the great beast beginning to give way, and thereupon pushed forward, the bay responding to the calls he made upon it, so that he was soon alongside.

His rifle was ready, but he hesitated to use it, preferring to gallop on and watch the great creature which towered up to double the height he sat upon his horse. It kept panting on, whisking its tail, and once or twice it made an awkward sidewise kick at the horse, but it was ill-directed and of no effect; while at last, feeling that he was torturing the great beast, he levelled his gun, but his sight was disarranged by another fierce kick, which made the horse bound aside.

Again they thundered on for some distance, when, steadying his horse so as to get a good aim, Mr. Rogers levelled, fired, and the monster came down with a crash, shot through the head.

As the great giraffe lay motionless Mr. Rogers leaped down, after

looking to see if his boys were coming; and then loosening his horse's girths he let it graze amongst the rich grass that grew in patches here and there, while, after refreshing himself a little, he drew his hunting-knife and proceeded dexterously to skin the great animal, which must have stood about nineteen feet from horn to hoof.

It was a hard task that skinning, but the long legs acted as levers when he wanted to turn the creature over, and the busily employed time skipped away, quite three hours having elapsed before Dick and Jack rode up.

"Why, what a magnificent skin, father," cried Dick, as he stood admiring the creamy drab, splashed and spotted with great patches of a rich yellowish brown. "What a monster, and what a height!"

"Yes," said Mr. Rogers. "But I've had enough of this, boys. The great gentle beast looked so pitious and appealing at me that I feel ashamed of having killed it. You must shoot one apiece I suppose, but after that let's get to the savage animals.

After helping to cut off the marrow-bones of the great beast to carry home, for a roast, the marrow being esteemed a delicacy—the heavy skin was mounted before Mr. Rogers, and a couple of marrow-bones apiece proving a load, they rode slowly for the camp, Mr. Rogers listening to the account of his boys' mishaps, both showing traces of having been in the wars.

Evening was coming on fast, and their progress was necessarily slow; but it was not until it had turned quite dark that the fact became evident that they had lost their way out there on that great wild.

They drew rein and looked around, but not a single familiar landmark was in sight. On the contrary, all loomed up strange and peculiar.

To have gone on meant only wearing themselves in vain, and perhaps an unpleasant encounter with lions; so they made straight for the nearest patch of wood, secured their horses, and rapidly hacked off and collected enough wood for a fire, to do duty in a threefold way—giving them warmth, safety from prowling beasts, and cooking the huge marrow-bones, which were soon set down to roast, and formed, with the biscuits they carried, no despicable meal.

Such nights passed by a blazing fire on the edge of a wood sound

very romantic, but they lose their attraction when tried. Hot as Africa is by day, icy winds often blow by night, and they will freeze the hunter inside the shelter of a tent; the coolness then of a night without shelter can be understood. The fire burnt one side, but, as Jack said, without you made the fire all round you, it was no good, and that they could not do.

No one felt disposed to sleep, so they sat and warmed themselves as best they could, drawing the great giraffe skin round them for warmth. Then they talked until they were weary, and afterwards got up to pat and comfort their horses.

It was very wearisome that night, but free from adventure; and the moment it was light they mounted and rode to the nearest eminence, from which they made out landmarks which enabled them to find their way back to camp.

Mr. Rogers' description of the death of the gentle, harmless beast—its piteous looks, the great tears rolling from its expressive eyes, and its many struggles to get away, somewhat damped the ardour of Dick and Jack, who settled in council that it was too bad to shoot giraffe, and as they had a skin of the great creature, which was stretched out to dry, they would shoot no more.

This was to be their last day here, for Mr. Rogers was anxious that they should get on, for the twofold object of seeing the great falls of the big river, and also getting amongst the elephant.

They rode right off to the plain, noting the various birds among the bushes, and snakes and lizards wherever there was a dry sandy patch amongst rocks and stones. As they reached the part where the trees were scattered in park-like patches they encountered one of the bees'-honey guides too; but as they had an ample supply at the wagon, and all the buckets being still in use, the bees were left in peace.

Game seemed to be scarce upon the plain that morning; but after a time as they rode round the edge of a clump of trees, so beautiful in their disposition that they seemed to have been planted there for ornament, Mr. Rogers saw, a couple of miles away upon the open plain, a herd of something different to any of the animals they had before encountered.

He took out his glass and carefully inspected them, but declared himself no wiser.

"Well, boys," he said, "whether we shoot one or no, we'll have a canter after them. Let's keep down in that hollow, and round the little hill there, so as to approach unseen. Look out for ant-bear holes. And now, one—two—three—forward!"

A touch from the heel made the beautiful animals they rode bound away, but with a cry of pain Dick reined in.

"My dear boy, what's the matter?" said Mr. Rogers, pulling up, while Jack returned with a blank look of dismay upon his face.

"Thorns!" cried Dick viciously, as he gave a writhe in his saddle.

"Stop and pick 'em out with a pin," cried Jack. "Come along, father. Haw! haw! haw! I thought he was hurt!" Then, sticking his knees into his nag's side, he bounded off.

"Poor old fellow!" cried Mr. Rogers, laughing. "You'll soon forget them." And he too galloped off, to try and circumvent the herd.

"Go on! ugly old Jack," shouted Dick, as he sat fast, checking his horse, which wanted to follow. "You'll get a thorn or two in yourself some day."

He might have shouted this through a speaking trumpet, and his brother would not have heard, as, sitting well down in his saddle, he led the way into the hollow, his father close behind, and both thoroughly enjoying their gallop.

"I don't care!" cried Dick sulkily, as he sat and watched them. "Pick out the thorns with a pin, indeed! See if I don't stick a pin in old Jack when he's asleep to-night—and how will he like it?"

Dick gave another writhe as he watched the two riders out of sight, and then muttering in an ill-used way, "Pick 'em out with a pin indeed!" he half turned in his seat, lolling in his saddle, and patting and playing with his horse, when lazily turning his eyes round amongst the clump of trees, he saw something moving amongst the leaves.

"Boa-constrictors!" he cried in his astonishment. "Monsters! Ugh! No, they're those great long-necked giraffes. They looked just like huge snakes raising themselves amongst the trees."

Dick forgot all about the thorns as he nipped his nag's sides with his knees, turned its head, and went off at a canter for the place where the giraffes, seven or eight in number, were browsing upon the lower branches of the trees, their long necks seeming to writhe in and out amongst the branches in a way that quite justified Dick's

idea of their being serpents, for their bodies were invisible among the undergrowth.

For a few minutes the great animals did not see the approach of the young hunter; but the moment they caught sight of the fleet cob bounding over the sunburnt grass, they went off at a clumsy waddling gallop, scattering as they went, their necks outstretched and eyes rolling; while the cob seemed to single out a beautifully marked calf, about two-thirds grown, whose creamy skin was regularly spotted with rich light brown.

Dick's rifle was slung over his back, but he never once thought of using it. In fact, he hardly knew in the excitement of the chase what he intended, and so he raced on past patch after patch of scattered trees, and past clumps of thorns, which both he and the cob carefully avoided.

Now they gained a little; but directly after the giraffe whisked its tail straight up over its back and put on more power, leaving the hunter some distance behind; and so the race went on for a couple of miles, Dick never once remembering his thorns, as he knew that it was only a question of time to run the great animal to a stand.

"Why, I could catch it then," cried Dick excitedly; and sticking his heels into his horse, away they went over the grassy plain, gaining rapidly now; and though the giraffe kept on making an effort to increase the distance, it was of no avail, for the cob raced on closer and closer, and then avoiding the vicious kicks of the creature, delivered with tremendous force by its bony legs, the cob raced on alongside.

There was a wonderful difference in the progress of the two animals—the one awkward, and seeming as if running on stilts; the other compact, muscular, and self-contained, evidently possessing double the endurance with an equal speed to the giraffe.

On still and on, with the cob's sides flecked with foam, and the giraffe blundering now as it progressed. Once it turned sharp off to the left, but without a touch the cob wheeled as well, and kept alongside, watchfully keeping clear whenever he saw the giraffe about to kick, which it tried to do if there was a chance.

Dick was excited with the chase, so was the cob, which stretched out more and more greyhound fashion as it raced along.

Fortunately, the grassy prairie-like stretch of land was clear of

obstacles, no ant-bear or other burrow coming in their path, or horse and rider would have fallen headlong; the eyes of both being fixed upon the beautiful spotted coat of the giraffe, which, after rolling heavily in its gait for a while, made one more effort to wheel round and distance its pursuers, but stumbled in the act, and fell heavily upon its flank.

The cob stopped as if by instinct; and hardly knowing what he was about, Dick leaped down, avoided a kick by a quick jump, threw himself on to the giraffe, kneeling upon its neck, and treating it as people do a fallen horse, holding down its head upon the ground.

"Ah, you may kick and plunge," muttered Dick, panting and hot with his exertions; "if a horse can't get up with his head held down, you can't."

And so it proved, for though the unfortunate giraffe kicked and plunged as it lay upon its flank, going through the motions of galloping, it was completely mastered without much call for effort. Certainly Dick's gun was in his way, but he managed to unsling it with one hand, and threw it and his hat upon the grass, while the cob stood by snuffing, snorting, and excited for a few moments at the giraffe's plunges, but settled down directly after to graze.

The grass was torn up by the giraffe's hoofs, but finding its efforts vain, it soon lay perfectly still, uttering a piteous sigh, as much as to say, "There, kill me out of my misery!" to which Dick responded by patting its neck and stoking its nose, as he gazed in the great prominent appealing eye, and noted the gentle mien of the tall animal.

Just as he had made the giraffe be perfectly still, he heard a distant hail, and looking up, there was Jack coming up at full gallop, waving his gun over his head, and with his father close behind; for, unknowingly, the race had led Dick somewhat in the direction taken by his father and brother, who, after an unsuccessful gallop after a very wild herd, had drawn rein and witnessed the end of the giraffe chase through the glass.

"Why, Dick, where are the thorns?" cried his father, as they cantered up.

'Forgot all about 'em, father. Isn't he a beauty?'

"Where is he shot?" said Mr. Rogers.

"Shot? He isn't shot. I ran him down," cried Dick.

"Don't kill him, then," cried Jack.

"Not I. Shall I let him go?"

"No, no," cried Jack. "Let's take him back, and tame him."

"I think the taming is already done," said Mr. Rogers. "Here, halter him round the neck, and muzzle him with this, and you can tie another thong on at the other side."

As he spoke he took a tethering halter from his saddle-bow; it was slipped over the giraffe's head, another cord attached so that it could be held on either side; and when this was done, Mr Rogers held one rope, Jack the other, and Dick got off the giraffe on the side farthest from its legs.

But there was no more kick left in the tall creature, which raised its head, looking humbly at its captors, and then slowly rose, shivering, and as gentle as a lamb.

"There, Dick, sling your gun and mount," cried his father; "unless you would rather ride the giraffe."

"Oh, no, thank you," said Dick, slinging his gun and picking up his hat, prior to mounting his docile cob, after which his father handed him the end of the rope.

After a sniff or two at their tall companion, the two cobs walked gently on forward, with the giraffe towering up between. The poor beast made no objection to its captivity, beyond sighing a little, but gazed dolefully at its leaders in turn; the only difficulty experienced in getting it to the wagon being how to accommodate the horse's stride to that of the captive, which stalked contentedly along, with Mr. Rogers bringing up the rear.

PUSS IN BOOTS

By CHARLES PERRAULT

This story, which has been retold in many forms, and is popular each Christmas as a pantomime, was first told by the great French writer of fairy stories who penned "Cinderella," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "Tom Thumb." The puss who donned boots and set out to make his master's fortune was a good servant to the miller's son who owned him. By his ready inventiveness and bold approach he quickly kept his word to his master and ensured a comfortable future for himself—as knowing a cat as ever purred!

A MILLER bequeathed to his three sons all his worldly goods, which consisted of his mill, his ass, and his cat. The division was speedily made. Neither notary nor attorney were called in; they would soon have eaten up all the little patrimony. The eldest had the mill; the second son the ass; and the youngest had nothing but the cat. The latter was disconsolate at inheriting so poor a portion. "My brothers," said he, "may earn an honest livelihood by entering into partnership; but, as for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a muff of his skin, I must die of hunger." The Cat, who had heard this speech, but without appearing to do so, said to him, with a sedate and serious air, "Do not afflict yourself, master; you have only to give me a bag and get a pair of boots made for me, to go amongst the bushes in, and you will see that you are not so badly left as you believe." Though the Cat's master did not place much confidence in this assertion, he had seen him play such cunning tricks in catching rats and mice, when he would hang himself up by the heels, or lie in the flour as if he were dead, that he was not altogether hopeless of being assisted by him in his distress.

As soon as the Cat had what he asked for he pulled on his boots boldly, and, hanging the bag round his neck, he took the strings of it in his fore-paws, and went into a warren where there were a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and some sow-thistles in his

bag, and, stretching himself out as if he were dead, waited until some young rabbit, little versed in the wiles of the world, should come and ensconce himself in the bag, in order to eat what he had put into it. He had hardly laid down before he was gratified. A young scatterbrain of a rabbit entered the bag, and, Master Cat instantly pulling the strings, caught it and killed it without mercy. Proud of his prey, he went to the King's Palace, and demanded an audience. He was ushered up to his Majesty's apartment, into which, having entered, he made a low bow to the King, and said to him, "Sire, here is a wild rabbit, which my lord the Marquis de Carabas (such was the name he took a fancy to give his master) has ordered me to present, with his duty, to your Majesty." "Tell your master," replied the King, "that I thank him, and that he has given me great pleasure." Another day he went and hid himself in the wheat, holding his bag open, as usual, and as soon as a brace of partridges entered it he pulled the strings, and took them both.

The Cat continued in this manner during two or three months to carry to the King, every now and then, presents of game from his master. One day when he knew the King was going to drive on the banks of the river, with his daughter, the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master, "If you will follow my advice your fortune is made; you have only to go and bathe in a part of the river I will point out to you, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis de Carabas did as his cat advised him, without knowing what good would come of it. While he was bathing the King passed by, and the Cat began to shout with all his might, "Help! help! My lord the Marquis de Carabas is drowning!" At this cry the King looked out of the coach window, and, recognising the cat who had so often brought game to him, ordered his guards to fly to the help of the Marquis de Carabas. Whilst they were getting the poor Marquis out of the river the Cat, approaching the royal coach, told the King that during the time his master was bathing some robbers had come and carried off his clothes, although he had called "Thieves!" as loud as he could. The rogue had hidden them himself under a great stone. The King immediately ordered the officers of his wardrobe to go and fetch one of his handsomest suits for the Marquis de Carabas. The King embraced him a thousand times, and as the fine clothes they dressed him in set off

his good looks (for he was handsome and well made), the King's daughter found him much to her taste; and the Marquis de Carabas had no sooner cast upon her two or three respectful and rather tender glances than she fell desperately in love with him.

The King insisted upon his getting into the coach, and accompanying them in their drive. The Cat, enchanted to see that his scheme began to succeed, ran on before, and, having met with some peasants who were mowing a meadow, said to them, "You, good people, who are mowing here, if you do not tell the King that the meadow you are mowing belongs to my lord the Marquis de Carabas, you shall be all cut into pieces as small as minced meat!" The King failed not to ask the mowers whose meadow it was they were mowing? "It belongs to the Marquis de Carabas," said they altogether, for the Cat's threat had frightened them. "You perceive, sire," rejoined the Marquis, "it is a meadow which yields an abundant crop every year."

Master Cat, who kept in advance of the party, came up to some reapers, and said to them, "You, good people, who are reaping, if you do not say that all this corn belongs to my lord the Marquis de Carabas, you shall all be cut into pieces as small as minced meat!" The King, who passed by a minute afterwards, wished to know to whom all those cornfields belonged that he saw there. "To the Marquis de Carabas," repeated the reapers, and the King again wished the Marquis joy of his property.

The Cat, who ran before the coach, uttered the same threat to all he met with, and the King was astonished at the great wealth of the Marquis de Carabas. Master Cat at length arrived at a fine château, the owner of which was an ogre, the richest that was ever known, for all the lands through which the King had driven were held of the lord of this château. The Cat took care to inquire who the ogre was, and what he was able to do; and then requested to speak with him, saying that he would not pass so near his château without doing himself the honour of paying his respects to him. The Ogre received him as civilly as an ogre could, and made him sit down.

"They assure me," said the Cat, "that you possess the power of changing yourself into all sorts of animals; that you could, for instance, transform yourself into a lion, or an elephant."

" 'Tis true," said the Ogre brusquely, "and to prove it to you, you shall see me become a lion."

The Cat was so frightened at seeing a lion before him that he immediately scampered up into the gutter, not without trouble and danger, on account of his boots, which were not fit to walk on the tiles with. A short time afterwards the Cat, having perceived that the Ogre had resumed his previous form, descended, and admitted that he had been terribly frightened.

"They assure me besides," said the Cat, "but I cannot believe it, that you have also the power to assume the form of the smallest animal; for instance, to change yourself into a rat or a mouse. I confess to you I hold that to be utterly impossible."

"Impossible!" replied the Ogre; "you shall see!" and immediately changed himself into a mouse, which began to run about the floor. The Cat no sooner caught sight of it than he pounced upon and devoured it. In the meanwhile the King, who saw from the road the fine *château* of the Ogre, desired to enter it. The Cat, who heard the noise of the coach rolling over the drawbridge, ran to meet it, and said to the King, "Your Majesty is welcome to the *château* of my lord the Marquis de Carabas."

"How, my Lord Marquis," exclaimed the King, "this *château* also belongs to you? Nothing can be finer than this courtyard, and all these buildings that surround it. Let us see the inside of it, if you please."

The Marquis handed out the young Princess, and, following the King, who led the way upstairs, entered a grand hall, where they found a magnificent collation which the Ogre had ordered to be prepared for some friends who were to have visited him that very day, but who did not presume to enter when they found the King was there. The King, as much enchanted by the accomplishments of the Marquis de Carabas as his daughter, who doted upon him, and seeing the great wealth he possessed, said to him, after having drunk five or six bumpers, "It depends entirely on yourself, my Lord Marquis, whether or not you become my son-in-law." The Marquis, making several profound bows, accepted the honour the King offered him; and on the same day was united to the Princess. The Cat became a great lord, and never again ran after mice, except for his amusement.

THE SEA-TIGER

By CHARLES READE

This story from "It Is Never Too Late To Mend," tells of a long tramp made by an Australian sheep-farmer to buy a flock of sheep, and how before making the deal with another farmer he had an adventure which ended in his saving the life of an aboriginal and sitting down to a strange repast.

GEORGE heard of a farmer who was selling off his sheep about fifty miles off near the coast. George put money in his purse, rose at three, and walked the fifty miles that day. The next he chaffered with the farmer, but they did not quite agree. George was vexed, but he knew it would not do to show it; so he strolled away carelessly towards the water. In this place the sea comes several miles inland, not in one sheet, but in a series of salt-water lakes, very pretty.

George stood and admired the water and the native blacks paddling along in boats of bark no bigger than a cocked hat. These strips of bark are good for carriage and bad for carriage; I mean they are very easily carried on a man's back ashore, but they won't carry a man on the water so well, and sitting in them is like balancing on a straw. These absurd vehicles have come down to these blockheads from their fathers, so they won't burn them and build according to reason. They commonly paddle in companies of three; so then whenever one is purred the other two come on each side of him; each takes a hand, and with amazing skill and delicacy they reseat him in his cocked hat, which never sinks—only purls. Several of these triads passed in the middle of the lake, looking to George like inverted capital "T's." They went a tremendous pace, with occasional stoppages when a purl occurred.

Presently a single savage appeared nearer the land, and George could see his lithe sinewy form and the grace and rapidity with which

he urged his gossamer bark along. It was like a hawk—half-a-dozen rapid strokes of his wings and then a smooth glide for ever so far.

"Our savages would sit on the blade of a knife, I do think," was George's observation.

Now as George looked and admired blackee, it unfortunately happened that a mosquito flew into blackee's nostrils, which were much larger and more inviting—to a gnat—than ours. The aboriginal sneezed, and over went the ancestral boat.

The next moment he was seen swimming and pushing his boat before him. He was scarce a hundred yards from the shore when all of a sudden down he went. George was frightened and took off his coat, and was unlacing his boots, when the black came up again. "Oh, he was only larking," thought George. "But he has left his boat—and why, there he goes down again!" The savage made a dive, and came up ten yards nearer the shore, but he kept his face parallel to it, and he was scarce a moment in sight before he dived again. Then a horrible suspicion flashed across George—"There is something after him!"

This soon became a fearful certainty. Just before he dived next time, a dark object was plainly visible on the water close behind him. George was wild with fear for the poor blackee. He shouted at the monster, he shouted and beckoned to the swimmer; and last, snatching up a stone, he darted up a little bed of rock elevated about a yard above the shore. The next dive the black came up within thirty yards of this very place, but the shark came at him the next moment. He dived again, but before the fish followed him George threw a stone with great precision and force at him. It struck the water close by him, as he turned to follow his prey. George jumped down and got several more stones, and held one foot advanced and his arm high in air. Up came the savage panting for breath. The fish made a dart, George threw a stone; it struck him with such fury on the shoulders, that it span off into the air and fell into the sea forty yards off. Down went the man, and the fish after him. The next time they came up, to George's dismay the sea-tiger showed no signs of being hurt, and the man was greatly distressed. The moment he was above water George heard him sob, and saw the whites of his eyes as he rolled them despairingly; and he could not dive again for want of breath. Seeing this, the shark turned on his back, and came

at him with his white belly visible and his treble row of teeth glistening in a mouth like a red grave.

Rage as well as fear seized George Fielding, the muscles started on his brawny arm as he held it aloft with a heavy stone in it. The black was so hard pressed the last time and so dead beat that he could make but a short duck under the fish's back and come out at his tail. The shark did not follow him this time, but cunning as well as ferocious, slipped a yard or two inshore, and waited to grab him; not seeing him, he gave a slap with his tail-fin, and reared his huge head out of water a moment to look forth; then George Fielding, grinding his teeth with fury, flung his heavy stone with tremendous force at the creature's cruel eye. The heavy stone missed the eye by an inch or two, but it struck the fish on the nose and teeth with a force that would have felled a bullock.

"*Creesh!*" went the sea-tiger's flesh and teeth, and the blood squirted in a circle. Down went the shark like a lump of lead, literally felled by the crashing stroke.

"I've hit him! I've hit him!" roared George, seizing another stone. "Come here, quick! quick! before he gets the better of it."

The black swam like a mad thing to George. George splashed into the water up to his knee, and taking blackee under the arm-pits, tore him out of the water and set him down high and dry.

"Give us your hand over it, old fellow," cried George, panting and trembling. "Oh, dear, my heart is in my mouth, it is!"

The black's eye seemed to kindle a little at George's fire, but all the rest of him was as cool as a cucumber. He let George shake his hand and said quietly, "Thank you, sar! Jacky thank you a good deal!" he added in the same breath. "Suppose you lend me a knife, then we eat a good deal."

George lent him his knife, and to his surprise the savage slipped into the water again. His object was soon revealed; the shark had come up to the surface and was floating motionless. It was with no small trepidation George saw this cool hand swim gently behind him and suddenly disappear; in a moment however, the water was red all round, and the shark turned round on his belly. Jacky swam behind, and pushed him ashore. It proved to be a young fish about six feet long; but it was as much as the men could do to lift it. The creature's nose was battered, and Jacky showed this to George, and

let him know that a blow on that part was deadly to them. "You make him dead for a little while," said he, "so then I make him dead enough to eat"; and he showed where he had driven the knife into him in three places.

Jacky's next proceeding was to get some dry sticks and wood, and prepare a fire, which to George's astonishment he lighted thus. He got a block of wood, in the middle of which he made a little hole; then he cut and pointed a long stick, and inserting the point into the block, worked it round between his palms for some time and with increasing rapidity. Presently there came a smell of burning wood, and soon after it burst into a flame at the point of contact. Jacky cut slices of shark and toasted them. "Black fellow stupid fellow—eat 'em raw; but I eat 'em burnt like white man."

He then told George he had often been at Sydney, and could "speak the white man's language a good deal," and must on no account be confounded with common black fellows. He illustrated his civilisation by eating the shark as it cooked: that is to say, as soon as the surface was brown he gnawed it off, and put the rest down to brown again, and so ate a series of laminæ instead of a steak; that it would be cooked to the centre if he let it alone was a fact this gentleman had never discovered, probably had never had the patience to discover.

George finding the shark's flesh detestable, declined it, and watched the other. Presently he vented his reflections. "Well, you are a cool one! Half an hour ago I didn't expect to see you eating him—quite the contrary." Jacky grinned good-humouredly in reply.

When George returned to the farmer, the latter, who had begun to fear the loss of a customer, came at once to terms with him. The next day he started home with three hundred sheep.



